PINKERTON'S
SCOTTISH
POEMS

VOL. I.

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ANCIENT SCOTISH POEMS,

NEVER BEFORE IN PRINT.

BUT NOW PUBLISHED FROM THE MS. COLLECTIONS

OF

SIR RICHARD MAITLAND,
OF LETHINGTON, KNIGHT,
LORD PRIVY SEAL OF SCOTLAND,
AND A SENATOR OF THE COLLEGE OF JUSTICE.

COMPRISING PIECES WRITTEN FROM ABOUT
1420 TILL 1586.

WITH LARGE NOTES, AND A GLOSSARY.

PREFIXED ARE

AN ESSAY ON THE ORIGIN OF SCOTISH POETRY.

A LIST OF ALL THE SCOTISH POETS, WITH BRIEF REMARKS.

AND AN APPENDIX IS ADDED, CONTAINING, AMONG OTHER ARTICLES, AN ACCOUNT OF THE CONTENTS OF THE MAITLAND AND BANNATYNE MSS.

VOLUME I.

LONDON,
PRINTED FOR CHARLES DILLY; AND FOR
WILLIAM CREECH AT EDINBURGH.
M.DCC.LXXXVI.

A.H.

PREFACE.

THAT the moſt valuable collection of Scotiſh Poetry in the world ſhould remain, for a century, in a public library in England, without having its beſt contents put in print; and even without being known to the preſs; will not move our wonder, when we recollect that the Bannatyne MS. fell into like obſcurity in Scotland itſelf till 1724, when the Evergreen was publiſhed: nay that the ſecond publication from it ſo late as 1770, by Sir David Dalrymple Lord Hailes, is the only one to be depended on.

It cannot indeed be matter of ſurprize that all the manuſcripts of Scotiſh poetry written in the Sixteenth century ſhould meet no notice till the commencement of the Eighteenth. For the Seventeenth century, fatal to the good taſte of Italy, threw a total night over Scotland: a night of Gothic darkneſs, haunted by the moſt ſhocking ſpectres of frenzy and fanaticiſm, mingling in infernal uproar with ſtill more horrible phantoms of eccleſiaſtic vengeance, bigotted perſecution, civil tyranny, ſlaughter, and ſlavery. Paſſing, almoſt without reſpite, from the eccleſiaſtic dæmonarchy of Land to the civil dæmonarchy of Lauderdale; from the rancour of a hot-

brained prieſt, to the ſavage madneſs of a brutal peer; Scotland weeped over her unhappy ſons, who, having long maintained their liberties againſt tyrants, now loſt them to the ſlaves of tyrants: and, overwhelmed with anguiſh, could never attend to ſcience, nor the arts of elegance. Not one writer who does the leaſt credit to the nation flouriſhed during the century from 1615 to 1715, excepting Burnet, whoſe name would indeed honour the brighteſt period. In particular no poet whoſe works merit preſervation aroſe. By a ſingular fatality, the century, which ſtands higheſt in Engliſh hiſtory and genius, is one of the darkeſt in thoſe of Scotland.

But, when that æra was paſt, the taſte for literature and poetry revived in Scotland. In 1710 Gawin Douglas's Virgil was republiſhed at Edinburgh, with a moſt learned gloſſary, by Ruddiman; and about the ſame time Watſon the printer publiſhed a collection of Scotiſh poetry in two parts, tho of little value; and alſo reprinted Gordon's poem on Bruce, from the Dort edition 1615. In 1719 Lord Preſident Forbes publiſhed Hardyknute. At laſt, in 1724, Allan Ramſay found acceſs to the Bannatyne MS. and publiſhed the Evergreen, for a long time the beſt collection of Scotiſh poetry. And, from 1748 to 1760 chiefly, many pieces of that kind appeared from the elegant preſs of the Fouliſes at Glaſgow. Since which time, this province of literature has been further honoured with the names

of

of Lord Hailes, Dr. Percy, Mr. Calander, and Mr. Tytler.

But, returning to our MSS. thoſe which furniſh this publication are cotemporary with Bannatyne's. The date of theſe manuſcript collections of Scotiſh poetry made by Mr. George Bannatyne, one of the canons of the cathedral of Murray, is inaccurately given 1568. Was the collection begun, or finiſhed at that time? Does the date ſtand at the beginning, or the end? Pieces are there found of Heywood, and of Withers, Engliſh poets; certainly no work of the latter was publiſhed before 1568. To ſuppoſe the collection written in one year were groundleſs, when in all probability it took twenty. His laſt reſpectable editor has even been ſo cruel as to call him *one Ballantyne*, in the firſt ſentence of his preface; but every reader would certainly wiſh for ſome notices, even from pariſh-regiſters, about a man by whom alone, it was then thought, ſome of the beſt pieces of the ancient poetry of Scotland had been ſaved from utter perdition. The ſtory of the manuſcript itſelf were certainly worth giving; for all we know of it is, that it belonged to the Earls of Hyndford, but was within theſe dozen years given to the Advocates' Library. From whom did it paſs to the Earls of Hyndford, or was it always in the family?

The Maitland Collections, from which this work is ſelected, conſiſt of two volumes; a *Folio*, begun as would ſeem from dates about 1555, and ending with an epitaph on the collector, who died March 20,

1585, that is, 1586, according to the preſent ſtyle; for till 1599, the Scotiſh year began March 25. We may therefore give thirty-three years to the forming of the Folio Collection. A very few parts of it are in a ſmall hand (ſee fac-ſimile B and C); the remainder is in a a ſtrong Roman hand (A). The other Volume is in *Quarto*; and is in the hand-writing of Miſs Mary Maitland, third daughter of Sir Richard. In the firſt page is her name, and 1585; and it cloſes with an eulogium on her brother Lord Thirlſtane, certainly written before he was Chancellor, or June 1587; this MS. being begun in 1585, and Sir Richard Maitland dying in his ninetieth year within five days of the end of 1585, we may well conclude that it was toward the beginning of the year this MS. was commenced; and by Sir Richard's particular direction, that he might leave a correct copy of his poems when he died. Near the beginning is a full collection, of all Sir Richard's own productions in poetry; and ſome added which are not in the Folio. That reſpectable old man had loſt his ſight before 1561; and the daughter writing from the diction of the venerable old bard would form an admirable ſubject for painting. But a full account of Sir Richard, and his family, will be found in the Liſt of Scotiſh Poets; and the manuſcripts are moſt fully deſcribed in the Appendix. The prodigious influence, and great and univerſal acquaintance of Sir Richard Maitland, joined to his being a tolerable poet, and a man of curioſity and taſte himſelf, afford

his collection every poſſible advantage. Hence it may be looked upon as the chief treaſure of ancient Scotiſh poetry. The duplicates of a great number of pieces, to be found in the quarto, were alſo of the higheſt uſe to the Editor, who compared them carefully thro-out; and could thus adjuſt the beſt reading where, tho rarely, any ſlight varieties aroſe. He alſo learned from this that harſh lines, or lines out of meaſure, are almoſt always the faults of weary or raſh tranſcribers, not of the original authors.

Theſe manuſcripts were ever in the Collector's family, ſoon after his time raiſed in the perſon of his grandſon to the dignity of Earls of Lauderdale, till the only Duke of Lauderdale ſeems to have preſented them, along with other MSS. to Samuel Pepys, Eſq. Secretary of the Admiralty to Charles II. and James II. Mr. Pepys was one of the earlieſt Collectors of rare books, &c. in England; and the Duke had no taſte for ſuch matters; ſo, either from friendſhip, or ſome point of intereſt, he gave them to Mr. Pepys. Of the Pepyſian library, N° 2208, is a MS. copy of Balfour's Practiques, and Old Sea Law of Scotland, which has this note written on a blank leaf in front, *Preſented to the duke of Lauderdale by his Grace's humble ſervant Geo. Mackenzie. 14 Nov. 1676.* This had alſo evidently been given by the Duke to Mr. Pepys. And there is a very fine MS. *Regiam Majeſtatem*, in the ſame library, which would appear a ſimilar preſent.

Mr. Pepys dying 26 May 1703, in his 71ſt year, ordered by will the Pepyſian library at Magdalen College Cambridge to be founded, in order to preſerve his very valuable collection entire. It is undoubtedly the moſt curious in England, thoſe of the Britiſh Muſeum excepted; and is kept in excellent order.

The Maitland MSS. were not however quite unknown, for they had been mentioned by Nicolſon in his Scotiſh Hiſtorical Library about 1703, repeated by Mackenzie in his Lives of Scotiſh writers 1726; and paſſages were adduced by Mr. Tyrwhitt in his Chaucer 1775; and laſtly a whole poem, with a brief account of the folio MS. communicated by Doctor Percy, was given in Select Scotiſh Ballads, vol. II. 1783. The editor's curioſity being excited, he went to Cambridgeſhire, for eight or ten days in Auguſt 1783, when he ſaw the MSS. and inſtantly perceived their value. And having obtained full leave to copy or extract, on the 15 Nov. laſt 1784, he went to Cambridge; and in leſs than a month returned with a complete copy of every line of either MS. which was worth copying even in writing. Of the beſt of theſe extracts the preſent ſelection is formed.

But, that the reader may know what to expect from this publication, a very brief hint of its chief contents ſhall be here given. The firſt piece is a long allegorical poem on human life, called *King Hart*, and written by the celebrated Gawin Douglas, Biſhop of Dunkeld.

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It is rather incorrect in ſome places, which is an inducement to think that it was compoſed in his youth, and before his Palais of Honour, which he produced in his 27th year, 1501. The date of this piece may therefore be about 1496. A ſhort allegory, ſuch as that of an ode or tale, is a moſt delicious treat: but a long allegory is always dull: witneſs Spenſer, whom nobody can read, and yet he is thought a good poet! But Douglas, as he had not Arioſto and Taſſo to copy, which accident is in fact the whole of Spenſer's merit; ſo he is not ſo good a poet as Spenſer; but makes amends by not taking above a fortieth part of the extent even of the imperfect plan of that poet, which we have in 79 vaſt cantoes; and if God had not helped him, as Cardinal du Perron ſaid of Baronius, he would have written as many more! The deſign of our poet Douglas is good for the age; and he has ſome poetical beauties: but his nature and *naiveté* are exquiſite. On the whole, the poem well deſerves preſervation as a curioſity, tho it will not highly entertain the reader; but the Editor cannot here afford to give him a feaſt, and he muſt now and then take a plain diſh, as well as a dainty.

But the next two pieces require no apology, being *Tales* equal to any that Chaucer has written. The firſt, which is by Dunbar, is in a ſingular kind of blank verſe, uſed by the old romancers, and after them by the author of Pierce Plowman's Viſions. It is full of knowlege of life, and rich deſcription; and is alſo much

tinctured with immodeſty, which Fontaine indeed looks upon as eſſential to this kind of writing. But Horace ſays

"Sanctum eſt vetus omne poema:"

and the reader has it as it ſtands in the MS. He will however find it quite free from the naſtineſs of Chaucer, which, tho fooliſhly confounded with immodeſty, is a very different matter, and only ſerves to diſguſt. As to caſtrating a book, and putting aſteriſks, it tends ſolely to give a work an imperfect look, and to raiſe far worſe ideas in the gueſſing reader than thoſe omitted. Equally admirable was the practice of certain French editors of the Latin claſſics, who, caſtrating the free paſſages, gave them all in a lump at the end, that the book might not be imperfect: thus pulling them from their ſly corners, and throwing them into the blaze of day. It is evident that Dunbar was born about 1465; and it is probable this piece was written in his youth, or about 1490.

The other Tale for nature is admirable; but for contrivance, the rareſt quality of this ſpecies of writing, is the firſt which I have ever read; and very few ancient or modern tales have eſcaped my reading. It ſeems to me to be a work of Dunbar; and at any rate was written by one of his cotemporaries, for it mentions the monaſteries of Berwick as in full ſplendor, while they muſt have been demoliſhed by Henry VIII, in 1539 at the lateſt, as the reader will ſee in the Notes.

Notes. The Gothic alliterative meaſure of the firſt Tale forced the poet to uſe ancient and uncommon words, that his ſenſe might not ſuffer by the ſtructure of the rhythm, which makes that piece appear even more ancient than the poems of Barbour written more than a century before. The ſecond Tale, having no ſuch reſtraint, appears as modern as the *Goldin Terge*, or any other of Dunbar's Poems; but by no means more ſo. The reader will at once ſee a great difference between the language of *The Freirs of Berwick*, and that of Sir Richard Maitland, who began to write about 1555, the former being much more ancient.

Theſe tales place Dunbar in quite a new and more important light; for it is believed they will be as much preferred to his Goldin Terge, and Thiſtle and Roſe, tho theſe pieces have an elegance and opulence which Chaucer nowhere attains, as Chaucer's Tales are to his allegorical poems. Dunbar, having a genius at leaſt equal to Chaucer, and perhaps more original; and having the advantage of living a whole century after him, when the language was more rich and expreſſive; it is no wonder that he ſhould excell that venerable poet in every point, but in the length of his pieces, a moſt diſpenſable quality.

Such are the long pieces in this collection: as for the ſhort ones, a very few notices muſt ſuffice, and then they ſhall be left to the reader's own taſte and diſcernment. The Editor has arranged them in ſeveral di-

viſions,

viſions, a plan certainly the moſt preferable. The more ancient are placed firſt, according to every ſure mark that could be found; but, where there was no certainty, the order of the original MS. has generally been followed. *Dunbar's Poems* begin with his youthful and light pieces; and end with thoſe written in his old age. The ſole merit of ſome is their curioſity; but others have every intrinſic merit, ſuch as *Lair vane without governance*, *On the worlds inſtability*, *On content*, *On the changes of life*, *and Meditation in wynter*, in the moral way: and *The twa cummers*, *&c.* in the burleſque.

The next diviſion is of *Poems by various authors*. In this the firſt piece is by *Quyntene Schaw*, a poet mentioned with applauſe by Dunbar, and by Sir David Lindſay, but of whom no other compoſition remains. Next is an exquiſite *ballad*; followed by ſome pieces of *Arbuthnat*, among which that called *the Miſeries of a puir ſcolar* deſerves all praiſe. Two poems by the celebrated *Lord Thirlſtane* are alſo given; and ſhew that he did not excell more in Latin poetry than in that of his native tongue. Two pieces by the *author of the Cherry and the Slae*; and the *Sonet by James VI.* are curious: while the *Elegie from the Frenche* has a title to higher praiſe.

Next follow *Poems by unknown writers*, which form the moſt numerous aſſortment, amounting to upwards of Thirty. The firſt piece, *a Satire on the times*, is curious, if not more; as are the *Lament of the pure Courtman*, and others. Some of the moral pieces are very good; and the

Inveccyd,

Inveccyd, on the giving up of the Duke of Northumberland by Regent Mortoun in 1572, is admirable; nay perhaps the firſt invective in the world, ſince the days of the Iambic Archilochus, for ſupreme indignation, and contempt, ſtern ſarcaſm, and torturing irony. If the reader will compare this production with thoſe by Lord Thirlſtane in the former article, I believe he will agree with me, that there is great reaſon to ſuſpect him of being the author of this exquiſite ſatire. There is the ſame force and dignity in it, with equal correctneſs of expreſſion; for, of all the pieces in this volume, thoſe of Lord Thirlſtane are the moſt correct. This ſuſpicion is ſtrongly corroborated by the leading part which the family of Maitland took againſt Regent Morton, who afterwards increaſed their hatred to the higheſt degree by forcing William Maitland, the famous ſecretary, elder brother of Lord Thirlſtane, to lay violent hands on himſelf in 1573. However this may be, the poem is certainly by a maſterly hand. But above all the ancient *ſongs* and *ballads* in this diviſion, are moſt of them valuable, and all curious. The recovery of theſe old favourites, *Still under the leyvis grene*, mentioned by Sir James Inglis in 1548, and of *The Bankis of Helicon*, will delight every admirer of Scotiſh ſongs and muſic. The firſt is a capital piece, being a kind of rival of the Epheſian Matron, narrated with exquiſite ſimplicity and beauty. The laſt has fine deſcriptions of female charms; and it is believed that every reader will much prefer it

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to the Cherry and the Slae, which the Bannatyne MS. tells us was written to this tune. The ſong on Abſence beginning *Sen that the eyne &c.* the editor ſuſpects to be by James the Firſt, and to be the *cantilena* on his queen beginning *Yas ſen* mentioned by Major; reaſons for which idea are given in the Notes.

The *Poems by Sir Richard Maitland* have conſiderable merit in every view; and ſhew him to have been a good man, as well as a great ſtateſman. The thoughts of ſo eminent a character upon the world as it then went are very intereſting; and his lighter pieces have a delightful gaiety, and garrulity of old age; for he does not ſeem to have written a line of poetry till he had reached his ſixtieth year. It is remarkable, that the celebrated Marquis de la Fare was in the ſame period of life, ere he began to wooe the Muſe, as Voltaire tells us in his Siécle de Louis XIV. Both theſe poets lived to a great age; Sir Richard Maitland in particular attaining his Ninetieth year. Their genius developing ſo late gave them a kind of ſecond youth, with all its mental flowers and pleaſures.

In the original manuſcripts the Poems here given are mingled with a vaſt heap of rubbiſh; for the poets of theſe days did not know the art of throwing into the fire, which yet is the greateſt art of poetry. To gratify the reader's curioſity, a regular liſt of all the contents of both MSS. is added in the Appendix; ſo that he may himſelf judge of the reaſons of rejection. Indeed

deed the editor made it a point rather to give three or four pieces that might perhaps have been omitted, than to err on the other ſide. Such is the long *Elegie* in p. 245. which however has ſome good ſtrokes of poetry: and haply two or three poems more ſtand in like predicament. This he conſidered as erring on the right ſide; for it is eaſy for the reader to paſs a few pages, but not ſo to have recourſe to the MSS. for omiſſions. In the Appendix is alſo inſerted a liſt of all the contents of the Bannatyne MS. which it is not doubted will be acceptable.

Above all it is to be hoped that the reader will allow, from the vaſt number of pieces rejected, that the editor has in no inſtance ſacrificed the character of a man of taſte to that of an antiquary; as of all characters he ſhould the leaſt chuſe that of an hoarder of ancient dirt *. Tho he knows that we are indebted to editors of fine taſte for the preſent appearance of Homer's works, not arranged till three hundred years after his death; and tho he laughs at thoſe who cry

* For a complete inſtance of the luſt of publiſhing any poetry that looks old, the reader is referred to a maſs in Four Volumes, publiſhed by Evans, called *Old Ballads*, and fraught with the mereſt traſh that ever diſgraced the preſs. The reader, however, muſt beware of pronouncing the *old* part of theſe volumes, ſuch as the ſtall ballads of Robin Hood, &c. the *moſt* pitiful ſtuff in the world; for if he does, he will find himſelf miſtaken on peruſing the modern pieces in that dunghill. The Hermit of Warkworth is an exception; but it ſhines like a lamp in a ſepulchre.

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or are angry becauſe the *ſhield is ſcoured*; yet he has been ſo very tender of every particle of theſe remains of former times, that he believes the moſt rigid antiquary will not cenſure him. Indeed the poems, meeting with ſuch a collector as Sir Richard Maitland, are in a ſtate of original perfection before unknown in like caſes. If the reader will look at the various readings between the Maitland and Bannatyne MSS. given in the account of the former, he will ſee what a ſuperiority lyes with the Maitland. Where in one or two places, a word, or line, was palpably loſt, the editor has ſupplied them; but every the moſt minute ſupplement, or alteration of an evidently wrong word, tho it be but a *That* for an *And*, or the like, is always put in brackets [thus]. And the reader may depend upon finding thro-out a *literal* tranſcript of the MS. ſave in theſe very rare inſtances, as far as human fallibility would permit.

Upon the whole, the editor hopes that this collection, which to him has afforded an amuſement and relaxation from more important ſtudy, will alſo afford ſome amuſement to the public; if ſimple and genuine poetry, may pleaſe a refined people, or if plain ſenſe may hope to be read in this age of ſentiment and ſuicide. The antiquated language and orthography may perhaps militate againſt the intrinſic merit of the poetry; but every reader of Chaucer may, with very little help from the Gloſſary, peruſe this collection.

Perhaps

Perhaps ſome may ſay the Scots themſelves wiſh to aboliſh their dialect totally, and ſubſtitute the Engliſh; why then attempt to preſerve the Scotiſh language? Let me anſwer that none can more ſincerely wiſh a total extinction of the Scotiſh *colloquial* dialect than I do, for there are few *modern* Scoticiſms which are not barbariſms, tho a native of Edinburgh wonders that the Engliſh are not ſenſible of the elegance of ſuch phraſes as *giving a man a hat*, for *pulling off your hat to him*; *ſitting into the fire*, for *drawing toward the fire*; *ſitting at the foot of a table*, for *ſitting at the bottom*; *&c. &c. &c.* Yet, I believe, no man of either kingdom would wiſh an extinction of the Scotiſh dialect in poetry. At firſt, as ſhewn in the following Eſſay, a ſiſter language, it became a kind of Doric dialect to the Engliſh; and has a ſimplicity which will always recommend it where that character ought to prevail. But it were to be wiſhed that it ſhould be regarded in both kingdoms equally as only as an ancient and a poetical language, and nothing can take it ſo much out of the hands of the vulgar as a rigid preſervation of the old ſpelling. Were there no Scotiſh books that the common people in Scotland could read, their knowlege of the Engliſh would increaſe very rapidly. But while they are enraptured with Barbour's Hiſtory of Bruce, Blind Hary's Life of Wallace, and the works of Sir David Lindſay, books to be found in modern ſpelling at this day in almoſt every cottage of Scotland, their old dialect will maintain

it's ground. Were theſe books to be publiſhed only in their original orthography, not one in a hundred of the peaſantry could read them; and of courſe they would be forced to read Engliſh. In ſhort, the old Scotiſh poets ought to be regarded in the ſame light as Chaucer and the old Engliſh ones; and who ſuſpects that the peruſal of the latter can injure the purity of Engliſh converſation, or writing? The contrary is ſo far true, that I will venture to ſay that a man who writes a language, without acquaintance with it's early ſtate, may compoſe well from chance, but never from intelligence. For knowlege of the primitive and progreſſive powers of words is the only ſolid foundation of that rich and terſe ſtyle which poſterity pronounces claſſic. As long as Chaucer is read therefore, and he will be read till the Engliſh language periſhes, ſo long may we hope for equal attention to Barbour and Dunbar. The Engliſh reader of Chaucer will in them, with the ſlighteſt help of a gloſſary, be delighted with equal pictures of manners; and unpoliſhed diamonds of genuine poetry: and, at the ſame time, enjoy every pleaſure of variety from a Doric dialect of his own language, venerable from it's antiquity, nay ſacred from it's primitive dedication to poetry; the old Engliſh bards being all of the *north countrie*, and their metrical romances being almoſt Scotiſh, becauſe the language ſpoken in the North of England and the South of Scotland was anciently almoſt the ſame; as it is at this day.

This

This preface ſhall be cloſed with due remembrance of favours received in the proſecution of this deſign. To the reſpectable EDITOR of the *Reliques of ancient Engliſh Poetry*, I muſt expreſs particular thanks for firſt pointing out the MSS. to my notice, and for other kind ſervices. To my much eſteemed friend SAMUEL KNIGHT Eſq. of Milton, near Cambridge, I am extremely obliged for his hoſpitable attentions during my ſtay at Milton, while on my firſt expedition to inſpect the MSS. and for other trouble in this buſineſs. Dr. BEATTIE, Dr. FARMER, and Mr. WARTON, are alſo entitled to thanks. But, in particular, to the reverend Dr. PECKARD, the venerable Maſter of Magdalen College, and at the time, as now, Vice-chancellor of the Univerſity of Cambridge, my very beſt acknowlegements are due, for his permiſſion to copy the MSS, for the agreeable accommodations alloted me for that purpoſe, and for his polite favours during my reſidence at Cambridge. The reverend Mr. BYWATER, the worthy librarian of Magdalen College, will alſo pleaſe to accept of my warmeſt thanks, for his numerous attentions, which rendered what would otherwiſe have been a ſevere toil only a laborious amuſement.

JOHN PINKERTON.

AN ESSAY

ON THE

ORIGIN OF SCOTISH POETRY.

THE late moſt learned and ingenious Mr. Gray, in his Plan of an Hiſtory of Engliſh Poetry *, propoſed to begin with an enquiry into the poetry of the Galic, or Celtic nations, as far as it could be traced. After this he was to proceed to the poetry of the Goths, as introduced into England by the Saxons and Danes; and to the origin of rime among the Franks, Saxons, Provenzals, which laſt diſquiſition would bring him to the commencement of Engliſh poetry. With ſuch an authority on my ſide, but yet more influenced by a perfect coincidence in my own ideas, I ſhall make no apology for beginning this eſſay with a ſhort inveſtigation of Celtic poetry in Scotland. But in order to proceed more regularly, by laying as deep a foundation as poſſible before building our edifice, a few remarks ſhall be offered on the origin of thoſe three nations who anciently poſſeſſed that country now called Scotland; and upon an union of which into one kingdom their

* See it publiſhed in the Gentleman's Magazine, 1783, *p.* 100.

various manners and languages coaleſcing in ſome degree, muſt have had entire influence over the poetry of the whole. The reader will obſerve, that this enquiry into the origin of the people is alſo in fact of itſelf the moſt important part of this eſſay, for to diſplay the extraction of a nation is at the ſame time to ſhew that of it's poetry.

§ I. *Origin of the Britons, Picts, Scots.*

1. *Britons.*

THE origin of Greece and Rome is unknown; no wonder then that obſcurity ſhould dwell upon that of other nations. Yet it ſo happens that the weſtern regions of Europe, being in a ſtate of barbariſm and primeval habitation, when ſcience had attained the higheſt perfection in the eaſt, we know much about the earlieſt inhabitants of the weſt; and have very good materials whereon to judge of their firſt migrations.

Of all Europæan nations the Celts were the moſt ancient. It is well known that they ſpread over almoſt the whole of primitive Europe. The original Tuſcans, Gauls, Germans, inhabitants of Spain, of Britain, of Ireland, were all Celts. This enumeration includes all the temperate parts of Europe: and even the northern climes were inhabited by the Celts, till gradually ſubdued by the Scythians, otherwiſe called Goths *.

How

* See Ihre, Pref. ad Lexicon Suio-Goth. The Sarmatæ, whoſe language is in every probability that now ſpoken in Finland, were ancient Tartars, who ſpread from the North of Aſia into Europe. Mr. Macpherſon, in his *Introduction* upon the ſingle authority of Procopius, a writer of mean information, derives the Goths and Vandals

How long barbariſm may laſt in a nation we have no proofs, elſe the antiquity of population and of the world might receive clear evidence. But people of all perſuaſions muſt agree that there are no reaſons for ſuppoſing population older than Two Thouſand years before Chriſt; that is, ſeven hundred before the æra of Greek tradition commences. This tradition, to an unbiaſſed mind, preſents images only to be found in the firſt and very rudeſt ſtate of ſociety; ſuch as Hercules, a man deified for his heroiſm in delivering his country from wild beaſts; the fable of Prometheus, &c. Whoever has recourſe to the ſcripture, will find that, according to the received æra, it was about the Four Thouſandth year of the world that Chriſt was born; but he will alſo find that,

Vandals from the Sarmatæ. He ought to have known that the languages prove the contrary. The Gothic, Getic, and Scythian are all one tongue. The Sarmatic and Hunnic are quite remote from the Gothic. Ihre, who mentions every ſpeech that is allied with the Gothic, ſpeaks of the Sarmatic as totally different both from the Gothic and Celtic. But Mr. M. derives the Goths from the Sarmatæ, and the later he rightly calls Tartars. The Gothic and Tartaric languages have no words in common: no etymologiſt ever dreamed of ſuch a thing: the difference is as great as between the Chineſe and the Engliſh, which proves him miſtaken.

The Goths, piercing from the Euxine to the Baltic, drove the Sarmatæ back toward Aſia; whence, under the name of Huns, &c. they afterwards burſt into Hungary. A very few were pent up in Finland, and Lapland; and of conſequence every one knows that the Finniſh and Laplandic are the ſame with the Hungarian language. Mr. M. ſpeaks of the Vandals as a different people from the Goths, but both of Sarmatic origin. The Vandals were *thoſe Goths* who conquered the Vans. See Snorro's Northern Hiſtory, publiſhed by Peringſkiold. It is riſible to ſee Mr. M. labour to derive the Goths from the Sarmatæ, whoſe dirt and lazineſs he conſtantly dwells on. Did he mean to inſult a great nation of Gothic origin? Let us laugh too at his panegyrics of the Celtæ, and *as how* they were both neat and handſome!

——— Quia tu gallinæ filius albæ:
Nos viles pulli, nati infelicibus ovis.

Eighteen Hundred years after the Moſaic creation, all population was deſtroyed by the flood; ſo that the ſcripture ſtory brings us within two hundred years of the time above allotted.

But if we have recourſe to ſcripture for accounts of the origin of men, or of nations, we ſhall be ſhockingly deceived. The ſcripture is merely a doctrinal work; and it moves pity to ſee queſtions of philoſophy decided by ſcripture, when it is well known that the Copernican ſyſtem, the ſpherical ſhape of the earth, with many other matters now mathematically certain, are quite oppoſite to ſcriptural accounts. The ſillieſt rabbi might inform us that ſcripture is allegorical, from beginning to end: and for people to determine queſtions of the origin of nations, of etymology, &c. from it, will, in a ſhort time, be as ridiculous as it were now to argue from it, that America cannot exiſt. Bayle, I think, ſomewhere tells us, that it is the opinion of the wiſeſt rabbins, and who ſhould certainly be the beſt judges of this book, that it was wholly written by Eſdras, who lived about 480 years before Chriſt, the laws of Moſes being only traditionally preſerved by the prieſts *. This accounts for Moſes's telling us how he died; for the many quotations of older books in it; and for the ſimilarity of ſtyle thro-out, tho written, if we believe common ideas, during a period of One Thouſand years! We may therefore well be excuſed, if we think the Judaic legends no more binding on our faith, than the Judaic rites are on our practice. If we obſerve the later, we are no Chriſtians; yet, as Chriſtians, we hold ourſelves obliged to credit the former. Utter abſurdity! What has the Chriſtian religion, the moſt amiable and reſpectable the world has ever ſeen, to do with the Judaic? Is the God of the Jews, the bloody deſtroyer

* The Hebrew is, in all probability, only a late dialect of the Syrophœnician.

of

of the Amalekites and other nations, commanding to ſpare neither man woman nor child, the God of human ſacrifices in Agag, and Jephthah's daughter; the God after whoſe heart David, the moſt criminal of men, was; is he the beneficent father of the Chriſtians? No: that barbarous race worſhipped a dæmon as uſual with other barbarians: the object of our worſhip is his exact reverſe.

Let us then, in the name of common ſenſe, have no more quotations from the Old Teſtament upon points of this nature. If a man be writing upon the religion, or hiſtory, of the Jews, or of the Syrians, he may perhaps quote it now and then; but never on any other head: and even then he ſhould remember, that Judæa is a province of Syria, and ſhould read Biſhop Huet's excellent work *De l'origin des Romans*, before he goes far. Leaving the Jews, and their legends, therefore out of all queſtion, philoſophy may inſtruct us that, as nature not only produces different claſſes of animals, but alſo great varieties in each claſs, not only dogs, but forty or fifty kinds of dogs, which no mixture, elevation, decline, or any other cauſe, will ever fabricate; for no clime, art, or chance, can give the ſize of the maſtiff to the lap-dog, or the pointer's form or ſcent to the grewhound; ſo, by analogy and actual obſervation, we know that, ſo far from all nations being deſcended of one man, there are many races of men of quite different forms and attributes. Let us look on man, from the extremity of Aſia round to the extremity of America. Are theſe all from one parent? See where they paſs in review: the oblique eyed, flat-favoured Chineſe; the olive coloured, lank-haired Eaſt Indian; the large-limbed duſky Turk; the elegant Greek; the ſcowling Hungarian; the large, blue-eyed, German; the ſquat Dutch; the florid Hibernian. Are theſe one race with the curl-pated black Ethiop; or with

with the copper-faced American? with the bear-like Laplander; the beſtial Zamoiede or Eſquimaux? Has the lovely Circaſſian girl the ſingular natural fig-leaf of the Hottentot wench? Has the Egyptian the monkey-ſhaped head of the Negro? No. There is no doubt but a naturaliſt might enumerate more than an hundred national diſtinctions, which no clime or chance can confer; but which proceed from that opulence of nature, viſible in all her productions, and which ſilly man would in vain contract to the limits of his own little mind. Indeed, to ſuppoſe all races of men deſcended from one parent is as abſurd as to ſuppoſe that an aſs may become a horſe, or an ouran-outan a man: for it is clear that, if the author of the laſt hypotheſis were to confirm it by an *argumentum ad hominem* in marrying a female ouran-outan, he would find his offspring as unproductive as a mule; which is allowed univerſally to be a ſure mark of difference of ſpecies.

But as we term the inhabitants of America Indians in general, tho they have different features and dialects; ſo the Aſiatic and European Greeks, to whom the weſt of Europe was an America, called the *aborigines* of that whole region Celts. The Greeks were originally of Aſia; and the divinity of their genius ſeems to have proceeded in a great degree from their having the felicity to graft the exuberance of Aſiatic fancy on the ſolid ſtock of European judgement. So late as the time of the greater Cæſar, we know that the inhabitants of Germany and Britain painted their bodies, and had every attribute that now diſtinguiſhes American ſavages. From compariſon of perſons and manners, that penetrative mind decides the Britons to have originated from Belgic Gaul. The Welch, the genuine relics of the ancient Britons, call themſelves Kymbre, as all know; and thence Cambria, the Latin name of Wales in later authors, and Cumberland, a country inhabited

habited by them. Hence it ſeems apparent that the ancient Cimbri * a Celtic nation, (whence the Cherſoneſus Cimbrica, now Denmark,) inhabited the whole tract between that Cherſoneſus and Belgic Gaul; and that the Britons came not primitively from Belgic Gaul, as Cæſar † ſuſpected, but from the country immediately north of it; and whence it is remarkable that our Saxon anceſtors alſo came. Indeed, we may well ſuſpect that the Britons of Cæſar's time were not the original inhabitants of this iſland, but were of another race, who had driven out the firſt Galic inhabitants. For it is

* It is certain that the Roman *C* was always pronounced *K*, and never had our baſtard ſound of *S*. In the oldeſt Roman inſcriptions *K* is uſed for *C*. The *G* was alſo always hard as in *lego*. ſo *lege*, &c. —it was the Greek Γ.

† Cæſar ſays, in another place, that he was informed by the Rhemi, a neighbouring nation, 'Belgas eſſe ortos a Germanis Rhenumque antiquitus tranſductas propter loci fertilitatem ibi conſedиſſe, Galloſque qui ea loca incolerent expuliſſe.' De Bel. Gal. lib. II. c. 4.

Now the Cimbri were a Celtic nation of Germany; and were, in all probability, thoſe very Germans mentioned by Cæſar. Mr. Macpherſon did not ſufficiently mind, that the Cimbri and Belgæ were all one people: and Mr. Whitaker, who is always building in the air, pretends that *Cimbri* was a general appellation of the Celts. See *Hiſt. of the Britons againſt Mr. Macph.* p. 52. Yet the very Greek paſſages, which he there produces, prove that it was only one Celtic nation, or more properly Celto-german, which was ſo called. Κελτοις τοις λεγομενοις Κιμβροις, a very poor Greek ſcholar muſt know, means *thoſe* Celts who are called Cimbri: the paſſage of Diodorus, means that *thoſe* Gauls, &c. were called Cimbri. Livy tells us, that the Celts and Germans were brethren, and almoſt the ſame. He means the ſoutherly Germans, not the Suevi. Their ancient ſpeech was alſo ſimilar. The reader muſt beware of falling into the common miſtake, that the ancient South-german tongue was the Teutonic. The former was Celtic: the later unknown, till the Goths poured into Scandinavia from the North of Aſia, and by degrees ſpread Southward. The Teutonic is merely an ancient dialect of the Gothic: and was unknown till a century, or perhaps two, after the Chriſtian æra. The Suevi of Tacitus were, however, Goths.

moſt likely that Britain was originally peopled from Celtic Gaul, by the intermediate iſles of Alderney, Wight, &c. * or indeed by the Straits of Dover, before the gradual progreſs of the Northern nations had driven the Celtic Gauls further weſt: and that, when rude navigation was more known, the Cimbri, a northern Celtic progeny, arrived here; and, by the ſuperior vigor of northern nations, expelled the ancient inhabitants. For, tho the Britons might in their woods and hills long withſtand regular war, yet ſet rude enemies againſt rude enemies, and the ſtrongeſt muſt prevail. And it muſt be allowed a very probable opinion, that Ireland was firſt peopled on this occaſion; and with Celtic Gauls from Britain by much the neareſt ſhore to that iſland: and it's people called *Scuite, Scots,* or *refugees,* from their retiring thither to avoid their enemies †.

However this be, the whole inhabitants of Great Britain were anciently called Britons; tho the Cimbro-Celtic Britons, or thoſe we now call Welſh, the genuine remains of the provinciated Britons, never appear to have extended their poſſeſſions beyond the Forth and

* Beda expreſly ſays the Britons firſt came *ex Armoricano tractu*; and is certainly right. There was a country and city in that part of Gaul, very anciently called *Britain:* and I have no doubt but the firſt Britons came from it, and gave their name to this country. See PLINY, DIONYSIUS the Geogr. &c.

† This account is confirmed by Cæſar, who divides the Britons into *aborigines* and *Belgæ*, and by other paſſages of the ancients. See alſo Lloyd, Malcome's Antiquities, Edin. 1739, Macpherſon, Whitaker, &c. &c. &c. As to the Scots, Richard of Cirenceſter, who in geographical points had excellent authorities, now loſt, ſays, 'In Hiberniam commigrarunt ejecti a Belgis Britones ibique 'ſedes poſuerunt, ex illo tempore Scotti appellati.' *Bertram Script. Tres-Haunie*, 1757. p. 50. Dr. Henry had never ſeen this book: and the firſt volume of his hiſtory is in conſequence full of errors. He never quotes it; and miſnames the title when he recommends it: a clear proof he had not ſeen it; as indeed his whole meagre compilation ſhews.

Clyde*. All the northern tract beyond theſe rivers was called Caledonia by the Romans, on account of it's vaſt woods; from *Kaled*, a Britiſh word ſignifying a wood, the plural of which is *Kaledon*. Hence Caledonia † was a general epithet for the Britons even of the South, on account of their dwelling in woods; and different *Silvæ Caledoniæ* extended over the iſland. Calydon, in Etolia of Greece, and the famous Calydonian foreſt there, ſeem to be of the ſame Celtic origin; for the Celtic language was the original ſpeech of all Europe. This explanation belongs to Mr. Whitaker; and is the very beſt yet offered, being corroborated by the epithetical uſe anciently made of the word. Mr. Macpherſon would have perſuaded us to a different etymology; ſaying, that the highlanders call themſelves Cael, or Gauls: in which Dr. Macpherſon agrees with him. Yet the latter had, in the firſt or ſecond page of his book, told us that 'all thoſe who ſpeak the Galick language 'call themſelves Albanich, and their country Alba.' In like manner Gordon had, to favour a fooliſh hypotheſis about Agricola's camp, aſſerted that the people of the country call the ſpot *Galgachan* to this day; which proved to be an abſolute falſehood: and it is apparent from the words of Tacitus, compared with Richard of Cirenceſter, that the extremity of the

* Beda poſitively aſſerts this: 'Itaque petentes Britanniam Picti 'habitare per ſeptentrionales inſulæ partes cæperunt. Nam auſtrina 'Britones occupaverunt.' In other places he calls the firths of Forth and Clyde the ancient boundaries between the Britons and the Picts; ſo that his *ſeptentrionales partes* reached down to theſe rivers.

† Aut, vaga cum Tethys Rutupinaque littora fervent,
Unda Caledonios fallit turbata Britannos. *Lucan.*
——— Caledonius poſtquam tua carbaſa vexit
Oceanus: Phrygios prius indignatus Iulos. *Val. Flac.*
the later compliment is paid to Veſpaſian: and the *Caledonius oceanus* is the Britiſh channel, ſo fatal to the fleet of Julius, whoſe Phrygian pedigree is well known.

Grampian

Grampian hills, near which the famous battle with Galgacus was fought, was Grantsbein near Bamf, a place about 120 miles northeaſt of Comerie in Strathern, where Gordon had put it. Hence the reader may learn what reliance to have on ſuch guides.

Father Innes, the moſt acute and ſenſible of all the Scotiſh antiquaries, ſhews, in his admirable Critical Eſſay, that the Caledonians of Tacitus, &c. were the ſame people afterwards called Picts. But this ſhall be more fully mentioned when we come to the origin of the Picts. The province of Veſpaſiana was the only one ever fixt in Caledonian ground; and it was loſt in a very few years. The Picts or Caledonians, ſhewed quite a different ſpirit from the Britons: and the firths of Forth and Clyde were ever regarded as limits between theſe Barbarians and the civilized Britons. It was not the wall of Antoninus which made theſe nations bear ſo different a character; for then the wall of Severus between Solway and Tine would afterward have had the ſame effect. We find Britons poſſeſs the whole provinces beyond that wall, up to Clyde and Forth, for centuries after the later wall was built: it was their own country; but beyond theſe rivers lay that of the barbarous Picts or Caledonians.

After the wall of Antoninus had long ſunk in ruins, the Britons, as we find in Beda, had two towns as extreme barriers of their dominions. Britiſh towns were ſynonymous with forts, as appears from Cæſar. Accordingly Alcluith, or Dunbritton, (a ſtriking reſemblance of the citadel of Corinth, as Edinburgh has a ſimilitude of Athens on the two grand firths of Greece;) Alcluith, Beda tells us, was one of theſe towns; and Guidi in the middle of the Forth another. It is evident to me from the name and poſition that Guidi is Inch Keith oppoſite to Edinburgh: a rock ſimilar to that of Dumbarton. Inch Keith is no other than

than Inch Guith, Guithi, Guidi: *d* and *th* being ſynonymous in all languages, Greek *thea*, Latin *dea*, &c. &c. &c. and foreigners cannot pronounce our *the* but *de*. The Saxon *d* and ð or *th*, are alſo ſo ſimilar as to be often changed for each other in MSS, and perhaps Beda wrote Guithi *. Theſe rocks were walled around: and crouded, within the walls, with little wooden cottages which formed a Britiſh town. Common ſenſe is ſo very uncommon a gift in antiquaries, that Goodal is puzzled to think how theſe towns ſhould ſtand on the very border of the enemies. They only ſtood there becauſe it was the border †. Frontier towns all over the continent are ever the ſtrongeſt; and often the moſt magnificent. Alcluith ſtood even on the Pictiſh ſide of the Clyde; but this was owing to the wall of Antoninus having terminated in that place, and the river was there ſo narrow, that the wall, and not the Clyde, was regarded as the defenſive barrier.

For centuries after the ſettlement of the Picts, Scots, and Saxons, the Britons, a numerous people, had only loſt their eaſtern poſſeſſions: but ſtill ſtretched, from Bretagne in France, all along the weſtern ſhore of this iſland to their old boundary of Clyde. In preſent Scotland, from about the year 460, the ſpace from Solway Firth to the Firth of Clyde, South and North, and from the Iriſh ſea to the rivers Clyde and Annan, Weſt and Eaſt, was all that was occupied by the Britons; and is by their mixt deſcendents to this day. The Saxons, ſoon after their arrival in Britain in 469 ‡, forming a league with the Picts, their natural friends from common origin: the Britons in their turn formed an

* Sir James Dalrymple, whoſe book I had not ſeen when this was written, well marks Guidi to be Inch Keith.

† Gildas gives the ſame reaſon. The Britons, ſays he, built their turf wall 'tramite a mari uſque ad mare inter urbes *quæ ibidem forte ob metum hoſtium collocatæ fuerant.*'

‡ So Marianus Scotus, and William of Malmſbury: and rightly.

alliance

alliance with the Scots. Ever after we find the Scots and Britons in amity, as the reader will ſee on looking into Fordun and Winton, who, from the reign of Fergus ſon of Erc, which began according to the true accounts in the year 503, ſeem to merit credit, at leaſt as to the general tendency of Scotiſh affairs; their relations coinciding with thoſe of Engliſh hiſtorians. In 756 Onnuſt, ſon of Hungus, king of the Picts, joining his forces with thoſe of Egbert, king of Northumberland, took Alcluid: and ever after the Picts are marked as poſſeſſors of this kingdom. When Kenneth in 843 vanquiſhed the Picts, great numbers retired from Lothian into Galloway, as many of thoſe north of Forth did into Moray, as angular receſſes from the power of the victor.

A provincial hiſtory of Galloway is much wanted; but our Scotiſh clergy, who are the fitteſt of all men for topographic reſearches, are making themſelves the jeſt of Europe, by Hiſtories of all countries, to be found in the circulating libraries, while the antiquities of their own country are yet in utter confuſion! The Britons of Galloway ſeem to have made ſeveral ſtruggles for recovering their power, when the Pictiſh kingdom had ceaſed in other parts; but the Picts maintained their ſuperiority; for we always find them mentioned as chief inhabitants of Galloway.

It is ſurprizing that the great extent of country, ſo long inhabited by the ancient Britons, ſhould be ſo little known to antiquaries. I am well aware that Goodal, one of the weakeſt and moſt bigotted of men, and who would have gone any lengths to ſupport any hypotheſis, denies the Britons to have been ſettled in Galloway. In the ſame chapter he alſo tells us this kingdom was Cumberland in England *! But to con-

* His ſole argument is, that Higden, who wrote in 1365, did not know where the Alcluid of Beda ſtood; but blunders about it, confounding the wall of Antoninus with that of Hadrian.

The Polychronicon is not by Higden, but by Roger of Cheſter. See Harl. Cat.

fute

ſute a writer, who, in that one ſhort chapter XIII. of his Introduction to Fordun, gives us about ſix palpable *non ſequiturs*, beſides many groſs miſrepreſentations, were waſting time: and, indeed, of that whole feeble work, it may be queſtioned whether the honeſty or learning be ſuperior *. The names in Cumbria, when it is taken in the large acceptation above, and anciently, given are all Welſh; Glaſgow, Lanerk, Douglas, Clyde, &c. Dunbritton, or Dunbartane †, the town of the Britons is well known. Goodal aſks how this town and Britiſh kingdom could ſubſiſt ſo long as 756, in the midſt of the Scots? He means on the confines of the Scots, the enemies of the Britons; yet the poor man was writing a *retroduction* to Fordun, who gives us to know there was a league between the Britons and Scots from a ſhort time after the arrival of the

* Becauſe the people of the north part of this iſland are now called *Scots*, their antiquaries muſt have the Scots to be the ancient inhabitants. Dear names of *Scot* and *Scotland*, what muſt we ſacrifice to you! Facts, hiſtory, ſcience, truth, reaſon, and common ſenſe, muſt all die on your altars, ye idols of the moſt childiſh of all prejudices! Why do not the Engliſh *prove* the Angli the firſt inhabitants of Britain? The teſtimonies concerning the origin of *Scotti* and *Angli* are juſt tantamount. But the name of *Scot*, and the *antiquity of the royal line*,

> How tyrant blood o'er many a region wide
> Rolls to a thouſand thrones it's execrable tide:

theſe are, to this very day, the two grand ſtrings of prejudice to all the Scotiſh antiquaries: and, while the noon of ſcience is blazing around them, they wrap themſelves in anility, deſcend to their caves, and ſee viſions.

By *all* the Scotiſh antiquaries, thoſe are particularly implied who have written for a century back; or from Sir George Mackenyie's time till now. We may be aſſured that the Societies at Edinburgh and Perth will purſue a very different line. If not, we may write an epitaph on the Scotiſh antiquities; for it is far better to have nothing, than to have nonſenſe and falſhood.

† Britain is called *Bartane* in old poems, both of Lord Hailes' collection and of this.

Saxons, and for ever after! But it was a frontier fortification, as above ſhewn. Caerlaveroc, Caerlouk, Caerſtairs, Caermichael, and other names from Solway to Clyde are all Britiſh: and no ſuch names are found in any other part of Scotland *.

So late as 1304 the Law of the *Scots and Brets* is mentioned in an Inſtrument. Lord Hailes, who deſerves the higheſt praiſe for his labours in Scotiſh hiſtory, ſays the *Brets* muſt be a kind of Judges from *Brehon*. *Aliquando bonus dormitat Homerus*. No grammar nor analogy can infer them other than a people. They were certainly the Britons; and apparently called Brets by the Picts. So much for the Britons in Scotland.

2. *Picts.*

After the Britons were pent up in Cumbria, which happened about the year 470, as may be judged from Beda, the Picts became by far the moſt important nation in the country now called Scotland. Camden, who is well ſaid to have looked thro only one eye upon Scotland, but to have ſhut both eyes when he turned to Ireland, has ſtarted a moſt fooliſh idea, that the Picts were the remains of the ancient Britons, who had fled to Scotland. An opinion more perfectly abſurd, or more eaſily confutable, never dropt from pen. Yet ſo weak and dimſighted are thoſe good people called antiquaries, who commonly read much but never think, tho of late they ſeem to give over both reading and thinking, that this pitiful nonſenſe has prevailed in every author to this day, excepting Verſtegan and Stillingfleet! Now the whole origin of this great diſcovery, unknown to all the ancients, was that the old Britons were *picti*, that is painted their bodies! Such is the ſcience of

* Little can, however, be founded on names, but where they are identically the ſame. Thus there is a river Douglas in Lancaſhire, where the Britons inhabited, and one in Scotland: a Clyde in Wales and in Scotland: Lauricks in Scotland and in Wales: *Caer* is Welſh for a city, &c.

antiquities!

antiquities! Impreſt with this idea, and the ſtrongeſt prejudices in it's favour, as univerſally allowed, I, however, ſet about an enquiry into all the ancient writers, as I never take any opinion upon truſt. What was my ſurprize to ſee that it had not even a ſhadow of foundation! If there be any fact that is evident in Hiſtory, it is that the Picts were of Scandinavia.

It is needleſs to heap teſtimonies on ſo clear a point. The very firſt writer who mentions the Picts is Eumenius the Panegyriſt, who ſays, that, in the time of Julius, the Iriſh and Picts were the accuſtomed enemies of the rude inhabitants of Britain. Could the Britons be the accuſtomed enemies of the Britons? *Ohe lepida capita!* The Roman province of Britain is here out of the queſtion, for the author is ſpeaking of Britain before the Roman power was known there; and he certainly ſpeaks with accuracy, becauſe expreſſion was the ſole merit of a panegyric, and the rhetors ſtudied it accordingly.

The next writer who mentions the Picts is Ammianus Marcellinus, who ranks the Picts of his time among the Scots, Saxons, and other nations, who moleſted the Britons. Gildas *de excidio Britanniæ* ſpeaks of the Picts as being as much a foreign nation as the Scots; and never hints their being of Britiſh origin: tho no theme could have been ſo fit for his declamation, had it been the caſe. Laſtly, Beda, the ſame writer who tells us that the Engliſh came from Germany, which no Engliſh author has yet been ſo weak as to deny, and that the Scots came from Ireland, which many a Scotiſh writer has been ſo weak as to deny; Beda, I ſay, tells us, in poſitive and direct terms, that the Picts came from Scythia, which every one knows means German Scythia, or Scandinavia. Beda wrote in 731, and is as good an authority, for the origin of the Picts, as of the Scots, or the Saxons. He alſo ſays, that there were in his time five tongues in this iſland, Engliſh, Britiſh,

Scotiſh, Pictiſh, Latin. Yet wiſeacres tell us that the Pictiſh was the ſame with the Britiſh, becauſe a Pictiſh word quoted by Beda, *peanvahel*, ſignifies, they ſay, in Britiſh, *the beginning of the wall*. What an argument! Is not I DARE, and ten thouſand other inſtances, ſenſe, both read as Engliſh and Latin? Is the Engliſh and Latin therefore one language *? But it is in vain for a man to put the ſpectacles of learning on his noſe: if he has not the candle of good ſenſe burning by him, he will ſee never the better. After Beda, all writers, down to Camden, bring the Picts from Scythia, or Scandinavia, into the north of Scotland; and ſo downward. It is ſhocking and mortifying to human reaſon, that, becauſe one writer of reputation makes a ſilly re-

* There is, however, no occaſion to reſt the point here. *Pæna* is Gothic *to extend*. Ihre. *Veal* is Gothic for *wall*, whence our word. Lye. Anciently it might be *vahel*, as Varro tells us *via* was anciently *veha*. Hence *Peanvahel*, *the extent of the wall*, *the end of the wall*. Beda ſays it was a place where the wall began: but gives no meaning of the word: had he reckoned from the other ſide of the iſland, the wall muſt have *ended* here. But this is trifling. The very great ſimilitude between *Peanvahel* the Pictiſh, and *Penveltun*, the Saxon name, ſhews a great approximation in the languages.

Mr. Lluyd, in his Archæologia, ſays the Picts muſt have been Britons (Welſh), becauſe the names in the low country of Scotland, where they dwelled, have Britiſh meanings. But he ſpeaks of the countries ſouth of the Forth, where the Britons dwelled. If there be any Welſh names on the Eaſtern coaſt north of Forth, they eſcape me. Simple deſcriptive words are almoſt the ſame both in Celtic and Gothic: thus *ſtrath* a valley, is alſo Gothic *ſtrat*, via; *ſtracka*, extendere. *Ihre*. *Aber*, the mouth of a river, may be from the Gothic *aberan*, ferre; becauſe it bears ſhips: from *abarian*, prodere, becauſe the ſtream then *goes forth* into the ſea, or from *aberſtan* 'rumpere,' becauſe it *burſts* forth, &c.

Names of places or perſons can never be identified in etymology, becauſe we know not the occaſion of the name. The name of *London* may be derived in *twenty* ways at leaſt, from *every* language in the globe. Etymology is only uſeful in tracing words whoſe ſenſe is fixt and known.

mark

mark at an abſent hour, knowlege ſhall, in conſequence of it, be retrograde for two centuries.

The *Picts* are improperly ſo called, they were univerſally termed *Pehts*. The Saxon chronicle calls them *Pihtar*, *Pyhtar*, or *Peohtar:* the common people now, from the Pehts Wall, or Wall of Severus in Northumberland, to the utmoſt rock of Shetland, call them *Pehts*. The *t* is almoſt dropt *euphoniæ cauſa*, ſo that the word ſounds *Pehs*. The Roman term *Picti* is only this word latinized; and has no concern with *pictus*, *painted*, tho Claudian, a poet, and fond of a quibble, ſays *nec falſo nomine Picti*, &c. But allowing them to have painted their bodies, as North American ſavages now do, to argue from this that they were Britons were deplorable. The earlieſt Germans and Gauls painted their bodies, and the Britons had the cuſtom from the Gauls, as the Picts from the Germans. The probable derivation of the name *Pehts* muſt be from the Scythian, or Gothic language; but I am not ſufficiently verſed in it to determine this etymology *. According to Scandinavian antiquaries, the Goths were led into the Northern parts of Europe from Aſia, by Odin and his heroes, thence called Aſæ, many centuries before Chriſt †. From their new ſettlements they afterwards ſpread over great part of Europe; and Scandinavia became the grand ſtorehouſe of nations. But from Scandinavia to the iſles between it and Scotland, and thence to the north of Scotland, was the eaſieſt and neareſt of all their colonizations; and we may therefore ſuppoſe it one of the firſt. Samuel

* Perhaps from the Teutonic *phechtan*, to fight.

† M. Mallet diſtinguiſhes Odin the God, and Odin the hero; and believes the latter to have led the Goths from Aſia about 70 years before Chriſt. *Diſſentient:* becauſe he goes upon no grounds; and becauſe I am fully convinced, that the hero was the god, and that Odin's progreſs from Aſia was many centuries before Chriſt.

Infans * informs us, that the Picts were ſettled in the Orkneys about 200 years before Chriſt; and Eumenius ſays, that, in the time of Julius Cæſar, 53 before Chriſt, they had been the accuſtomed enemies of Britain. About the Chriſtian epoch they ſeem to have ſeized on the northern parts of Caledonia; and, in leſs than a century, to have peopled the whole ſpaces, then free from woods, down to the Firths of Forth and Clyde, either driving the firſt inhabitants before them, or, what is more probable, finding the country uninhabited.

That the Caledonians were of a diſtinct race from the other Britons, many proofs may be adduced. Tacitus, that exact and profound writer, and who probably had the papers of Agricola lying before him at the time, ſays, that the red hair and large joints of the inhabitants of Caledonia ſhew them of German extract: whereas he gives quite different origins to the Southern nations †. In the ſame Life of Agricola, mention-

* It is very ſurprizing that the work given to Nennius ſhould to this hour be quoted by the learned as his; when we know that one Samuel wholly altered it. Hear Bertram. 'Sed proh dolor! in 'manus cecidit cujuſdam Samuelis, hominis imperiti, diſcipuli imperitioris magiſtri Beularii; qui legendis et fabulis anilibus, quas 'addidit, totam hiſtoriam Nennii contemptui expoſuit. Et, quod 'pejus, ea, ut ex ipſius verbis patet, omittere haud dubitavit, quæ ei 'non ſatis recta videbantur.' Now who ſhall diſtinguiſh Nennius and Samuel? Quite impoſſible; tho Bertram fooliſhly tries it. Many MSS. alſo give the work to the mock Gildas. In ſhort, the book is wholly a fable and forgery, from beginning to end; and there is no ſuch anthor as Nennius extant.

As in a MS. Samuel calls himſelf *Infans magiſtri mei Beulari Preſbyteri*, (ſee Gale *var. lect.*) he is here called Samuel Infans. When did he live? Perhaps the real Nennius, or Ninnius, as MSS. have it, was ſuch another; in which caſe the word *ninny* may be from him: but this is ſubmitted to etymologiſts.

† 'Namque rutilæ Caledoniam habitantium comæ, magni artus, 'Germanicam originem aſſeverant.' He then ſhews the Silures to be of Spain; and the nations oppoſite the Gallic coaſt to be of Gaul.

ing the nations north of the Forth, he calls them *novæ gentes*, and in another place *gentes ignotas ad id tempus*. He means apparently by the firſt expreſſion, that they were late ſettlers, as *novus homo* is uſed: and by the latter, that they were unknown even to the Britons, with whom Agricola was on the beſt terms, and from whom he had every intelligence. Certain it is, that the Vecturiones, or people of Angus, are mentioned by Richard, whoſe geographic materials were derived from Roman ſources now loſt, and the Oceanus Deucaledonius, ſo called palpably from the Deucalidonians, who inhabited its ſhores, is marked by Ptolemy, who wrote about 140. The Vecturiones and Deucalidones may therefore be regarded as nations undoubtedly found in Caledonia upon its very firſt invaſion by the Romans. Now Eumenius * calls the Dicaledones, or Caledones, as other MSS. read, a nation of the Picts; and Ammianus Marcellinus afterwards, poſitively ſays, that the Picts were divided into two nations, the Vecturiones and Dicaledones †: a clear demonſtration that the Picts were the people who poſſeſt Caledonia at the time of the firſt Roman invaſion by Agricola; and who were in every probability the very firſt inhabitants, as indeed Beda ‡ expreſsly ſays.

Richard of Cirenceſter, mentions the arrival of a freſh colony of Picts in Scotland from the Orkneys, about the time that the Province Veſpaſiana was abandoned, or reign of Hadrian, which ſeems very probable from that very event. If he puts this as the firſt ſettlement, he is miſtaken; and, indeed, ſetting his Roman geography out of the queſtion, for which he

* Non dico Caledonum aliorumque Pictorum ſylvas. Some MSS. read *non Dicaledonum*: but this is all one to the argument.

† Picti in duas gentes diviſi, Dicaledones et Vecturiones. *p.* 383. edit. Gronov. A. D. 368.

‡ Itaque petentes Britanniam Picti habitare per ſeptentrionales inſulæ partes cæperunt. Nam auſtrina Britones occupaverunt. Lib. i. c. 1.

muſt have had good materials, his authority, as a writer of the Fourteenth century, is very ſmall in ſo remote an event. Claudian ſpeaks as if Theodoſius the Great, about 370, vanquiſhed the Picts even in their firſt and diſtant ſettlement of Thule, or Shetland. Beda expreſſly tells us, that the Scots obtained by force, or treaty, leave of the *Picts* to ſettle in Caledonia; ſo that the whole of Scotland north of Forth and Clyde was in *their* hands. And it was clearly by treaty that the Scots obtained leave to people the weſtern waſtes of Argyle; for we always find the Picts and Scots acting in conjunction, till the former joined the Saxons, ſoon after the arrival of the later about 469. Soon after the Picts conquered Lothian and Northumberland from the Britons, driving the latter South and Weſt. All which large tract of country, from the wall of Severus to Shetland, they held, either as lords or as inhabitants, for many centuries. But of this kingdom, then the greateſt in Britain, for it was during the Heptarchic period, hardly a veſtige remains; tho the deſcendents of the people form to this hour the far greater part of the inhabitants of Scotland.

3. *Scots.*

The origin of the Scots remains alone for diſcuſſion. That they came from Ireland is ſo clear from Beda's poſitive, and repeated aſſertions, that it is unneceſſary to mention the collateral teſtimonies of Claudian, Gildas, and others, on this point. It appears from many writers, that Ireland was the firſt Scotia; and it is evident from Beda, who wrote in 731, that Ireland was alſo the Scotia of his time. Uſher goes ſo far as to ſay, that Scotia always implies Ireland in every writer down to the eleventh century. Others, on the contrary, think it clear from Eginhart, that Scotland began to be called Scotia about the year 800. The reaſon of this confuſion is, that both countries were inhabited

habited by Scots; Ireland firſt, and Caledonia afterwards. The Roman writers, the ſureſt guides on this head, ſeem to evince that there was no ſettlement of the Scots in Caledonia till after the year 400. Fergus, whom the Scotiſh fabuliſts call the Second, but who was in fact the Firſt, and with whom, as is well known, commences the line of Scotiſh monarchs, began his reign, as Mr. Innes ſhews by Scotiſh Chronicles older than Fordun, by the genealogy given by Fordun himſelf, and by Iriſh annals, about the year 503. Now, from the year 400 to that period may be placed the Fingalian epoch of Scotiſh Hiſtory; for I take Fingal and his heroes to have been the leaders of the Scots from Ireland, as Odin and his heroes led the Goths from Aſia. This opinion is confirmed by the whole traditional poems in the Highlands; which, however ſtated by Mr. Macpherſon, always repreſent Fingal as cotemporary with St. Patrick, who flouriſhed about 430.

The whole ancient writers confirm my ſentiments upon this ſubject; which are, that the Iriſh, afterwards called Scots, always moleſted the ſhores of Britain from the very time of Julius; in like manner as the Danes and Norwegians did afterward; but that they never ſettled here till after the year 400. Gildas and Beda tell us that the *Hiberni* or Scots, in 447, after being vanquiſhed by the Britons, *domum redeunt poſt non multum tempus reverſuri*; return home ſoon after to return; but that the Picts retained the extreme part of the iſland, *extremam inſulæ partem*. This ſtrongly implies, that the Scots, even then, had no home ſave Ireland. Claudian, about 40 years before, clearly mentions the Scots as confined to Ierne, or Ireland.

Richard of Cirenceſter, under the year of the world 4320 *, or about 320 after Chriſt, ſays, *Ductu Regis*

* His chronology places Chriſt's birth about the 4000th year of the world.

Ferguſii

Ferguſii in Britanniam tranſeunt Scotti, ibique ſedem figunt. But other writers, and Beda in particular, fixt his FIRST *effectual and laſting* ſettlement of the Scots in Britain about 460. Richard's King Fergus is taken from very late writers, and was unknown to the early ones.

However this be, it is certain that the whole inhabitants of the Weſt of Scotland, north of Clyde, and of all the weſtern iſles, are Iriſh, have only Iriſh cuſtoms, and ſpeak only the Iriſh tongue. Mr. Hume, who is clearly of opinion that the Scots came from Ireland, obſerves 'that the name of Erſe or Iriſh, given 'by the low country Scots to the language of the Scotiſh 'Highlanders, is a certain proof of the traditional 'opinion, delivered from father to ſon, that the later 'people came originally from Ireland.' To this it may be added, that the old Scotiſh poets and writers uniformly call the highlanders Iriſh.

That the Scots, a nation far inferior to the Picts in the extent of their poſſeſſions and antiquity of their ſettlement, ſhould have had the chance to give their name to the country, is no more to be wondered at, than that the Angles, the ſmalleſt tribe of all the Saxon ſettlers in England, ſhould give their name to that kingdom. Even in the moſt important inſtances, appellations depend on mere accident, elſe we ſhould never ſpeak of *America*.

§ II. *Celtic poetry in Scotland, comprizing the Britiſh and Iriſh.*

The more ancient Celts not having the uſe of writing, no ſpecimens of their poetry can exiſt. We may, however, well conceive that it was firſt employed in the delicious effuſions of love, the earlieſt poetic inſpiration; as may be learned from the Laplanders, who have love-ſongs, but no other poetry; and that it then paſſed to the celebration of their chiefs, and of their gods

gods who were departed chiefs. Pezron has, with much learning and ability, ſhewn that the Titans of the ancients were Celtic chiefs; as Saturn the ſon of Titan, Jupiter the grandſon, &c. In like manner the Goths idolized Odin; and the Scots Fingal. Such were the firſt deities of all countries which had produced men of ſuperior abilities. But a few ſlothful and contemptible nations, who had never in their early ages given birth to any man of high virtue or ability, were conſtrained by a natural helpleſs ſenſation to addreſs the ſun and moon, viſible benefactors, as did the ancient Perſians and Syrians; or to imagine to themſelves ſome great and powerful ſpirit, whoſe voice was the thunder, and whoſe breath the wind; but who was liable to every paſſion of their own feeble breaſts: and ſuch was anciently the deity of the Jews, and now he of the Hottentots. For we learn from the lateſt and beſt Dutch travellers, that the Hottentots, far from being a nation of Atheiſts, as falſely called, are almoſt the only ſavage people who adore one omnipotent ſpirit, ſuch as they can imagine him. But the pure idea of a perfect Deity is the moſt metaphyſical and remote which the human mind can form; and never gains ground till a very advanced ſtate of ſociety; as the opinion of Epicurus, ſo groſsly miſrepreſented *, did in Greece; and the Chriſtian ſyſtem in Rome.

So much has been written about the bards and poetry of the Celts, that it were ridiculous to retail common-places here upon that ſubject. I ſhall therefore leave the Celtic poetry, after offering a very few obſervations.

It is to be regreted, that the Celtic dialects are not more ſtudied by the learned, for it is not even to this day determined which of them is the moſt ancient. Mr.

* See Gaſſendi's Life of Epicurus, and Treatiſe on the Moral ſyſtem of Epicurus.

Lluyd,

Lluyd, a conſummate judge, tells us that the Iriſh agrees more with the remains of genuine old Gauliſh, or proper Celtic, than the Welſh does. The Armorican is allowed not to be ſo pure as the Welſh; and, as to antiquity, the Welſh muſt exceed it as the later Britons of Armorica ſurely went from Britain. The Biſcayan and Corniſh ſeem nearly allied; a circumſtance which ſtrongly confirms a remark of Tacitus, that the Silures were of Spaniſh extract *. But leaving this to fitter judges, it ſhall only be obſerved, that, both for antiquity and purity, the Iriſh ſeems ſuperior to any dialect of the Celtic. Mr. Macpherſon tells us, that the Iriſh of the Scotiſh Highlands is purer than that of Ireland; becauſe a Highlander can underſtand the language of an Iriſhman, but the latter cannot underſtand the former without ſtudy. This argument has two handles, and may be taken from Mr. Macpherſon, and thrown at him †. His other arguments are no ſtronger, and the granting of his poſition proves nothing but that the Iriſh tongue may have been better preſerved in the mountain barriers of Scotland, than in the Iriſh plains. Every language alters by time; and

* Silurum colorati vultus et torti plerunque crines, et poſitu contra Hiſpaniam, Iberos veteres trajeciſſe eaſque ſedes occupaſſe fidem faciunt.

Mr. Macpherſon aſſerts, in his Introduction, p. 135. *edit.* 3d, that the Biſcayan is not Celtic. But I lend no credit to Mr. Macpherſon's aſſertions; who is convicted by Whitaker of groſs ignorance of every dialect of the Celtic, ſave the Iriſh. Lluyd, in his Archæologia, is an unexceptionable authority on the other ſide; and his ſpecimen evinces him right.

† The truth is, in fact, clear on the other ſide, for they, who ſpeak a debaſed dialect of any tongue, will underſtand the pure ſpeech; but the reverſe never holds: a Somerſetſhire-man perfectly underſtands a Londoner; but a Londoner cannot underſtand him. A provincial underſtands a Pariſian; but a Pariſian cannot interpret his jargon. A Dutchman underſtands a German; but the contrary fails. The point might be proved from reaſon as well as from facts; being analogically the ſame with a perſon's ſeeing to the bottom of a clear ſtream, while he cannot penetrate a muddy one.

Lluyd

Lluyd mentions that the old Welſh MSS. are full of obſolete words which few Welſhmen can underſtand.

No fragments of BRITISH poetry in Scotland are to be found. Many ſpecimens of IRISH poetry in Scotland have been publiſhed; but none older than a century, or two. Tranſlations have alſo appeared; but, in general, of no fidelity. Thoſe of the poems aſcribed to Oſſian, in particular, have deſervedly drawn much of the public attention; but they will only miſlead any reader who wiſhes to form an idea of Celtic poetry. Viewed in their proper light, as original productions, they do the author the greateſt credit: and let him enjoy his fame, for it will be immortal. Conſidered as a man of genius, he is as much to be admired, as pitied, if beheld as a man of learning. He perverts his whole traditions to place Oſſian in the third century: and yet the poems are written in Caledonia, and in Iriſh! He certainly never ſaw the ancient writers till he had *formed his plan*. There is every room to doubt if a human footſtep had been planted in Morven, a part in the midſt of the Silva Caledonia *, till about 460, when the Scots obtained a ſettlement in Argyleſhire of the Picts; who would hardly have reſigned their habitations to them, but apparently gave them the uninhabited lands of the ſtormy and barren weſtern coaſt. If the poems were written about 300, as Mr. Macpherſon pretends, he may be ſtruck down with a trident of dilemmas. 1. The weſt of Scotland, the Silva Caledonia, was apparently not inhabited. If it was, it was certainly inhabited, either, 2. by a Britiſh people, and

* Ptolemy places the Silva Caledonia of Scotland, or vaſt foreſt υπερ, or *above* the Caledonians. The whole ancient geographers were ſo ignorant of Scotland, as to make it bend its extent back to the eaſt, inſtead of going due north. Hence the υπερ of Ptolemy evidently means the weſtern parts. Ptolemy alſo tells us, that the Sylva Caledonia ſtretched from the *Lelamonius Lacus*, or Loch Lomond, to the *Æſtium Fararis* or Inverneſs: that is comprized all Argyle and Inverneſs ſhires.

the poems muſt have been in an old dialect of the Welſh; or, 3. by the Picts; in which caſe the language muſt have been the Gothic or Scandinavian. On a former occaſion I attempted to ſhew that poetry may be preſerved for ages by oral tradition; but drew my inferences from examples that went not beyond three centuries. If with the Iriſh annals and poems, we make Oſſian cotemporary with St. Patrick, as he ſurely was; for all grant the Iriſh accounts * after St. Patrick to be equally authentic with the Saxon Chronicle, or any old annals; we can never allow that any part of his poetry is traditionally preſerved. He that believes Oſſian to have flouriſhed about the year 300, and his writings preſerved by oral tradition for 1460 years, large is his faith, and he might move mountains!

Dr. Blair, a man above all ſuſpicion, produces at the end of his Diſſertation on Oſſian a cloud of witneſſes, and moſt of them highly reſpectable, to the tradition of particular parts, nay poems. Does this prove their antiquity? It rather proves that ſome paſſages, really traditional, were written but a century or two ago, and freſh in the memory. The fact is, that the later bards neglected old ditties for their own productions; juſt as we ſee Corelli and Handel paſſing into ſilence becauſe every fidler is a compoſer. Beſide, the memory is a moſt fallacious engine, and will often deceive a man groſſly. That the poems are in the general ſtyle of the Galic pieces is undoubted: and a ſimilarity of language, and of melancholy incidents and metaphors, might lead a perſon of the ſtrongeſt memory to ſtrange miſtakes with regard to the identity of the poems. Gentlemen of the highlands of Scotland, with whom I have converſed on the ſubject, aſſured me, that

* Lluyd, in the Catalogue of old Iriſh MSS. in his Archæologia, mentions a book of Dialogues, in which St. Patrick and Oſſian are the interlocutors.

they

they looked upon nine-tenths of Mr. Macpherſon's work as his own: and upon the other tenth as ſo much changed by him, that all might be regarded as of his compoſition. But how old are the traditional parts? It ſeems ſtrangely ſuppoſed by the aſſertors of Oſſian, that, if the works aſcribed to him were allowed traditional, they muſt be allowed fourteen centuries old! Who ſhall trace them from century to century? If MSS. do exiſt of the Fifteenth Century, does this prove them written in the Fourth? Is all antiquity a mere huddled heap in the ideas of theſe gentlemen? Produce one MS. of the Sixth century, and we will believe: for in ſo ſtrange a caſe, nothing but the ſtrongeſt proof will do. It was quite uſual with the old Scotiſh, and other poets, to write poems in the name of other perſons. Oſſian may always be regarded as merely an interlocutor, introduced by various Galic writers, to highten the reverence of their auditors; but to ſuppoſe him the author of every piece under his name were abſurd. There are poſitive reaſons which convince me, that not one of the poems given to Oſſian, and probably not one paſſage of them, is older than the Fifteenth century. We know from charters, &c. that wolves were quite frequent in Scotland down to that period. Now Oſſian does not once mention wolves; which is not to be ſuppoſed, had an animal ſo violent and miſchievous been at all known to him. Boars are in the ſame predicament. The battle-ax, now fooliſhly called *celt*, was one of the commoneſt weapons of the ancient Celts: how comes it not once mentioned by Oſſian?

The truth ſeems, that the Fingalian race were to the Scots, what the Titanic to the Greeks, or the Odinic to the Goths; that is, a line of illuſtrious chiefs, who were deified by their people; and legends of all ſorts delivered about them and their actions. From the Fourteenth century, which forms indeed almoſt the utmoſt bound of ancient Scotiſh literature, traditional accounts of theſe heroes

may

may be traced in that view. How early writers, who mention the Scots, ſuch as Beda for inſtance, happen to be quite mute about ſo celebrated a race of men, might eaſily be explained. Want of ſkill in the Iriſh tongue is a ſufficient reaſon. If we credit Bale *, an Hiſtory of the Scots was written by Reutha, their king, in imitation of which Nennius wrote his: and I am afraid we muſt wait till Reutha's hiſtory be found ere we ſee due relation of the Fingalian exploits. Geofrey of Monmouth having, about the year 1150, publiſhed his Hiſtory of the Britons, in which they were traced to Brutus; inſtantly the monaſtic annaliſts were ſtruck with ſympathetic frenzy: and, even in England, where his hiſtory had leaſt repute, the future hiſtorians could not part with the dear dream of their origin. Ireland and Scotland muſt not allow England to be more anciently peopled; elſe ſubordination of antiquity would imply inferiority of dignity: Iriſh annaliſts inſtantly ran into Noah's ark, and ſoon after returned with Heber, from whence Hibernia; and as all their lives of ſaints, &c. mentioned the Scots as inhabitants of their country, behold Scota the daughter of Pharaoh came hobling after! The Scots of Albany, a people engaged in conſtant wars and tumults, had little cultivated learning, ſave at Iona, the whole records of which were carried off by the Danes, and the monaſtery deſtroyed in the Tenth century; but poſterior annaliſts, willing to claim their ſhare of antiquity, brought the Scots to

* See his tranſlation of Leland's *New Year's Gift to Henry* VIII. Lond. 1549.

Beda ſpeaks unchronologically about Reuda, placing him in his firſt chapter: but this he does evidently from the after connection between the Scots and Picts; for comparing the words here, *quæ hactenus habent*, with the relation of the Scots being driven to Ireland in 447, it appears to me that Reuda was merely a *dux*, as Beda calls him, a leader under whom the Scots formed their firſt FIXT ſettlement in Argyle about 460.

Albany

Albany 400 years before Chriſt, tho the Romans did not know of ſuch a people till 700 years after this, and then only in Ireland. The Iriſh annals, which, tho written with little judgment, merit great faith from the time of St. Patrick, Beda ſpeaking much of the learning, &c. of that iſland, theſe annals place the very firſt king of Alban-Scots, Fergus, about the year 503. This did not pleaſe the Scotiſh writers, who muſt forge for themſelves, and they accordingly added 900 years to the ſcale. The Fingalian period of courſe periſhed in the midſt of a fictitious roll of monarchs: nay was not known to the Scotiſh annaliſts; who were of the low countries, and knew not Iriſh.

The very firſt author we know who mentions Fingal is Barbour, who wrote in 1375.

Quhan that the Lord of Iorn ſaw
His menyie ſtand of hym * ſik aw,
That thai durſt nocht folow the chaice,
Richt angry in his hart he wes.
And ſoir wundert that he ſuld ſa
Stonie thame, hym alane bot ma.
He ſayd, 'Methynk Martheoke's ſon,
'Richt as GOWMAKMORN wes won
'Tyl haif fra FYNGAL his menyie,
'Richt ſa fra us all hys hes hee.

Gowmakmorn is Gaul-mac-Morn, or Gaul the ſon of Morni in Oſſian: and Mr. Macpherſon mentions that he was the enemy of Fingal, and fought many battles with him, before he became his chief friend and general. The paſſage alludes to ſome Iriſh tradition of theſe battles, but is obſcure. Martheoke's ſon ſeems to be the perſon ſpoken to by Lorn: *haif* I ſuſpect ſhould be *faif*, the old *b* and *ſ* being the ſame.

* Bruce.

Lindſay, in his hiſtory of Squire Meldrum, written about 1540, alſo mentions Gow Makmorne,

Thouch thow be great lyke Gow Makmorne.

The *Interlude of the Droichis* in Anc. Scot. Poems, Edin. 1770, written I believe by Lindſay, takes notice of Fyn Mackowl, the ſame with Fyngal or Fion Mac Cuil; and of Gow Macmorne.

But before this, Hector Boyce, about 1520, mentions the famous acts of Fingal. Nicolſon, in his Scotiſh Hiſtorical Library, ſays, 'There is an old romance of 'the famous acts of Fyn Mac Coul, a giant of pro-'digious ſtature in the days of king Ewain the Second, [about 430, as the Scotiſh fables run], 'wherein ſome 'particulars of that reign are pretended to be re-'corded. But my author * juſtly ranks this with 'ſome of the like ſtamp, concerning king Arthur, 'and others of our ancient Engliſh worthies.' In 1566 one Good, a Schoolmaſter at Limeric, ſent to Camden ſome account of Ireland; and from him the Britannia has this ſentence, in ſpeaking of the Iriſh, *Defunctorum animas in conſortium abire exiſtimant quorundam in illis locis illuſtrium de quibus fabulas et cantilenas retinent; ut gigantum* Fin Mac Huyle, Oſker Mac Oſhin; *et tales ſæpe per illuſionem ſe videre dicunt.* Buchanan *b.* II, and Johnſton in his preface to his *Heroes Scoti*, ſpeak of the Homers of the ancient Scots, and of their bards, as a name and office extant in their time. With all this *apparent* evidence, how happy would we be to ſhut our eyes, and reſign ourſelves to the delicious deluſion, that a Celtic Homer has reached our times! But alas! all this proves nothing, but that the Fingalian race were moſt famous, and of ſuch remote antiquity as to paſs for giants and deities. We have no evidence that the age of any portion of the preſent

* Hect. Boeth. lib. VII. fol. 128. b. and ſee Leſl. Hiſt. lib. IV. p. 131.

poems

poems is that of the perſons they deſcribe. Oſſian's name is given to poems rejected by Mr. Macpherſon as entirely modern.

This ſubject cannot be diſmiſſed without a cenſure of the author of Oſſian, for the ſingular embarraſſment he has thrown upon the antiquities of Scotland, by his dreaming eſſays, and prefaces to that work *. God knows our antiquities were too obſcure before, without having an additional night of nonſenſe thrown around them! To aſcribe poetry or romance to any age, tho written by ourſelves, is an innocent deceit; but to connect ſuch writings with ancient hiſtory, nay to pretend to alter and correct ancient hiſtory by them, is ſo ſtrange a

* His *Introduction to the Hiſtory of Great Britain and Ireland* rejects Oſſian's teſtimony; but it is as falſe as if it reſted on it. To ſay of his *Introduction*, that it teems with every error which a man can fall into, who writes upon a ſubject without any knowlege of it, is not the greateſt charge againſt that production. It alſo abounds with *direct miſquotations in order to miſlead*. Mr. M. well ridicules learning as pedantry, in many paſſages of this book, for he knew that to a man of any learning his dreams and miſquotations muſt only afford laughter and contempt. The poor man thinks that his knowlege of the Iriſh is much to the purpoſe! Nay, he talks of *deciding*, while he is yet in the very firſt rudiments of learning, queſtions which men of profoundeſt ſcience can only *examine*, as the original writers decide. He may depend on it, that the origin, and early hiſtory, of the Scots and Engliſh are queſtions of *ancient facts and circumſtances*, and men of learning are the ſole judges of them. What ſhould we ſay to a man who decided a cauſe, telling us, at the ſame time, that he is ignorant both of the facts and of the law? Mr. M. ſeems to have read about twenty claſſics, commonly uſed at ſchools; miſquotes and miſunderſtands them; and then ſets up for a judge! Let him return to his books: and know at laſt, that a man who writes on learned ſubjects ought to have a little learning. He ought alſo to ſtudy logic; for no man, capable of ſound ratiocination, would attempt, as he does, to overturn the POSITIVE teſtimonies of Claudian, Oroſius, Iſidorus, Gildas, Beda, by a few ſhallow arguments. He ſays, his theory is *new*; and ought to have known, that of courſe it is *falſe*. It would be quite *new* to aſſert that Xerxes never exiſted; and for this we have only hiſtory, as well as for the origin of the Scots.

breach of modeſty, that I know not what to call it, no ſimilar inſtance occuring in the annals of literature. Mr. Macpherſon's learning is very ill digeſted, as Mr. Whitaker has ſhewn the public: yet, with all his ignorance of the ancient ſtate of his own country, he has miſled many. Dr. Henry, a Dutch compilator, tho without Dutch learning, and Mr. Whitaker, a French viſionary, tho without French vivacity, may ſhake hands, and congratulate each other upon this ſolemn occaſion. The danger is ſo much the greater, as Mr. Macpherſon's genius is ſuperlative *. He is himſelf the Homer of the Celtic tongue: he is, as Richardſon ſays of Milton, an ancient, born fifteen hundred years after his time. His great genius will ſecure his fame: let him leave antiquarian reſearches to thoſe who read and think much, and who exert the ſterneſt ſeverity of truth over their minds.

§ III. *Pictiſh, or Scandinavian, Poetry in Scotland.*

Tho the Picts had poſſeſſion of the beſt part of Scotland, for more than eight centuries, as a ſeparate people, under their own kings; and tho the whole inhabitants of the low and rich countries of Scotland are deſcended from the Picts, and are as much Picts as the Engliſh are Saxons; yet this ſection lies quite barren. There are, indeed, poems in the Buchan dialect publiſhed, but, not having them before me, I cannot ſay if that dialect preſents any remains of the Pictiſh language or not †.

The

* The great fault of Mr. Macpherſon's Oſſian lies in every ſentence ending in a monoſyllabic word: hence monotony. This is alſo the blemiſh of the Seaſons, and of Paradiſe Loſt: almoſt every paragraph of the later poem ends in a word of one ſyllable; a great fault, but which has hitherto eſcaped notice.

† Since writing the above, Mr. Shaw's Hiſtory of Moray has come to my hands, and he tells us, p. 167. that the peaſantry of Moray

The Picts coming from the north of Scandinavia, and the Saxons from the ſouth, the languages were as nearly allied as Scotiſh and Engliſh. The Scythian or Gothic was the parent of both: but the Picts migrating four or five centuries, or more, before the Saxons, the Pictiſh tongue was an elder daughter of the Gothic, and more like the mother. Hence the Scotiſh dialect has innumerable words to be found in the Gothic, but not in the Saxon.

From the many pieces of Scandinavian poetry, publiſhed by Daniſh antiquaries, the nature of the Pictiſh poetry may be pretty well known. The Picts were Pagans, as appears from Beda, till the year 565; the Alban Scots ſeem to have been Chriſtians ere they SETTLED in Britain. The poetry of the Picts muſt have chaunted their loves; and celebrated Odin; and in all likelihood the heroic deeds of their firſt leaders into the Orkneys and Caledonia; and thoſe of Galgacus their great commander; not forgetting the immortal fame riſing from repelling the Romans, and from rearing a ſavage trophy to liberty out of the ſpoils of the lords of mankind.

Their language was the Gothic, as is evident from the ſpeech of the lowland Scots their deſcendents. I am well aware that the Scotiſh language is reputed a dialect of the Engliſh: but it is only a ſiſter language. True it is, that a number of Saxons ſettled in Scotland at the time of the Norman conqueſt; but they were ordered to leave the kingdom by King Donald Ban, about twenty-eight years after. Nor could the Saxon tongue migrate from the North of England into Scotland; for in 876 Hafden the Dane ſeized upon Northumberland

Moray 'uſe the broad Scotiſh or Buchan dialect, which is mani-'feſtly the Pictiſh. And the Pictiſh, Engliſh, Saxon, Daniſh, 'Swediſh, Icelandiſh, and Norwegian, are but various dialects of 'the Gothic, &c.

Old Pictiſh ſongs may exiſt; for tradition preſerves ſuch pieces for a long time. The Preſident Henaut tells us of a German ſong, yet in the popular mouth, compoſed on a battle fought in the year 880. Hiſt. Abr. Tome I. p. 100 *Licet dubitare.*

and all the Northern parts of England, and peopled them with Danes, who poſſeſt them ever after, and thus formed the Northern dialect of Engliſh; which has numbers of words to be found neither in Scotiſh nor Engliſh. Lothian belonged to the Picts, who remained it's inhabitants always, tho the country was debatable land till about 972, when Edgar King of England ultimately reſigned it to Kenneth III.

It has been oddly ſaid, that Malcolm Keanmór, about 1057, returning from England, where he had long reſided, and afterward marrying an Engliſh lady, introduced the Anglo-Saxon tongue into Scotland by the example of his court. So early as the reign of Edward the Confeſſor, and before, Mr. Warton ſhews that French alone was the court and faſhionable language in England: how then could Malcolm, and his queen and court, bring Anglo-Saxon, then the mere language of the vulgar, into Scotland? The Scotiſh is called *lingua noſtra materna* by Fordun, and is mentioned by all it's early writers as a different language from the Southern, or Engliſh. It was in fact the ſiſter, and the elder ſiſter.

Facies nec omnibus una,
Nec diverſa tamen: qualem decet eſſe ſororum.

The Highlanders call the modern Scotiſh tongue Saſenach, or Saxon, merely from their old hatred for any thing like the then inimical Engliſh. But if we always admit the appellations of the rude mob, we ſhall make ſtrange blunders. A people's denomination of themſelves is always to be credited, but not their nicknames for others. The Welch call the people of England *Leogr*; yet Mr Whitaker alone has thence inferred, that they were Ligurians. Speak a foreign language to a ruſtic and, ten to one, but he ſays it is French; tho it may be any one of three hundred other tongues. To found ſolely upon a vulgar appellative, is to build on mire.

Were

Were it neceſſary to add arguments on this head, it were ſufficient to obſerve, that not one Iriſh word occurs in the Scotiſh tongue: the whole words properly Scotiſh are of Gothic parentage; tho a few are collaterally found in the Saxon, alſo a daughter of the Gothic. But the Gothic word is always the Scotiſh primitive, not the Saxon: as is plain from the Gothic ſpelling, and Scotiſh pronounciation.

Henry of Huntingdon, a writer of the twelfth age, ſpeaks of the Pictiſh nation, and tongue, as loſt. He lived at a diſtance, and muſt have been very ignorant; for Robert of Hagulſtald, who lived near the borders, mentions the Picts as forming a grand part of the Scotiſh army in the war of the Standard. Indeed, honeſt Fordun, B. IV. c. 4. ſays, that the nation and ſpeech of the Picts had utterly periſhed; and yet he could not have opened his mouth without ſpeaking Pictiſh. The Picts appear to have been quite without the uſe of letters; and, had this been the caſe with the Saxons, ſome ſage Engliſh hiſtorian of the cloſe of the Fourteenth century, when Fordun lived, might have told us that the Normans totally deſtroyed the race and tongue of the Saxons: nay he might perhaps have ſaid this in Engliſh. Treviſa, who tranſlated the Polychronicon in 1385, has a curious paſſage in his chapter *De incolarum linguis*. 'Notheles Walſche men and Scotts that beeth nought 'medled with other nations holdeth wel nyh her firſte 'language. But gif the Scottes, that were ſometime 'confederat and woned with the Pictes, drawe ſome-'what after hir ſpeche, &c.' He confounds the low country Scots with the Iriſh.

It is allowed that the Goths were the ſame with the Getæ *: and hence the goſpels of Ulphilas, tranſlated in the fourth century are ſometimes called Gothic, and

* See this proved from ancient writers by Ihre (pronounce Iry) in the preface to his *Lexicon Suio-Gothicum*.

ſometimes Mæſogetic. Now Ovid wrote a poem in that very language:

Ah pudet et Getico ſcripſi ſermone libellum,
Structaque ſunt noſtris barbara verba modis.
Et placui, (gratare mihi;) cæpique poetæ
Inter inhumanos nomen habere Getas.

In others of his elegies he ſpeaks of the ſimilitude of the Gothic to the Greek tongue,

Exercent illi ſociæ commercia linguæ,
Graiaque quod Getico victa loquela ſono eſt.

Ovid might perhaps have been a favourite poet of the Picts, had his work been recited in Caledonia. Nay, ſome antiquary of great zeal, and little knowlege, may put him at the head of the old Scotiſh poets, if he pleaſes.

It is unfortunate that the Picts were ſo warlike and rude a people, for their tongue, the Gothic, had been a written language from the time of Ovid. In the fourth century Ulphilas had tranſlated the goſpels into it; and, from that till a late period, innumerable *eddas*, or mythologies, and *ſagas*, or romances, had been compoſed in Gothic, even amid the wilds of Iceland. Nay, what is more important, hiſtory was preſerved and ſtudied in that language, afterward termed the Norſe, Iſlandic, Scandinavian, &c. In 1263. when Haco, king of Norway, lay on his death bed, a cotemporary chronicle * ſays he had the bible and Latin authors read to him; and then in the Norwegian tongue the lives of ſaints, and the chronicle of all the Norwegian kings from Haldan the Black. But it is to be feared that a Pictiſh Hiſtory will ever be the vain wiſh of the antiquary.

* See Johnſtone's account of Haco's Expedition, tranſlated from the Norſe, Copenhagen, 1782, p. 129.

§ IV.

§ IV. *Scotiſh Poetry.*

From the ſeveral ſources abovementioned, of Britiſh Iriſh, and Pictiſh poetry, the ſtream of Scotiſh poetry was formed. But the two former had not great influence. The Britiſh kingdom in Scotland was ſubdued by the Picts, as we have ſeen, in 756: yet the illuſtrious Arthur, king of the Britons, ſo well known in poetry, had flouriſhed two centuries and a half before this time. This prince may be regarded as a phænomenon in hiſtory; for, that a whole people ſhould be full of hiſtories and traditions concerning him, and yet his very exiſtence be doubted, are contradictions which would induce one to total ſcepticiſm. Two points may be thought to militate againſt the very exiſtence of Arthur. 1. He is not mentioned by Beda, nor any Saxon writer. 2. No coins of him are found. To the firſt it might be anſwered that ancient annals were in fact the manifeſtos of the time; and we all know that moſt princes, even now, will in their manifeſtos utterly pervert and deny facts known to all mankind. The Saxon writers are, it is likely, equally fabulous with Geofry of Monmouth; and certainly perverted and omitted the truth, if it inferred diſgrace to their countrymen. No Saxon writer mentions a ſingle event which had that tendency, tho many ſuch infallibly happened. The maxim of the darker ages was, why record our own ſhame? let us leave that to our enemies. The Welſh writers make very ſlight if any mention of Alfred. But, ſecondly, coins are found of many of the monarchs mentioned by Beda, but not one of Arthur. The firſt argument is granted, but not the laſt: for at that rate not one coin of any Britiſh king exiſts, ſave Cunobelinus. Many coins are found in Wales, and the weſt of England and Scotland, which have no mark of any king, and may have belonged to Arthur as well as any other. The Saxons luckily uſed characters on their coins.

coins. The Britons, as many great nations before them, unhappily did not; ſave in one or two inſtances in their early times, when Roman workmen were employed. That Britiſh writers from near Arthur's period, and the whole people ever ſince, ſhould be full of traditions about a non-exiſtence, is abſolutely impoſſible: but if we admit Arthur to a place in hiſtory, Geofrey, who wrote about 1150, will contradict the dates, &c. of Saxon writers ſtrangely. This very argument may be reverted, for it might prove that the Saxon writers, who, from enmity at Arthur, embraced the uncommon, but not improbable, expedient of never mentioning his name, had perverted every date to cover the omiſſion. As the Saxons thus ordered their own chronicles, ſo a caſtration of the works of Gildas, and any other Britiſh writers who uſed a language they could underſtand, would be a common refuge of theſe victors. Geofrey's work, it is well known, was tranſlated from the Britiſh by him. It is certainly full of fables; but it requires prodigious credulity to believe it wholly a fable. Perhaps it may alſo be regarded as ſingular, that Milton fights againſt the exiſtence of Arthur, and Hume for it.

Certain it is, that the ſouth parts of Scotland were full of Arthur's fame: nor is he better known to the bards of Wales, or of Bretagne. Almoſt the whole old Engliſh metrical romances are written in the north of England, or ſouth of Scotland, and in the Northern dialect. They unanimouſly place Arthur's court at Carliſle *, which ſeems to have been the fact, for no French romances put Charlemagne's court but at Paris. Froiſart, in ſpeaking of Carliſle, always adds *in Wales*.

* Perhaps, however, it ſhould be Caerleon on the Yſk, in Glamorganſhire, formerly a magnificent city, as appears from Roger of Cheſter. Froiſart, it may be, followed the romances. Let me juſt mention, that *Arthur's Seat*, near Edinburgh, is in vain deduced from the Galic, in a country where Galic was never ſpoken.

Perhaps

Perhaps the Britons in Arthur's time were under one ſovereign; after him, we find kings of many diviſions of the Britons.

It ſhall only be added on this head, that the very firſt important piece of Scotiſh poetry we hear of, namely, the Romance of SIR TRISTRAM by the celebrated Thomas Lermont the rimer of Ercildon, was founded on Britiſh poetry; Triſtram being one of Arthur's knights. This poem, ſo highly celebrated at the time, was written about 1270, but ſeems now to be unfortunately loſt. However, innumerable paſſages of early Scotiſh poetry, yet remaining, are ſtrongly tinctured with Britiſh tradition.

The IRISH, or, as anciently ſpelled, Eriſche, and Erſhe, or Erſe, poetry, was unhappily deſpiſed, becauſe unknown by the ancient Scotiſh writers. A very few alluſions to it are noted above, but they are commonly put in ſcorn; for the hatred borne by the Picts, or low country people, to the Iriſh, was extreme, tho one would think that ſelf-reſpect would have prevented their deſpiſing their conquerors. This antipathy laſted till within theſe two centuries, but, like other national prejudices, has paſt quite away as ſoon as ſcience and civilization prevailed. For national antipathies are always in exact proportion to ignorance, and want of civilization; ſo that the moſt contemptible nation is always the moſt proud *. This is alſo the caſe in private life; and national reflections ſhew at once the ſize of a perſon's intellect, and likewiſe what company he has kept, for they are never heard ſave in the ſtreet. Had the Scotiſh poets ſtudied the Iriſh, they might have enriched their productions with a number of ideas at once natural and new.

* The Greeks deſpiſed the Perſians; but the Perſians returned the ſcorn in a far higher degree. The Europeans deſpiſe the Hottentots; but the Hottentots abſolutely laugh at the very name or appearance of an European.

But the PICTISH poetry furniſhed the language, and therein the chief fund, of Scotiſh poetry. From the ſtormy heaths of Scandinavia ſeem alſo to have been tranſplanted ſeveral of theſe wild flowers which adorn the compoſitions of the old Scotiſh minſtrels. The Iriſh poetry is all gloomy, the Scotiſh deals more in merriment: the Celtic nations ſeem to have been generally ſevere; the Gothic riotous. The carouſal of Odin never appears in Celtic mythology, where the ſtern character of the Druids alſo influenced the people. The Celtic nations were in general peaceful, and temperate; the Gothic warlike, and intemperate. Perpetual danger often begets luxury from the deſire of making the moſt of a periſhable life. The Goths, with Regner Lodbrog, died laughing; and may be compared to the Egyptians, who, to promote hard drinking, had a ſkeleton put on the table. All the Celtic poetry, yet publiſhed, is grave; that of the Goths chiefly heroic, becauſe the beſt is ſuch; but the Daniſh antiquaries give us to know that much is ludicrous, tho the jeſts be now unintelligible.

The Pictiſh poetry ſeems alſo to have bequeathed to the Scotiſh a peculiarly wild horror, which frequently ſtrikes the reader with the higheſt effect. But the antique force and ſimplicity of the language was the chief permanent gift of the Pictiſh poetry to the Scotiſh.

Nothing can be more obſcure than the progreſs of language in Scotland. To trace it a little by analogy with its ſiſter the Engliſh, might be attempted. Let us try.

The Saxon language may be regarded as that of England, ſo early as the year 500. In 1067 the Normans conquered England; but the Saxon language remained almoſt pure till the reign of Stephen, when the Saxon Chronicle was written about 1150. Nay, a charter of Henry I. about 1130, ſeems *pure* Saxon *. The *Or-*

* See it publiſhed in Lye's Saxo Gothic Dictionary, Vol. II.

mulum,

mulum, which I take to have been written in the reign of John about the year 1200, is Saxon fermenting into Engliſh: and the very firſt Engliſh piece ſeems *The Geſte of King Horn*, written perhaps about 1250. Robert of Gloceſter wrote in, or near, the year 1278; as appears from his work. Robert of Brunne finiſhed his Chronicle in 1338, as is evident from a MS. colophon given by Hearne: and it is ſurprizing what a difference of language there is between him and Robert of Gloceſter, tho only 60 years intervened. The pronouns, ſo frequently and commonly uſed, muſt, one would imagine, be the moſt difficult parts of ſpeech to alter; yet Robert of Gloceſter has always the old *her* for *their*, *heo* for *they*, &c: while Robert of Brunne firſt uſes *thei*, &c. as now. Brunne being born at Malton in Yorkſhire, his language is alſo very Northern. It is proper to obſerve that this deduction might have been more complete, had not the chief Engliſh poets written ſolely in French from the Conqueſt 1066, till Chaucer began to write his beſt pieces, or about 1366, being three centuries. The reaſon of this was, that French was the ſole language uſed at court, or by the nobility; nay even by the middle ranks of people. Treviſa, who tranſlated the Polychronicon about 1385 *, tells us that French was juſt then beginning to wear out: but, ſays he, 'Sethe Normans come 'firſt into Engelond alſo gentilmen children beeth 'taught to ſpeke Frenche, from the tyme that they 'beeth rokked in her cradel—and uplandiſche men wil 'liken himſelfe to gentilmen; and ſondeth with gret 'beſyneſſe for to ſpeke Frenſche, for to be told of.' Saxon was left merely to the mob, and the apophthegms, expreſſions, &c. preſerved by hiſtorians of the time, are all in old French. In ſhort, when the reader

* The additions to the Polychronicon are, however, of Caxton, who wrote a whole century later. See Nicolſon's Engl. Hiſt. Lib.

is told that it was the great badge of good breeding to ſpeak French, and French only, we may gueſs it was very prevalent indeed. Attention to this becomes the more neceſſary, becauſe, without knowing that French was the ſole polite language of England for three centuries, we ſhall fall into the very common and natural miſtake that all French MSS, &c. were written by Frenchmen; that our poets and minſtrels were all French, &c. becauſe they wrote in French. Tho indeed no man of any learning can be ſuſpected of ſuch a blunder; for he might as well ſuppoſe that moſt of the European poets of the ſixteenth century were old Romans, becauſe moſt of them wrote in Latin; that a man who writes in Greek, muſt be a Greek; in Italian, an Italian; or, at once, becauſe he writes French verſes, muſt be a Frenchman. A Catalogue of Engliſh writers who have written in French is much wanted: and I dare ſay upwards of a hundred names might yet be recovered.

To return to our analogy. The Picts, uſing the Gothic language, ſettled in Scotland about the time of our Saviour. Till 460 years after, they were the ſole poſſeſſors of the whole country, north of the Clyde and Forth; and from that, till 843, the whole fertile parts, amounting to two thirds, were theirs. In 843 they were vanquiſhed: but the victor Kenneth aſpired to their crown, as his due by inheritance; and is called king of Pictinia, and not of Scotia, by old chronicles. Certain it is, that he framed laws for his united ſtates; and treated the Picts as his own people. The Picts were by far the greater, and more opulent, part of his ſubjects; and beyond all doubt retained their own tongue: for, had they not, the Galic would have been the univerſal language of Scotland at this day. The Galic was no doubt the court language in Scotland for ſome time; as the French was in England after the Norman conqueſt. The later inſtance continued for three centuries; the former ſurely not ſo long. For upon the murder of Duncan

Duncan by Macbeth in 1039, Malcolm the heir of the crown fled into England, where he remained for seventeen years before he was enabled to resume his kingdom. Edward the Confessor was king of England from 1041 till 1065; and in his reign we know that French was the court language in England. Malcolm surely used this speech, and his court also. Many Saxons came to Scotland with him 1056, and also at the Conquest 1066; but in 1093 they were all very prudently ordered to leave the kingdom by Dovenald Ban his successor. They were chiefly men of rank; and, had they introduced any language, it would have been the French. After this, constant wars and enmity prevailed between the Scots and English; and few traces of intercourse can be discovered; for less did the former, as is ignorantly imagined, borrow their very speech from their bittерest enemy. It is remarkable that as soon as Edward III. opened the inveterate enmity between the English and French, the later language ceased in England; and we may reason from the strongest analogy upon this occasion.

But yet another point requires our attention. In 945 * Edmund king of England gave Cumberland to Malcolm I. king of Scotland, on condition of homage for it. From this period the heir of the Scotish crown was always Prince of Cumberland, and resided as a king in that country, which was constantly exposed to the Danes and other enemies. A most excellent device; by which a prince was educated in difficulties and taught to govern by degrees. Now the Prince, it may be supposed, did not use the Galic in a country where it was never spoken; but, remaining there from early youth,

* Saxon Chron. and see Milton's Hist. of England. Guthrie, in what he calls an History of Scotland, strangely places this event in the reign of Constantine, more than a dozen years before: but even to mention such a writer is a shame, for his whole work is one mass of error and inaccuracy.

adopted

adopted French, the court tongue of England, in which country his principality was *, and to the king of which he was bound to do homage. But this argument would require reinforcements, which the obſcurity of the ſubject prevents being lent.

It appears from Turgot's Life of St. Margaret, wife of Malcolm Kean-mór, about 1080, that the king was interpreter between her and the Scotiſh Eccleſiaſtics. If they ſpoke Gaelic, the king could not have underſtood them; for he had been ſeventeen years in England, where he had only ſpoken French, and Saxon to ſervants. But if they ſpoke Pictiſh, it was ſo near the Saxon, both being originally dialects of the Gothic, that from his knowlege of the latter he might have acted as interpreter. This argument is alſo not ſtrong.

Under William of Scotland, 1165, the Scotiſh coin bears a French inſcription, LE REI WILLEM: ſome pennies bear WILLEM RI, the laſt word is the Gaelic for *king*. But to infer from this that the Iriſh or Gaelic was then the language of Scotland were ridiculous; for we find REI, RE, RI, in the ſame way on foreign coins; and it is merely owing to the rude engraver's having more or leſs room. Nay, in old French MSS. we find REY, REI, RE, RIE, RI, all for the preſent ROI or king.

Alexander III. 1249, took his coronation oath *Latine et Gallice*. The later word, Father Innes, forgetting his uſual acuteneſs, ſays, *may be Galic* or Iriſh. It is French all the world over; and, had Galic been implied, it would have been *Hibernice*; for writers of a

* It is in old charters ſaid to be between Scotland and England. See Sir James Dalrymple. The Biſhop of Carliſle was a ſuffragan of Glaſgow. Ancient Cumbria ſeems to me to have occupied the preſent Cumberland and Weſtmorland in England: and Lanerkſhire, Cunnyngham, Kyle, Renfrew, and Dumfries ſhires, in Scotland. It is often called a kingdom by old writers; and it deſerves the title. The Cumberland dialect is at preſent exactly the Pictiſh, or broad Scotiſh, as a Welſh man would pronounce it. See Relph's *Poems in the Cumberland dialect*, 1747, or thoſe of Evan Clark, 1772. I believe the ſame ſpeech prevails over Galloway.

century or two after call it *Iriſh*. Galic is a very late word, nay I believe unknown till this preſent century; and it was not invented till the Scotiſh antiquaries *diſcovered* that the highlanders were not of Iriſh origin. Sir George Mackenyie, the flimſieſt of all writers, firſt ſtarted this; and the Scotiſh antiquaries have, in conſequence of it, been retrograde for a century; and are of courſe near two centuries behind the Engliſh. Since Alexander III. took the oath in French, it is ſtrongly, if not neceſſarily implied, that French was then the polite language in Scotland, as in England.

French being the language of the polite, and Latin of the learned, who could uſe the vulgar tongue in writing? Even in England, perhaps, the only progreſſive evidence of the language is contained in the three or four books abovementioned. No wonder then that in Scotland no deductive written proofs ſhould remain. But we may ſafely conclude that the Pictiſh, or a dialect of the Gothic, remained the vulgar language of two-thirds of Scotland from the earlieſt times till the Scotiſh poets firſt uſed it in writing.

Now, tho an infinite number of Scandinavian poems has been publiſhed, from the time of Saxo Grammaticus, who lived in the twelfth century, and who gives tranſlations of many as evidences of his hiſtory, down to the preſent day, yet none of theſe poems exceed the length of ſhort tales, &c. or what we would call ballads. We may therefore conclude to a certainty, that, if ſuch was the caſe in the more extenſive and more learned regions of the Gothic tongue, no Pictiſh bard ever thought of exceeding the bounds of a ſong or a ballad. Perhaps ſome of theſe compoſitions may yet be retained by tradition in Buchan, the north part of Aberdeenſhire, where the Pictiſh language remains almoſt pure.

Indeed I ſuſpect that no Scotiſh poet, before Thomas of Ercildon, ventured beyond a ballad, when uſing his native tongue. Perhaps one, or two, may have written

a romance in French rime, tho now loſt, or unknown; but it is dubious whether the Pictiſh was ever a written language; and there is at any rate no room to ſuppoſe that the Pictiſh, when fermenting into Scotiſh, was ever uſed in writing. As obſerved above, the polite uſed French, and the learned Latin, and who elſe could write? The poor bards, who entertained the mob, might recite ballads and ſhort romances in the vulgar tongue; but the minſtrels, who appeared in the king's, or in the baron's hall, would uſe French only, as in England; for, had they tried the common language, they would have been ſent into the kitchen.

The muſic of theſe Pictiſh, and Scoto-Pictiſh, ſongs and ballads, perhaps, preſented early ſpecimens of that exquiſite expreſſion, and ſimple melody, now ſo deſervedly admired in Scotiſh muſic. The ancient Scandinavian muſic remains, I believe, very obſcure; ſo of the Pictiſh nothing can be ſaid; nor indeed of that of the Scoto-Pictiſh æra of our language, which extends from the Ninth to the Thirteenth century; during which the Pictiſh was gradually becoming leſs Gothic, and more near to the language now termed Scotiſh; in like manner as the Francic, in four or five centuries, became French; and the Saxon in three became the Engliſh of Chaucer.

In the Twelfth century church-muſic muſt have been in an advanced ſtate in Scotland; for Ælred, who died in 1166, thus ſpeaks of it, as I find his words tranſlated by Mackenyie in his bulky and ſtrange Collections, called Lives of the Scotiſh writers *. 'Since all types and

* My author is ſo inaccurate, that I know not if it be of the Engliſh or Scotiſh muſic that Ælred ſpeaks. This Mackenyie has ſwelled thoſe vaſt volumes of lives, by inſerting *ſmall* digreſſions. If a man wrote a hiſtory of Scotland, in his life is given a *complete hiſtory of Scotland*: If another wrote a ſyſtem of divinity, a *complete ſyſtem of divinity* is one epiſode of his life. He and Abercrombie were keen papiſts; and ſpared nothing to ſupport *indefeazible right*:

The right divine of kings to govern wrong.

'figures are now ceaſed, why ſo many organs and cym-
'bals in our churches? Why, I ſay, that terrible blow-
'ing of bellows, that rather imitates the frightſomeneſs
'of thunder, than the ſweet harmony of the voice? For
'what end is this contraction, and dilatation, of the
'voice? One reſtrains his breath; another breaks his
'breath; and a third unaccountably dilates his voice;
'and ſometimes, which I am aſhamed to ſay, they fall
'a quivering, like the neighing of horſes. Then they
'lay down their manly vigour; and, with their voices,
'endeavour to imitate the ſoftneſs of women. Then, by
'an artificial circumvolution, they have a variety of
'out-runnings. Sometimes you ſhall ſee them with
'open mouths, and their breath reſtrained, as if they
'were expiring, and not ſinging; and, by a ridi-
'culous interruption of their breath, ſeem as if they
'were altogether ſilent. At other times they appear
'like perſons in the agonies of death; then, with a
'variety of geſtures, they perſonate comedians: their
'lips are contracted; their eyes roll; their ſhoulders
'are moved upwards and downwards; their fingers move,
'and dance to every note. And this ridiculous behaviour
'is called religion: and, when theſe things are moſt
'frequently done, then God is ſaid to be more honourably
'worſhipped.' *

But about 1240 Simon Taylor, a Scotiſh Dominican friar, became the Guido Aretino of Scotland. George Newton, in his Lives of the Biſhops of Dumblane, as quoted by Dempſter †, ſays, he brought the Scotiſh church-muſic to vie with that of Rome itſelf. His whole compoſitions were maſterpieces, and he wrote four books on the ſcience: 1. *De cantu eccleſiaſtico corrigendo.* 2. *De tenore muſicali.* 3. *Tetrachardorum.* 4. *Pentachordorum* ‡.

In

* Ælred, Speculum Caritatis, lib. II. c. 26. *inter opera*, Duaci, 1631, 4to.

† Dempſter's accounts are very dubious; and other authority is always required to ſupport his aſſertions.

‡ It is well known, that an anecdote about Scotiſh muſic occurs in the *Penſieri Diverſi* of *Taſſoni*. As many have conſulted the

In this ancient period Romances in French rime were almoſt the ſole literary amuſement of the Engliſh or of the Scotiſh men of rank; while the vulgar had only ſongs and ballads. *King Horn* is the only romance written in Engliſh before the year 1300, which is extant: but it would ſeem that, from this time, till Chaucer began to ridicule the romances, and to furniſh a better entertainment, being ſixty or ſeventy years after, many romances were tranſlated from French into Engliſh, the later language gradually gaining ground. Theſe Engliſh romances were much read in Scotland, being written generally in the Northern dialect, which from it's mixture of Daniſh approached very near to the Scoto-Pictiſh; and as the French romances gave a French hue to the language of Chaucer, ſo the Engliſh refined, and ſoftened, and enriched the language of Barbour. For that Barbour was verſed in that kind of reading appears from his book; and his language is full of Angliciſms, or rather Romanciſms. It is alſo remarkable that, ſuch was the progreſs of refinement from the ſouth, that the old French poetry is full of Provenzaliſms, the Engliſh of Franciſms, and the Scotiſh of Angliciſms.

The language of Lermont, who wrote a century before Barbour, or about 1270, we unhappily cannot judge of; his Romance of Triſtram being loſt, as is to be feared. But Robert of Brunne, who wrote in 1338, has preſerved ſingular notices concerning it *. In his

book, without being able to find it, I think it proper juſt to mention, that it is in the Tenth Book, *p.* 572, edit. *in Carpi*, 1620, *4to*. Now it happens odly, that tho the title bears *Dieci Libri*, yet the Tenth Book is wanting in moſt copies; ſo that the work is common without it, but extremely ſcarce with it. Mr. Nicol, Bookſeller to the King, has a complete copy; and in it *iſtis oculis vidi*. The paſſage has been underſtood to refer to James I. but it refers to James VI. in whoſe time Taſſoni lived: when we ſay Louis king of France, it is *the preſent* we mean.

* See his Chronicle publiſhed by Hearne.

Prolog

Prolog he ſays he will not uſe an high and uncommon ſtyle, becauſe it is unfit for the vulgar to whom he writes; and it is alſo liable to be changed and corrupted by reciters and tranſcribers, who do not underſtand it, but alter it to their own phraſeology:

I ſee in ſong in ſedgeyng tale
Of Erceldoun, and of Kendale:
Non thame ſays as thai tham wroght;
And in ther ſayng it ſemes noght.
That may thou here in SIR TRISTREM:
Over Geſtes it has the ſteem;
Over all that is, or was;
If men it ſayd as made Thomas.

What was the name of him of Kendale is not known: but Thomas was of Erceldown; and to him the romance of Triſtram is here given with ſuperlative praiſe, no leſs than that it exceeded all the *Geſtes*, or Romances, ever written. He afterwards tells us of the ſame authors:

Thai ſayd it in ſo quainte Inglis,
That manyone wate not what it is.

and again, that he could not make ſuch ſtrange *Inglis* as theſe writers, but compoſes for the commonalty; and tells his plain reader,

They ſaid it for pride and nobleye,
That were not ſuylk as thee.

It appears to me from all theſe paſſages, that Lermont, who was born and lived near the borders, where the ſhades between the Engliſh and Scotiſh from frequent interchange of inhabitants in the early periods were very minute, had written in the Southern Scotiſh, which was in fact, the Northern dialect of the Engliſh romancers; for the kingdom of Cumbria lay in both realms, as above ſhewn, and its later inhabitants were chiefly Picts. Hence Robert of Brunne calls it Engliſh;

but, whence arose the quaintness he speaks of? Was it from Lermont's using high figures? from his adopting French words, as Chaucer afterwards did? or from his Scotish words unknown to this author? Lermont's using high figures, and also French, appears the most probable opinion; for our poet says his works are only fit for *pride and n bleye*, that is, great men and nobility, as the context shews. And perhaps, if the mixture of French words with English was a fault, Lermont, and not Chaucer, ought to bear the blame; tho there be no doubt but that Lermont and Chaucer only used the language of the politest people of the period: for to alter a language is the work of time; and no single writer can ever effect so prodigious a work; indeed, no one ever made the attempt. Lermont and Chaucer wrote for men of birth and education; and doubtless in the language used by them.

The first Scotish writers, thus finding the English a fixter dialect already written, naturally in writing accommodated themselves to it; as the English authors had to the French. Hence, written language becoming colloquial by degrees, first among the higher classes, and then partly among the vulgar, the Scotish language has more and more yielded to the English, as a politer language, down to this very day. Thus has the vulgar error crept in, that the Scotish is derived from the Anglo-Saxon; or that it is in fact merely a dialect of the English imported into that country. Tho the reader may well believe that I should, with pleasure, give the Scotish language so respectable an origin as the English, yet much inquiry into the subject forbids my subscribing to this hypothesis. My reasons will appear from many parts of this essay; and may, it is hoped, be found conclusive. Proximity of tongues proves collateral relation, but not derivation; else the Swedish * would also

* For the wonderful affinity between the Swedish and English, see Mr. Coxe's Travels. Had Sweden been where Ireland is, the Swedish would also have been called English.

be

be derived from the Engliſh. For that ſpeech, and, I believe, the Daniſh, are as near to the Engliſh, as the real Scotiſh is. Pictiſh and Saxon, Scotiſh and Engliſh, are both equally derived from the Gothic. Their great ſimilarity then can be no wonder. The Pictiſh was the earlier Gothic, the Saxon the later; the idiom and body of the language were ever the ſame. But nearly one half of the old Scotiſh words is not to be found in the Saxon, but ſolely in the Gothic.

True it is, that, what an Engliſh writer now calls Scotiſh, ancient Engliſh and Scotiſh writers called Engliſh. The reaſon is plain. Down to the reign of Mary of Scotland the Iriſh had been alſo called Scotiſh *, as ſpoken by the Scotiſh highlanders, and who were properly Scots. When, by a neceſſary contingency, the Gothic language had in the ſame ſpace, tho in different nations, retained much the ſame hues, the name of that dialect, which was ſpoken by the greater and politer people, was imparted to the other inhabiting a contiguous part of the very ſame iſland. Is this any thing extraordinary? Is it more ſtrange, than that in Italy, France, and Spain, the written tongue ſhould have been originally termed *Romano*, It. *Roman*, Fr. *Romance*, Sp. becauſe all derived from the Roman or Latin? Has any one yet diſcovered from this that theſe three languages, thus collaterally allied, are ſprung from each other, or are dialects of each other? The Engliſh was Gothic, ſo was alſo the Pictiſh; the one North-Gothic, the other South-Gothic. The Picts were, indeed, as much Engliſh as the Jutes or Saxons, *Nomina non mutant rem.*

* An Act of Parliament, 1541, authorizes the lieges to have the bible in *Inglis and Scotis.* Scotiſh poets ſay *our Inglis tongue*, &c. See Lindſay's Papingo, &c. Lord Hailes miſinterprets a ſimilar paſſage in Dunbar, as tho Dunbar thought he was an Engliſhmen becauſe born in Eaſt Lothian: but the expreſſion has no ſuch meaning.

Another cauſe why many later Angliciſms appear in the old Scotiſh language, is, that it was uſual for many Scotiſhmen to go to England to follow their ſtudies at the univerſities there. St. Andrews, the oldeſt univerſity in Scotland, was only founded in 1413; before that time ſtudents repaired to Cambridge, Oxford, or Paris. In the *Reves Tale*, Chaucer tells us the two Cambridge ſtudents

> Of o toun were they born that highte Strother,
> Fer in the north I cannot tellen where.

There never was even a village of this name in the North of England: the place was apparently Anſtruther in Fife.

Mr. Tyrwhitt, in a note to his Life of Chaucer, ſays, 'Chaucer's reputation was as well eſtabliſhed in Scot-'land, as in England: and I will take upon me to ſay, 'that he was as much the father of poetry in that 'country, as in this.' This is quite a miſtake. Chaucer was in the higheſt admiration in Scotland, as he juſtly deſerved: but not one Scotiſh poet has imitated him; or is in the leaſt indebted to him. I wiſh the Scotiſh writers had owned him as father of their poetry with all my heart: but not a trace of this can be found. They praiſe him; but never imitate either his language, ſtanza, manner, or ſentiments; how then can he be their model? Thomas of Ercildon wrote the century before Chaucer: and Barbour knew nothing of him, tho he wrote in 1375. Chaucer's fame was not wide till after his death in 1400: Gower, the ſtupideſt of all writers, had always been preferred to him; and Chaucer himſelf calls him his maſter. If Mr. Tyrwhitt will point out one imitation of the ſlighteſt paſſage of Chaucer in any Scotiſh poet whatever, it will operate to his purpoſe; but I know from certain knowlege that he cannot; ſo muſt refuſe my aſſent to his opinion. The French and Italians may indeed ſay, with great juſtice, that Chaucer is more

than the imitator, is the mere tranſlator of their poets, ſave in one or two of his comic tales: and would that he had never tranſlated!

This ſlight eſſay ſhall be cloſed with a remark or two on the decline of the minſtrels in Scotland. In that kingdom, as in England, theſe men were firſt in the higheſt reverence: the ſuperior ones reciting to the great and polite their own compoſitions, or thoſe of other poets in the French language, till about the Fourteenth century, when they began to uſe the common tongue; while the inferior order called *bards** entertained others. But in time a gradual change of the manners of chivalry brought neglect and contempt on the bards, and after on the minſtrels in both kingdoms. Their wild ſubjects, which even now ſtrike and delight the imagination, had been received as hiſtorical truth by their hearers. No wonder then that the firſt dawn of ſcience ſhewed them their abſurdity in that view; and excited their ſcorn at ſuch inſults to their underſtanding. Their fancy had been accuſtomed to them; and the romances did not delight them, as they do us, with ancient pictures of manners: time alone could ſtamp that value on them. Fancy had, indeed, nothing to do in the matter: the tales were deſpiſed as falſehoods. Contempt of the minſtrels followed of courſe. So early as the time of Dunbar we find them lightly reputed.

I will nae leiſings put in verſe
Lyke as ſum JANGLERS do reherſe †

as Sir David Lindſay mentions

Blaſphematours, beggaris, and common bardis.

Papinge.

* The reader muſt carefully diſtinguiſh between *minſtrels* and *bards*. The later as early as 1458, are in the Scotiſh Acts of Parliament ranked with *gypſies*, *forners*, *maſterful beggars*, and *feigned fools*. But, in 1474, *minſtrels* are ranked with *knights* and *heralds*, and ſuch as could ſpend 100 pounds a year land-rent; and are allowed to wear ſilk apparel.

† Tod and Lamb. Evergr. I. 202.

In

In Henry the Eighth's reign, minſtrels ceaſed in England; for he who is deſcribed in the Killingworth entertainment of Queen Elizabeth, 1575, appears as a character of former times. And, about the ſame period, they alſo diſappeared in Scotland. The rapid change of manners at the æra of the Reformation had no doubt great influence on this event.

Romances, however, which had delighted the ladies anciently *, as much as novels do now, were ſtill in faſhion. Lindſay, who ſpeaks ſo contemptuouſly of the bards, quotes romances with favour;

Fought never better, hand for hand,
Nor Gawen againſt Colibras,
Nor Olyver 'gainſt Pharambras.
Lindſay's Hiſt. of Meldrum.

This Pharambras, or Ferembras, ſeems to have been a favourite in Scotland; for it is the

Romance of worthie Ferembras

that Robert Bruce reads to his friends in Barbour's poem.

I ſhall conclude with obſerving, that any diſcovery of the Scotiſh language, or poetry, as they were before 1375, when Barbour wrote, is very much to be wiſhed; for that period of them is not a little obſcure.

* In a love-ſong written in the time of Edward I. or II. MS. Harl. 2253. the poet, in deſcribing his miſtreſs, ſays

With lefly red lippes lele
Romances for to rede. *f. v.* 66.

A LIST

A LIST OF ALL THE SCOTISH POETS;

WITH BRIEF REMARKS.

IN the following liſt the poets, who wrote in Latin, *are omitted; and it were certainly no loſs, if all the works of modern* Latin *poets were thrown into the flames. When a Scotiſhman gives up* Buchanan, *who is ranked by the* Scaligers, *and others of the firſt name, next to the writers of the Auguſtan period, and before even the later Roman poets; ſurely no objection need be made againſt this general cenſure by thoſe of any other nation. Had we any Latin bard prior to the year* 1000, *he ſhould have his place as an ancient. But* Sedulius *and other* Scots *were Iriſhmen, as all know, ſave thoſe who are blinded by pitiful prejudice:* Pictus, *or* Albanicus, *being the ſole patrinymic of a native of preſent Scotland, down to the year* 800 *at leaſt.*

The years marked are thoſe about which the ſeveral poets began to flouriſh, to uſe a very common, but moſt beautiful metaphor.

The Poets, whoſe articles are in Italic letter, wrote in Engliſh.

1270.

1270.

THOMAS LERMONT. This celebrated old bard, alſo called Thomas the Rymour, and Thomas of Erceldon, was, it is likely, born at Erceldon, a village near Melroſe in Tweedale. About 1300, or before, when Edward I. was carrying war into Scotland, we find Lermont an old man, with the reputation of a prophet: putting his then age therefore at ſixty, he was born about 1240. Barbour tells us, p. 21. that, when Bruce had ſlain Cumin in 1306, the Biſhop of St. Andrews ſaid,

> I hope that Thomas' prophecie
> Of Erceldon ſhall truly be
> In him, &c.

This implies, that the prophecies of Thomas were held in high reverence in 1306: ſo that he muſt certainly have had the ſanctity of age thrown around him before that time *. We learn from Robert de Brunne that he wrote a metrical romance, called

Sir Triſtram.

And it is reaſonable to infer, that he compoſed this work in his mid-age, or about 1270. For the ſtyle of this poem, ſee the preceding Eſſay. The piece itſelf is in no library in England; but may probably be in that MS. collection of Romances, of which an account is given in the *Reliques of Anc. Engl. P.*, and which is in the Advocates Library, Edinburgh. The titles of almoſt all the pieces in that curious volume are torn out for the ſake of the illuminations, ſo that it muſt be read over before any diſcovery can be made. It is indeed matter of the deepeſt regret, that, while the catalogue of the MSS. in England and Ireland was executed near a century ago, and is a common book, no *Catalogus MSS. Scotiæ* ſhould yet be extant. In particular, it is

* Thomas Rymour, of Erceldon, is a witneſs to a charter of Haig of Bemerſide without date. *Extracts from Chartulary of Melroſe.* Bib. Harl. 7394.

ardently

ardently wiſhed that a Catalogue of the MSS. in the Advocates' Library ſhould be immediately given to the public in a manner worthy of that moſt learned, opulent, and reſpectable ſociety. And no plan better than that of the Harleian Catalogue can be followed. In the King's Library, 20 D. II. is the French *Romanz di Triſtram*; a vaſt Folio volume written in the Thirteenth age. It is in proſe; and bears at the end to be the production of *Seult Labonde de Cornoalle*. Tho it be well tranſcribed and ornamented with curious little miniatures to the initial letter of each book, few, I believe, will have patience to peruſe ſo large a work, and which, if printed, would fill three or four volumes Folio. It is highly probable, that this was the ground work of Lermont's celebrated poem; and tho this gave me great curioſity to read it, and my literary patience is not ſmall, yet even the curious entertainment it affords could not overcome my repugnance, and I ſoon abandoned the ſtudy.

The character of Lermont as a prophet, and which was common to him with Linus, Orpheus, and other early poets in many countries, aroſe, if we may believe Mackenyie in his Lives of Scotiſh Writers, from his having conferences with Eliza, a nun and propheteſs at Haddington. Lermont put her predictions into verſe; and thus came in for his ſhare of the prophetic ſpirit. None of theſe ancient prophecies now remain; but the following, which pretends to be one of them, is given from a MS. of the time of Edward I. or II. *Harl. Lib.* 2253. *f.* 127. The Counteſs of Dunbar is the lady famous for the defence of her caſtle againſt the Engliſh. Her proper title was counteſs of March; but it was common in theſe times to ſtyle a nobleman from his chief reſidence: thus Gilbert Strongbow, Earl of Pembroke, is called Earl of Striguil, from his reſidence at Striguil caſtle, near Chepſtow, Monmouthſhire, &c.

La

La Counteſſe de Donbar demande a Thomas de Eſſedoune, quant la guere d'Eſcoce prendreit fyn. E yl l'a repoundy, et dyt.

When man as mad a kyng of a capped man.
When mon is levere other mones thyng than is owen.
When londe thouys foreſt, ant foreſt ys felde.
When hares kendles othe herſton.
When Wyt ant Wille werres togedere.
When mon makes ſtables of kyrkes; and ſteles caſtles wytli ſtyes.
When Rokeſbourh nys no burgh; ant market is at Forwyleye.
When the alde is gan, ant the newe is come that doue noht.
When Bambourne ys donged with dede men.
When men ledes men in ropes to buyen ant to ſellen.
When a quarter of whaty whete is chaunged for a colt of ten markes.
When prude prikes, ant pees is leyd in priſoun.
When a Scot ne may hym hude aſe hare in forme, that the Englyſh ne ſhal hym fynde.
When ryht ant wrong aſtentethe togedere.
When laddes weddeth lovedies.
When Scottes ſlen ſo faſte, that for faute of ſhip, hy drouneth hemſelve.
When ſhal this be?
Nouther in thine tyme, ne in myne.
Ah comen, ant gone,
Withinne twenty wynter ant on.

In fact, the prophecies of Lermont appear to have been merely traditional; nay, it ſeems doubtful if he ever pretended to ſuch folly, notwithſtanding Mackenyie's ſtory of Eliza, which I ſuppoſe he had from Dempſter, or Camerarius, two writers falſe beyond imagination. The reverence of the people, for a learned and reſpectable character, ſeems to have been the ſole foundation of Thomas's claim to prophecy. But, in the ſixteenth century, prophecies were made, and aſcribed to him, as well as others given to Beda, Merlin,

Merlin, &c. * They were printed at Edinburgh, 1615, reprinted 1680, and 1742. Till I had discovered that the alliterative blank verse was used by Dunbar, I thought it had ceased long before; but now retract that opinion. The Scotish prophecies of Merlin are, I believe, different from those printed at London, by John Haukyns, 1533, where Ames tells us he found that most singular Prophecy of the year 1709;

Seven and Ten added to Nine,
Of Fraunce her woe this is the sygne, &c.

This is printed in Swift's works; and I confess it struck me as an imitation of the ancient manner, *ex post facto*, till I found this account in Ames; and I believe every reader views it in the same light, without knowing that it was certainly written before 1533. It is a singular chance medley; but of many arrows shot at random one may kill a bird.

After Thomas Lermont, there is a vacancy of a whole century in Scotish poetry.

1370.

JOHN BARBOUR. Lord Hailes, in his valuable Annals, Vol. II. p. 3, thinks he was born about 1316. For he mentions his seeing Randel Earl Murray, who died in 1331, and describes him from recollection. He also quotes Alan de Catheart as concerned in, and relator to him of an action which happened in 1308. He was Archdeacon of Aberdeen, and died aged in 1396. *Chart. Aberdon.* Lord Hailes thinks he was about eighty, from the circumstance of his describing the Earl of Murray from recollection; but perhaps he might recollect him well, tho he was but five years old at the time. In this case he was born about 1326; and died about his seventieth year, which seems to me more

* *Sibilla* and *Banister Anglicus* are mentioned in time of Edward IV MS. Cot. Dom. A. IX. A long Latin prophecy of *Bridlington* is there given. *Waldhave* and *Eltraine* seem also English prophets. In the whole collection, therefore, Thomas is the only Scotish one.

likely.

likely. Rymer * produces a paſſport into England for Barbour in 1357. He is therein ſtyled Archdeacon of Aberdeen: and the paſsport authorizes him to go to Oxford with three ſcholars in his company; and to remain there, *cauſa ſtudendi, et ibidem actus ſcolaſticos exercendo.* I ſuppoſe the original bears *morandi* and *exercend.* At any rate, the ſenſe is, that the three ſcholars ſhould remain there, for the ſake of ſtudying and performing ſcholaſtic exerciſes. Perhaps the ſcholars were of a noble family, or his relations; and he remained at Oxford to look to their education, and morals. In 1365 Rymer gives us the title of another paſsport for him to go thro England, with ſix knights in company, to St. Denis [near Paris]. Theſe writs have been ſtrangely miſrepreſented, as if Barbour went to proſecute his ſtudies in 1357, and 1365; while there is not a word of his ſtudies in either of them.

However this be, he was in the midſt of his capital and only poem

The Life of King Robert Bruce

in the year 1375, as he tells us near the middle of it:

* Fœdera, Vol. VI. p. 31. and 478. Here is the one which mentions ſtudy. '1357, 31 E. III. Rex, &c. Sciatis quod (ad ſupplicationem David de Bruys) ſuſcepimus Joannem Barber, Archidiaconum de Aberdene; veniendo, cum tribus ſcolaribus in comitiva ſua, in regnum noſtrum Angliæ, cauſa ſtudendi in Univerſitate Oxoniæ, et ibidem actus ſcolaſticos exercendo, morando, et exinde in Scotiam ad propria redeundo; in protectionem, &c. per unum annum duraturas. Teſte Rege, apud Weſtmonaſterium, decimo tertio die Auguſti.'

Now, by a deed, dated at Fetherin (Aberdeenſhire), 13 Sept. 1357, we find Barbour appointed by the Biſhop of Aberdeen, one of his commiſſioners, to meet at Edinburgh, about the ranſom of David II. (*Rymer* VI. 39). This evinces, that the ſole intent of the above paſsport was, that Barbour might ſee the three ſcholars properly entered at Oxford, then return; and have it in his power to viſit them when there, if neceſſary. That an Archdeacon ſhould have performed *actus ſcolaſticos* would have been a phænomenon indeed, when he could not have been in that rank without having gone thro them a dozen years before.

And

And in the tyme of compyling
This buik this laſt Robert wes kyng.
And of his kynrik paſſit wes
Fyve yeirs; and wes the yeir of grace
A Thouſand, Thre Hundred, and Seventie,
And Fyve; and of his eild ſixtie.

King Robert II. was juſt ſixty in 1375, dying in 1390, aged 75. Such a poem could hardly be written in leſs than two or three years; but not being in books, the paſſage certainly refers to the whole. But he muſt have been employed in collecting materials many years.

This immortal poem he himſelf calls a Romance;

The romance now begynes here, *p.* 14.

and it has doubtleſs many incidents wholly fabulous. The title of one chapter is,

Hou he diſeomfit, hym alane,
Tua hundreth, and ſlue fyſten certane. *p.* 89.

Sometimes, as the common editions ſtand, there are even abſurdities; ſuch as 40 foes being killed out of 32, *p.* 62, which error proceeds from the printer, or tranſcriber, reading XL for XX, ſuch numerals being moſt commonly uſed in old MSS. But in ſhort this Romance is juſt ſuch a one as the Iliad; that is, a Poem founded on real facts, but embelliſhed in many parts with fiction. The facts form however by far the larger part; and are eaſily diſtinguiſhed from the fictions: hence Lord Hailes, tho a moſt rigid writer, appeals to Barbour as a conſtant authority *. So that this venerable writer is, in fact, not only the firſt exiſtent poet, but the firſt exiſtent hiſtorian of Scotland: not to add, that his work preſents the very firſt ſpecimen of the Scotiſh language.

* Bower, in his Fordun, lib. XII. c. 9. alſo appeals to him; and ſays, *Magiſter Johannes Barbarii Archidiaconus Aberdenenſis in lingua noſtra materna diſerte et luculenter ſatis ipſa ejus particularia geſta, necnon multum eleganter, peroravit.* This panegyric was written about 1440.

His learning muſt have been great for the time: his poetry is as ſmooth as that of Chaucer, with great deſcriptive, and expreſſive, powers: his information admirable: his ſentiments noble, and humane; nay worthy of ancient Greece: witneſs his eulogy of liberty, the very firſt to be found in any writer of Great Britain, and a wonderful one! Here it is:

O hou FREDOM is nobil thyng!
For it maks men to haif lyking.
FREDOM all ſolace to men givis:
He lives at eis that frelie livis.
A nobil hart may haf na eis,
Nor nocht als that may it pleis,
If FREDOM fale. For fre lyving
Is yarnit abone uther thyng.
O he quha hes ay livit fre
May nocht knaw weil the properté,
The aungir, nor the wretchit dome,
That is couplit to thirldom!
Bot gif he had aſſayit it,
Than all perqueir he micht it wit;
And ſuld think FREDOM mair to pryſe
Than al the gold men culd devyſe. *p.* 8.

Let me add, the praiſe of an exquiſite poet, and ſuperlative judge of poetry, Mr. Warton, who, in his Hiſtory of Engliſh Poetry, tells us that Barbour 'has 'adorned the Engliſh language by a ſtrain of verſifica-'tion, expreſſion, and poetical images, far ſuperior to 'the age *.'

With all theſe merits, had this ineſtimable ancient belonged to any country in Europe, ſave Scotland, there would by this time have been twenty editions of his book publiſhed by as many different men of learning, with notes and illuſtrations. Inſtead of which, not one edition has yet appeared in the genuine ancient dreſs, tho many have been publiſhed in a modernized ſtate for the uſe of the common

* Mr. Warton extends this praiſe to Henry the Minſtrel, whom he here, by miſtake, makes cotemporary with Barbour: but reſtifies the error in Vol. II.

people.

people. The very firſt edition I can trace is that of Edinburgh, 1648, *8vo. black letter*, which I find in the catalogue of the Library of Archibald Duke of Argyle, printed by the Fouliſes; and which, it is likely, is now in the Earl of Bute's collection. The next edition is that of Glaſgow, by Robert Sanders, 1665, *8vo. b. l.* After this, a very neat edition was publiſhed by Andrew Anderſon at Edinburgh, 1670, *12mo, b. l.* And there are many later editions of no value, publiſhed by different bookſellers, to anſwer the demand of the common people for this book; which, to the credit of their good ſenſe, is very great. Whether any MSS. yet exiſt of this Poem, I am not certain *, but intend at any rate to give an edition of it reſtored to its ancient orthography; which, by the aſſiſtance of Winton's Chronicle, written about thirty years after, may be eaſily done. The unlearned reader may, perhaps, think the old ſpelling of a book of little conſequence, and more for the antiquary than the public. But he muſt be informed, that it is impoſſible to judge of the ſtate of any language, if the ſpelling be not preſerved; and that, from the days of Lucretius till now, all old poets have been publiſhed by every nation in their own orthography, to prevent miſinterpretation, and to let the reader judge for himſelf of the ſenſe, and of the actual ſtate of the language when the poet wrote; which, were the language modernized, he could never do. Beſides, to modernize a poet is, in fact, to tranſlate him; and we all know, that a tranſlation is the wrong ſide of the tapeſtry. Barbour's Poem is not now divided into books, but had far better: XX ſeems the proper number. If any perſon is poſſeſt of a MS, or edition, of this poem, prior to 1603, it will be regarded as an high favour, if it is lent to the Editor by means of either of the publiſhers of this

* I ſince learn, that there is a MS. in the Advocates Library, written 1489, perfect, and in fine order.

volume. The utmoſt care ſhall be taken of it; and it ſhall be returned in any limited time. I am however convinced, that few or no alterations of words have taken place; for the language is the ſame with that of Winton, as the reader may judge from the ſpecimens of the latter in the Appendix. The orthography alone is altered: and may eaſily be reſtored from Winton; for that no alteration could happen between thoſe writers ſeems evident from the ſmall ſpace of only thirty years paſſing between them. It were however much to be wiſhed that any charters, or writings, in Scotiſh, under Robert II. or III. might be procured, in order to eſtabliſh this point beyond all doubt. There is, indeed, preſerved by Hearne in his edition of Fordun, a ſmall piece of Scotiſh poetry, but it is only a tranſlation of a Latin poem added by Bower about 1440. The Scotiſh is in a later hand as Hearne tells; and may be about 1480. Here it is.

On fut ſuld be all Scottis weire,
Be hyll and moſſe thaimſelf to weire*.
Lat wod for wallis be bow and ſpeire,
That innymeis do thaim na dreire †,
In ſtrait placis gar keip all ſtoire:
And byrnen ‡ the planen ‡ land thaim before.
Thanen ‡ ſall thai paſs away in haiſt,
Quhen that they find nathing bot waiſt.
With wyllis, and waykenen of the nicht,
And mekill noyes maid on hycht:
Thanen ‡ ſall they turnen ‡ with gret affrai,
As thai were chaſiſt with ſwerd away.
This is the counſall and intent
Of gud King Roberts Teſtament.

1410.

ANDREW WINTON was Canon Regular of St. Andrews, and Prior of the Monaſtery in Lochleven, Fifeſhire, as he tell us himſelf:

* *Sic.* read *ſteire.* † read *deire*, i. e. *hurt.* ‡ The *n* at the end of ſeveral words ſeems added by Hearne, who found a ſtroke over the laſt letter, and did not know Scotiſh: it deſtroys the rhythm, and is no where elſe to be found.

Of

Of my defaute it is my name,
Be baptiſine, Androwe of Wyntowne;
Of Sanct Androws a Chanoune
Regulare: bot, noucht forthi,
Of thaim all the leſt worthy.
Bot, of thair grace and thair favoure,
I wes, but meryt, made Priowre
Of the Ynch within Lochlevyne.

In the Regiſter of the Priory of St. Andrews, (*penes Com. Panmure*) Father Innes tells us, there were ſeveral public inſtruments of Andrew Winton, as Prior of Lochleven, from the year 1395 till 1413; but what preciſe year he died is not found. The common copies of his very large

Chronicle of Scotland

end in 1408: but in the King's Library is a moſt capital copy, with his laſt alterations and corrections, carried down to 1418. And in the laſt page he thus mentions the Council of Conſtance, begun 16 Nov. 1414, and ending 20 May 1418.

Of Lege the Elect * wes bidand ay
Piſabyl in his poſſeſſioune,
But ony contradictioune,
Tyll off Conſtance the Counſale grete.
Othir will tharof threte.
Remouvyt into dede wes he,
All quyte fra that dignité;
And with a lady aftir than
Wes weddit as a lawid man.

Winton

* Now Elector of Cologn, Biſhop of Liege: *lawid man* is *lay man*: *into dede* is *indeed*.

The ſtory here alluded to, L'Enfant gives in theſe words: 'Guillaume de Berg, frere du Duc de ce nom, non ſeulement laique, mais ſi ignorant qu'a peine pouvoit il lire l'Allemand, ayant eté elu depuis dix ans a l'eveché de Paderborne, avoit avec ſon chapitre et les bourgeois a peu pres les memes difficultez que l'eveque de Straſbourg. Mais l'eveque de Paderborne s'en tira avantageuſement, en ſe faiſant elire par Gregoire XII. a l'Archeveché de Cologne. Il eſt vrai qu'il ne jouit pas fort tranquillement de

Winton seems to have died about 1420; and, allowing him thirty years of age when made Prior, was born about 1360; and was about sixty when he died. The monastery, of which he was Prior, was evidently, from his own words above, *within* the Isle of Lochleven; so that Mr. Spottiswood must be mistaken, who, in his account of the religious houses of Scotland, places it on the banks of the lake *. But this error it is hoped he will soon rectify, by a publication of his *Monasticon Scoticum*, so ardently wished by the public: and it is to be regretted that the engraving of views of the ruined monasteries, &c. should so long hold this valuable labour from the press. Why do not our respectable societies of Antiquaries undertake this part of the work? for it is rather too much for a man both to work and pay in his country's service.

This most valuable Chronicle of Winton, which, to the disgrace of Scotish literature, is not yet published, possesses a singular merit from the writer's most assuredly having never seen Fordun's work. Indeed, the Scoti-Chronicon was not published, as Innes shews, till about 1447; for, tho Fordun died about 1385, when his work was only brought down till David I. yet Bower was the first who digested his other materials, and gave the whole to the world. Hence, tho a dozen copies of Fordun exist, none are found without Bower's additions. But this evidence is needless, for Winton's

cette dignité; parce qu'il eut une guerre à soutenir contre Theodoric de Meurs, que Jean XXIII. avoit promu a l'Archeveché de Cologne. L'affaire fut accommodée par un mariage: Guillaume de Berg ayant espousé la niece de Theodoric de Meurs.' *L'Enfant, Hist. du Concile de Constance*, Tome I. *p.* 347, *sub anno* 1415. The affair is again mentioned, as not decided in 1416, p. 427. till the Emperor returned, which was in Feb. 1417. Meurs retained the dignity.

* In the Register of the Priory of St. Andrew's, is *Confirmatio Ecclesiæ Sti Servani* in Insula *de Lochlevin, per Gamelum Episcopum Sti Andriæ apud Inchmachar*, anno 1248. So that the point is clear. *MS. Harl.* excerpt.

whole

whole work ſhews that he had never heard of Fordun. The plan of both was, indeed, injured by chance. For, about 1339, Roger of Cheſter, writing his *Polychronicon*, which Higden afterwards, like an infamous plagiary, made his own by a few ſlight alterations; that work, which is well written for the time, became very popular, as the many MSS. prove. Hence our Scotiſh writers moſt unfortunately thought they could not do better than follow this faſhionable model; and, accordingly, the work of Fordun *, and that of Winton, are both on this execrable plan; that is, they ſet off with giving the hiſtory of the whole globe thro the firſt half of their book; then grow ſober, and confine themſelves to their country. But tho the *Polychronicon* ſpoiled both Fordun and Winton, yet not one line of either work coincides. Fordun ſets off. 1. *De mundo ſenſibili.* 2. *De ventis cardinalibus.* 3. *De tribus mundi partibus.* 4. *De diviſione terræ*, &c. Winton with 1. *The diviſions of this book.* 2. *Of Angels.* 3. *Of man's creation.* 4. *Slaughter of Abel*, &c. Both are far from propriety; and both are equally far from each other. Now, as it is by no means worth while to preſerve the dry and veracious poetry of Winton, ſave where it contains Scotiſh hiſtory, the proper plan would be to omit all thoſe chapters which are foreign to it; retaining however every WORD that in the leaſt concerns Scotland. This would reduce the book one third; and it might be contained in two volumes large octavo. And, if I find this plan is approved, I am willing to undergo the fatigue, tho it will be vaſt, of publiſhing this work. Nay, ſhould I find it more wiſhed, I ſhall publiſh the whole.

Perhaps it may gratify my reader juſt to inform him, that Winton knew nothing of our fabulous *forty-ſix*

* Fordun even calls his book *Scotichronicon*, in imitation of the *Polychronicon*.

kings. He begins with Fergus, ſon of Erc. The Pictiſh kings are very minutely chronicled by him; and hold, as they ſhould, ſole empire in Scotland, till a late period. Indeed, it appears to me, that the three old Chronicles*, we have of Pictiſh kings, are fully as ſatisfactory as thoſe of the Scotiſh princes. The ſeries is ſuch as, in the caſe of any ancient kingdom, would be deemed infallible. And Sir Iſaac Newton, whoſe underſtanding was rigorous beyond example, and ſteeled by mathematical truth, is yet often guided in his admirable Chronology, his beſt work tho deemed his worſt, by *leſs* than *one third* of the evidence we have of our Pictiſh monarchs. Indeed, I regard the whole ſeries of Pictiſh kings as equally authentic with any accounts of the Saxon heptarchies, or in fact of any ancient monarchy whatever.

1420

JAMES I, KING OF SCOTLAND. This admirable poet, whoſe royalty adds nothing to his merit, was born in 1395; and murdered in a conſpiracy, 1437. He wrote

1. *A ſong on his miſtreſs, afterward his queen; ſuppoſed to be that in this collection, beginning*; Sen that, *&c.*
2. *The Kings Quair.* A capital poem, written alſo when he was in England; and publiſhed by Mr. Tytler, 1783. 8vo.
3. *Peblis to the Play.* Sel. Scot. Ball. Vol. II.
4. *Falkland on the Green.* loſt.
5. *Chriſt's Kirk on the Green* †. common.

I do

* Two publiſhed by Innes, and one by Fordun. They differ in ſome few points, as Winton does from all the three. One of Innes is of the 13th, the other of the 14th century.

† *Chriſt's Kirk* is given to James I. from its ſtyle, ſo unlike that of James the Fifth's time. It is alſo moſt unlikely that two ſucceſſive princes ſhould write two ſuch ſimila poems as Chriſt's Kirk and

I do not find he wrote any thing elſe whatever; tho Tanner gives him other works. But Tanner is a bad authority: and when he tells us that James III. or IV. wrote *on the Revelations*, we ſhall leave him to his *revelations* †.

The *King's Quair* equals any thing Chaucer has written; and the other works of this prince have ſuperlative merit. Princes have often been poets. Julius, Titus, Hadrian, were poets: nay Auguſtus, Nero, Domitian. Many royal *troubadours* alſo appear. And ſongs by Thibault, king of Navarre, Francis I. of France, Henry IV. &c. may be found in the *Anthologie Françoiſe*, 1765.

1450

HOLLAND wrote a poem, called

The Howlat,

extant in the Bannatyne MS: and in a MS belonging to James Boſwell Eſq. of Auchinleck. In it are deſcribed 'The Kyndis of Inſtrumentes; the Sporteris' (or Juglers); 'The Iriſh bard; and the fule.' See Mr. Wartons Hiſt. of E. P. Vol. I. where this poem is ſhewn to have been certainly written before 1455.

1470

HENRY THE MINSTREL. This venerable poet was, on account of his being blind from his birth, commonly called *Blind Hary*, which is his vulgar appellative to this day. John Major, who wrote about 1520, ſays, that, 'Henry, who was blind from his 'birth, compoſed the book of William Wallace in the 'time of my infancy; reporting the common ſtories in 'Scotiſh poetry, in which he was ſkilled. I, however,

and Peblis. I found nothing on the Bannatyne MS. which gives the former to *James the Firſt*; for, in the next piece, ſave one, it palpably puts *firſt* for *fourth*, or by miſtake *fifth*. See Appendix, Art. II. N° 115.

† Tanner is led by three *blind guides* thro-out his *Bibliotheca*: Bale, Pitts, Dempſter.

'only

'only credit such writings in part: as the author was 'one who gained his food, and cloths, by reciting 'stories to the great *.' For, about Chaucer's time, French had ceased to be used by the minstrels; and, the common speech falling into such superior hands, it is no wonder that the bards, who had hitherto used it, sunk into contempt. Henry's

Life of Wallace

is a romance, like Barbour's Bruce: but far, very far, inferior in every view. It has, however, great merit for the age; and is eminently curious. The language in a few places is not sense: he talks of 'building a bower with oil and odors, and the like. Such slips evidently proceed from his being blind; and not having the happiness of a skilful amanuensis. When, by altering a word or two, the sense may be restored, attention to this will not only be allowable, but laudable in any proper editor; especially when we consider the singularity of the case, and that the poem is very good sense, every where, save in perhaps a dozen lines at most, where it is absolute nonsense. The poem ought only to be divided into its original XII books: for the chapters are evidently interpolated; some of them, as VII. 4. even coming between a noun and a verb. In his conclusion, Henry says it was to be regreted that this subject had not been sung,

Quhan gude makars rang weil intil Scotland:

which implies, that he had a high idea of the former state of poetry in his country. The first and best edition I have yet seen is, *Imprentit at Edinburgh, be*

* Integrum librum Gulielmi Wallacei Henricus, a nativitate luminibus captus, meæ infantiæ tempore cudit: et quæ vulgo dicebantur carmine vulgari, in quo peritus erat, conscripsit. Ego autem talibus scriptis solum in parte fidem impertior: quippe qui, historiarum recitatione coram principibus, victum et vestitum, quo dignus erat, nactus est. *Major de Gestis Scotorum*, lib. IV. c. 15.

Robert

Robert Lekprevik, at the expenſis of Henrie Charteris; and ar to be ſauld in his buith, on the north ſyde of the gait abone the throne. Anno Do. M. D. LXX. 4to, black letter. A fine copy of this edition is in the Britiſh Muſeum, among Queen Elizabeth's books: this has no title page; but the ſecond title is *The Actis and Deidis of the illuſter and vailyeand Campioun Schir William Wallace, knicht of Ellerſlie.* Other editions are 1594, Edin. 4to.—1601, Edin.—1620, Edin.—1630, Aberdeen 8vo.—1665, Glaſgow, 8vo.—1673, Edin. 12mo. all in black letter. There are many editions of the preſent century, but bad *. The very worſt is that of Edinburgh, 1758. 4to. black letter: which the printer very expertly reduced to modern ſpelling, and printed in black letter, and in quarto; being exactly, in every point, the very plan which he ought *not* to have followed. The ſame ſagacious perſonage gave Barbour's Poem in the ſame way: and neither ſelling (how could they?), the bookſellers ſometimes tear out the title, and palm them upon the ignorant as old impreſſions: few ſuſpecting that a book in black letter ſhould be of 1758. This is put to warn the reader againſt buying any copy of theſe books without the date. I cannot help remarking on the extreme ſcarcity of the old editions of all our Scotiſh poets; inſomuch that even Caxton's books are common in compariſon of them. The late Dr. Hunter, who certainly muſt have paid all attention to the early typography of his native land, did not, however, chance upon any of the old editions of Scotiſh poets, ſave the poems of James VI. tho his library contains almoſt all the labours of Caxton's preſs. This ſcarcity is owing to the common people of Scotland having been almoſt the only readers of the old poets;

* There is, indeed, no edition to be relied on, ſave the three firſt. The freedoms uſed with this writer in every later edition are amazing, and evince the abſolute neceſſity of giving ſtandard editions of our old poets.

and

and the copies periſhing of courſe by miſuſage; juſt as we ſee ſchool-books totally deſtroyed, ſo that an edition ſeems to vaniſh.

1490

WILLIAM DUNBAR, the chief of the ancient Scotiſh poets, ſeems to have been born about 1465: for Sir David Lindſay, in *the Prolog to the Papingo* mentions him as dead. Now that poem addreſſes James V. as in his 'adoleſcent yeris yeing', and he was born in 1511; ſo that it muſt have been written about 1530. The king was alſo unmarried when this poem was written; and he was married in 1537, in which year his new queen alſo died, and the *Deploratioun* of Lindſay on her death only appears after half a dozen long poems, written between his *Papingo* and that time. But Dunbar died in old age, as we know from his own poems; ſo that it follows he died aged before 1530: call him 65 at a medium, and he was born about 1465. Beſide theſe arguments, many paſſages of his own poems illuſtrate this point.

Salton, a village on the delightful coaſt of the Forth in Eaſt Lothian, ſeems to have been the place of this great poet's birth; for Kennedy tells him, in their *Flyting*, mentioning his own wealth and Dunbar's poverty,

> Thy geir, and ſubſtance, is a widdy teuch,
> On Saltone mount, about thy craig to rax.
> And yet mount Saltone gallows is our fair
> For to be fleyt with ſic a frontleſs face, &c.

Dunbar alſo in the ſame piece ſays,

> I haif on me a pair of Lowthiane hipps
> Sall fairer Inglis mak, and mair perfyte,
> Than thou can bleber with thy Carrick lipps.

Kennedy in the ſame ſatires informs us, that Dunbar was of the *kin* of the Earls of March; but this ſeems to riſe merely from the ſameneſs of the ſurname; and that Kennedy might thence enlarge his invective with the treaſons of the Earls of March.

In

In his youth, Dunbar ſeems to have been a travelling noviciate of the Franciſcan order; for he ſays to Saint Francis,

Gif evir my fortoune was to be a freir,
The dait thairof is paſt full mony a yeir.
For into every luſty toun and place
Of all Yngland, from Berwick to Calaice,
I haif into thy habeit maid gud cheir.
In freiris weid full fairly haif I ſleichit.
In it haif I in pulpet gane, and preichit,
In Derntoun kirk, and eik in Canterberry.
In it I paſt at Dover our the ferry;
Throw Picardy, and thair the peple teichit.

Anc. Sc. P. Edin. 1770, *p.* 26.

But this life was not to his liking; and he reſigned it, and returned to Scotland, I ſuppoſe about 1490, or about his 25th year. In his *Thiſtle and Roſe*, certainly written in 1503, he mentions himſelf as a poet who had already made many *ſangis*: and that poem is compoſed by an experienced maſter, not by a novice in the art. It is indeed probable that his Tales of *The twa maritt wemen and the wedo*, and *The freirs of Berwik*, (if the laſt be his) were written before his *Thiſtle and Roſe*. However this be, after writing *The Goldin Terge*, a poem of the moſt opulent deſcription, and a number of ſmall pieces of the higheſt merit, Dunbar died in old age about 1530 *. In his younger years he ſeems to have had great expectations that his merit would have recommended him to an eccleſiaſtical benefice; and frequently in his ſmall

* Lord Hailes in *Anc. Sc. P.* p. 254, thinks Dunbar's *General Satire* was written after 1538, becauſe it mentions *juges and lords maid of lait*. His lordſhip forgot, that in 1503 (*Acts* 1503, *cap.* 58.), the king transferred the juriſdiction of the old Court of Seſſion to a Council created by him; ſo that many new lords and judges muſt have been then made. *The tidings fra the ſeſſion* allude to the old ſeſſion, created 1425, aboliſhed 1503. Dunbar knew no Queen ſave Margaret of James IV. But the Maitland MS. (ſee p. 454), gives this piece to Sir James Inglis; in which caſe Lord Hailes is right.

poems

poems addreſſes the king to that purpoſe, but apparently without ſucceſs. I have in vain looked over many Calendars of Charters, &c. of his period, to find Dunbar's name; but ſuſpect that it was never written by a lawyer.

The Hiſtorian of Engliſh poetry paſſing to the Scotiſh poets of this time, ſays, 'the Scotiſh writers have 'adorned the preſent period with a degree of ſentiment, 'and ſpirit, a command of phraſeology, and a fertility 'of imagination not to be found in any Engliſh poet 'ſince Chaucer and Lydgate.' He might ſafely have added, 'nor even in Chaucer, or Lydgate.' The ſame excellent judge of poetry obſerves that the natural complexion of 'Dunbar's genius is of a moral, or didactic 'caſt:' but this remark muſt not be taken too ſtrictly. The *Goldin Terge* is moral; and ſo are many of his ſmall pieces: but humour, deſcription, allegory, great poetical genius, and a vaſt wealth of words, all unite to form the 'complexion' of Dunbar's poetry. He unites in himſelf, and generally ſurpaſſes, the qualities of the chief old Engliſh poets; the morals and ſatire of Langland; Chaucer's humour, poetry, and knowlege of life; the allegory of Gower; the deſcription of Lydgate.

The pieces of Dunbar, now publiſhed, would, with thoſe formerly in print, make a conſiderable volume; and I hope to be able in time to give a correct edition of *The Works of William Dunbar*.

Same period of 1490.

WALTER KENNEDY *, a native of Carrick, and the cotemporary of Dunbar, appears to have been a

* Sometimes by miſtake *Andrew*; but the Maitland MS. calls him always *Walter*: as the Bannatyne does, ſave in one place. Dunbar calls him of Carrick: he ſeems to have reſided at *Air*, which he calls *hame*.

poet of conſiderable repute; tho few of his works be now extant, and thoſe few of no moment. They are only the two ſatires on Dunbar in their *Flyting*; and *The Prais of Age*, p. 189. of Lord Hailes's collection.

1496.

GAWIN DOUGLAS, Biſhop of Dunkeld, ſon, brother, and uncle, to Earls of Angus; his nephew, being he who married Margaret Dowager of Scotland, and daughter of Henry VIII; was born in the end of 1474, or beginning of 1475: and died at London, 1522, in his 48th year. The life of this illuſtrious poet is ſo fully written in the laſt edition of his Virgil, Edin. 1710, that very little is left to add. In the *Tranſactn inter Angliam et Scotiam* in the Cotton lib. are different papers, mentioning our poet. 27 June 1518, is an original letter, ſigned by Gawin Douglas. 14 Dec. 1518, is a letter from Angus and others, recommending the Biſhop to the King of England, to ſettle ſome points between them. 14 Dec. 1521, are inſtructions for him, from Angus and others, to implore the King of England's aid againſt Albany the Governor. Biſhop Douglas dying at London, was buried in the Savoy church; but had no ſtone, his epitaph being inſcribed on Biſhop Halſay's, by whoſe ſide he lyes. Far leſs is there any effigy of him; which I mention, to ſave the reader the trouble I took to aſcertain this point.

The works of this eminent writer are:

1. *King Hart*, here printed; and ſuppoſed, from ſeveral incorrect paſſages, to be one of his firſt productions.
2. A tranſlation of Ovid *On the remedy of love*, as he tells us in a ſhort epilogue to the Twelfth book of the Eneid p. 448.

> Of Ovideis *Luſe the Remede* did tranſlate;
> And ſyne of hie Honour the Paliee wrate.

Now

Now from a paſſage, p. 483, it appears, that the *Palice of Honour* was written twelve years before his Virgil, or 1513; ſo that this tranſlation was written before the year 1501 when the *Palice* was certainly compoſed. It is loſt.

3. *The Palice of Honour*, written in 1501, and printed at London, 4to 1553; and at Edinburgh, *by Johne Roos, for Hen. Charteris*, 1579, 4to. both editions rare to exceſs. It is an allegorical poem, ſaid to be of ſupreme merit; and enriched with hiſtories, and other incidents. Every reader muſt regret that it is not reprinted. Ames informs us, that the Edinburgh printer, 1579, ſays in his preface, that, 'beſides the copie printed at London, there were copyis of this work ſet furth of auld amangis our ſelfis;' that is, in Scotland: but none have yet appeared. Florence Wilſon, or *Voluſenus*, is ſaid to have imitated it in his elegant book *De Tranquillitate Animi*. If ſo, he muſt have ſeen it in MS; for his book was printed by *Gryphius* 1543, 4*to*. being the moſt elegant work which ever came from the preſs of Gryphius.

Dempſter mentions his *Goldin Hiſtories*, for ſo we may tranſlate *Aureæ Narrationes*. The Biſhop ſays himſelf, in the epiſtle to Lord Sinclair at the end of his Virgil,

> I have alſo a ſhort comment compyl'd,
> To expone ſtrange hiſtoryis, and termes wyld.

but this ſeems to relate ſolely to Virgil's mythology, &c. Dempſter alſo mentions his *Comœdiæ Sacræ*: but as that writer is a ſtrange dealer in falſehoods, he is never to be truſted, ſave where he concurs with others. Our poet's greateſt, and apparently laſt, work was his

4. *Tranſlation of Virgil's Eneid*, written from January 1512 till July 1513, being a ſpace of eighteen months; as he informs us in his epilogue to the whole, &c.

This

This was alſo firſt printed at London 1553, 4*to*: and it is remarkable that both this and the *Palace of Honour*, 1553, have eſcaped Ames; a circumſtance which ſays very little for his information, or accuracy. In the concluſion he ſeems to hint that he meaned to give up poetry; but ſuch vows are not binding. Indeed, he only ſays,

> My Muſe ſall now be clene contemplative, &c.
> And will direck my laubors evermoir
> Unto the commoun welth, and Goddis gloir.

Perhaps, after all, *King Hart* was written in his old age; and he died before he could correct it. Yet there is doubt if a writer, who ſhews ſuch command of language in his Virgil, could draw even a firſt ſketch which has ungrammatical paſſages.

The *Prologues* to many of the books of Virgil by Gawin Douglas, are quite wonderful; particularly that to *b.* VII. deſcribing winter; that to *b.* XII. deſcribing a ſummer morning; and that to Maffei's XIIIth *b.* a ſummer evening. Mr. Warton has put Milton's L'Allegro and Il Penſeroſo as the earlieſt deſcriptive poems in Engliſh; if ſo, we have examples in Scotiſh near a century and a half before. And what examples! Suffice it to ſay, that they yield to no deſcriptive poems in any language.

Biſhop Douglas alſo ſent Polydore Virgil a little memoir on the origin of the Scots: in which, as Polydore ſtates it, he traced them to Gathelus, &c. But Polydore, being a man of ſcience and ſenſe, rightly put the firſt ſettlement of the Scots in Britain, in the 5th century, not chuſing to ſacrifice truth and learning to dreams unworthy even of children.

Dunbar, in his Lament for the deth of the Makaris, *Lord Hailes's collection, p.* 74. *mentions the following poets; who apparently flouriſhed between* 1400 *and* 1520, *being all dead before that piece was written.*

I. SIR HEW OF EGLINTOUN.
II. ETRIK.
III. HERIOT.
IV. JOHN CLERK.
V. JAMES AFFLEK.
VI. SIR MUNGO LOCKHART OF THE LEE.
VII. CLERK OF TRANENT.
VIII. SIR GILBERT HAY.
IX. ALEXANDER TRAIL.
X. PATRICK JOHNSTOUN.
XI. MERSAR.
XII. ROWL OF ABERDENE.
XIII. ROWL OF CORSTORPHYNE.
XIV. BROUN.
XV. ROBERT HENRYSOUN.
XVI. SIR JOHN THE ROSS.
XVII. STOBO.
XVIII. QUINTENE SHAW.

Of all theſe, very few memorials remain. VII. The Maitland MS. reads, *The Clerk*; but the meaſure forces me to prefer the Bannatyne. This poet, Dunbar here tells us, *made the aventers of Sir Gawane*. Dr. Percy mentions three tales about Gawan to be in his MS.; but this of Clerk was apparently a Romance, as it contained *the adventures* of the hero, while Dr. Percy's tales only relate ſingle adventures. VIII. The Bannatyne MS. reads Sir Gilbert Gray, falſely; the Maitland rightly, *Hay*. Sir Gilbert Hay was Chamberlain to Charles VII. of France; and, in 1456, tranſlated from

French into Scotiſh, at the deſire of William Earl of Orkney, Lord High Chancellor of Scotland, the book of Bonet prior of Salon upon *Battles*. Dr. Mackenyie, who gives us this information, had the MS. in his own poſſeſſion, and gives us this initial ſpecimen.

'Here folows the Proloug of the ſaid buk, in termis 'as the forenamit Doctour Bonnet Prior of Salone 'made his firſt intitulacion, and prohemin. And ſyne 'efter ſhall folow the principal parties of the buke for-'namyt; tranſletit be me Gilbert of the Haye, Knight, 'Maſter in Artis, and Bachelere in Decreis; Cham-'berlyn umquhill to the maiſt worthy king Charles of 'France; at the requeſt of an hye and mighty prince, 'and worthy lord, William Earl of Orknay, and of 'Cathnes, Lord Synclere, and Chancelour of Scotland: 'in his caſtell of Roſlyne, the yere of our lord A 'Thouſand, Four Hundreth, Fifty and Sex.'

From Dunbar's teſtimony it appears that Sir Gilbert alſo wrote poems.

Of all theſe preceding, no poems are known: but one of X. and another of XI. are in Lord Hailes's collection. Either XII. or XIII. wrote a ſtupid piece called *Rowl's curſing* in the Maitland and Bann. MSS. XIV. The Maitl. reads *done rowne*, but the Bann. ſeems preferable, as being ſenſe, and as running in the ſtyle of the other ſtanzas, *he hes tane*, &c. A ſpecimen of a dull poem by him is given by Lord Hailes. XV. Several of Henryſon's poems are extant in the work laſt quoted. His Fabils * are in the Harleian Library, and, inſtead of being ſo moral as Lord Hailes ſtates them, have, in many paſſages, equal freedom with any cotemporary poetry. *The twa mice* in the Evergreen, Vol. I. is the only one worth preſervation, being written with much *naiveté*. The Harleian MS. is

* I find in Bagford's MS. Collections about printing (in the Muſeum), that Henriſoun's Fables were printed at Edinburgh, by Andrew Hart, 1621.

dated 1571, being collected near a century after Henry-ſoun's death by ſome admirer of theſe fables. It is well written, and preſerved; and has ſome curious illuminations, tho poorly done. XVI, XVII. XVIII. were cotemporaries of Dunbar. XVI. being mentioned in the *Flyting* as ſuch, and XVII and XVIII in the *Lament for the makars* as juſt dead. A poem of Shaw is in this volume.

DAVID STEEL, a Dean unknown, alſo lived about this time. See Appendix Art. I.

A curious relique of old Scotiſh poetry called *The thrie tales of the thrie Prieſts of Peblis; contayning many notabill examples and ſentences.* Edin 1603, 4*to. bl. l.* 18 *leaves*,

appears to have been written before the conqueſt of Granada, 1491; for it mentions, p. 2. that Maiſter Johne, one of the prieſts, had travelled in *five* kingdoms of Spain; *four* Chriſtian, and *one* Heathen. The only copy of this work known now lyes before me by the kindneſs of Mr. Gough, its poſſeſſor. It had formerly belonged to Dr. Rawlinſon, Mr. Weſt, and Mr. Ratcliffe, as may be ſeen in their reſpective ſale-catalogues. The tales anſwer the title, being moral and pious; but afford curious minutiæ of manners *.

1500.

* At the end is an advertiſement, that Robert Charteris, 'The 'printer of this preſent treatiſe, has . . . printit ſindrie uther de-'lectabill Diſcourſes undernamit, ſic as are

'*David Lindeſayes Play. Philotus.*

'*Freirs of Berwick & Bilbo.*

'Quhilk are to be ſauld in his buith at the weſt ſide of Auld Pro-'voſts cloſehead on the North ſide of the Gate, ane lytill above 'the Salt-trone.'

A ſimilar advertiſement at the end of *Philotus*, 1603, 4*to*, bears 'David Lindſay's Play, The thrie Prieſts of Peblis, &c.' So that I have no doubt but that *David Lindſay's Play* was his *Satyre of the three*

1500.

Henry, a Ciſtertian monk, Prior of Kelſo, tranſlated into Scotiſh the thirteen Books of Rutilius on Rural Affairs, as Dempſter tells us: who alſo ſays, that Henry wrote a panegyric of the Virgin in Greek verſe to Lorenzo de Medici. *Fides ſit penes autorem.* Dempſter's library muſt have been ſomething like that of Gargantua, for moſt of his books have vaniſhed. To call ſuch an infamous impoſtor by his very worſt, but true, title were but juſtice to ſociety.

1520 *.

SIR DAVID LINDSAY of the Mount, which was the name of his paternal eſtate, near Coupar in Fife, was born, it is thought, about 1490. He was of an ancient family; and was educated at the univerſity of

three eſtates (ſee his article). But what was Bilbo? Certain it is, however, that *The Freirs of Berwick* had been then printed, tho now quite loſt. Nay, a ſecond edition of it is in Bagford.

The merie hiſtorie of the thrie Freirs of Berwick. Printed at Aberdeen, by Edward Raban for David Melvil, 1622.

Who ever ſaw either edition? Yet, at the ſame time, the editor muſt confeſs his title page was printed off two months before he made this diſcovery.

* There is a piece publiſhed in a ſmall collection by Ruddiman, 1766, called *The baniſhment of poverty by John Duke of Albany*, but it is quite a modern production.

James V. was a poet, as is evident from Lindſay's *Anſwer to that king's Flyting:*

> Redoubted roy your ragement I have red,
> Proclaiming you the prince of poetry.

But no piece of this monarch is preſerved. The *Gaberlunyie man*, and the *Jollie Beggar*, have been aſcribed to him upon no authority whatever. They occur in no old MS, and were firſt publiſhed, I believe, by Allan Ramſay in his Tea-table Miſcellany; from tradition it is ſuppoſed. The Scotiſh traditions, about their regal poetry, are quite vague and fooliſh.

St. Andrews. After he had finiſhed his ſtudies in philoſophy, his parents ſent him abroad; and having travelled, as he himſelf tells us, thro England, France, Italy, and Germany, he returned to his native country about the year 1514. Not long after his return, he was made one of the gentlemen of the king's bedchamber: and the care of the young prince James V. was committed to him, as a perſon qualified to ſuperintend his education, from his knowlege of languages, and of mankind.

Mackenyie, from whoſe *Lives* this account is chiefly derived, ridiculouſly makes Lindſay *Steward of the Houſehold, Purſemaſter, Treaſurer, and Uſher*, to the King, becauſe he ſays, in his addreſs to the King prefixt to his *Dreme*, that he was all theſe to him when an infant; meaning, that the prince liked him ſo well, that he would have no other to perform theſe ſeveral offices about him. A true ſample of antiquarian reaſoning! We have no reaſon to believe that Lindſay held any office, ſave that of *Lyon king at arms*, an honourable, but not a very profitable place. His attachment to the Reformation was the cauſe of his not attaining higher preferments.

After the death of James V. 1542, we are told, that he became a favourite of the Earl of Arran, who was Governor of the kingdom; but, by means of the Earl's brother, the Abbot of Paiſley, afterward Archbiſhop of St. Andrews, he very ſoon loſt his favour. After which, retiring to his country ſeat, and being forced to be happy becauſe he could not be great, he ſpent his remaining years in retirement; and died in the end of 1553, aged about 63.

From Lindſay of Pitscotie, whoſe Hiſtory was not printed when Mackenyie wrote, we learn that, in 1536, Sir David was embaſſador to the emperor, and alſo to France, concerning the king's marriage; which ſpeaks him to have been in high confidence. In 1537 he contrived,

contrived triumphal arches, &c. for the queen's entry. In 1542 we find him present at the king's death.

His works are,

1. *The Testament, and Complaint, of our Sovereign Lord James the Fifth's Papingo* *. This, I find from a MS. note on the copy of Mackenyie's lives in the Museum, was printed *at London*, 1538, *by John Bydde, at the sun in Fleetstreet.*
2. *The dreme addrest to James V.*
3. *On the death of Queen Magdalen.* 1537.
4. *Camplaint to the King.*
5. *Tragedy of Cardinal Beaton.* 1546.
6. *Answer to the King's flyting.*
7. *Complaint of Bash the king's old hound.*
8. *In contempt of side tails and muzzle faces.*
9. *Katie's confession.*
10. *Justing between Watson and Barbour.*
11. *A dialogue of the miserable estate of the world between Experience and the Courtier, in Four Books.* This contains an abstract of ancient history; whence it is called *The Monarchies.* It is usually, and properly, put first in his works, as being by far his largest production. But it was, in all likelihood, his last effort; for he is there represented as an old courtier who had left the court. He also quotes Cario's Chronicle, written in German, in 1531, but not translated into Latin till 1538, nor apparently published in that language till 1543. See Bayle. Palmerius is another author quoted; he was of the 15th century; and wrote *De temporibus.* Polydore Virgil, *de inventoribus rerum*, also adduced, was printed at Paris, 1528: but Lindsay mentions an English life of Alexander the Great; and the History of him by Quintus Curtius was printed

* In this poem Snawdon palace is mentioned with high a[illegible]. Where was it? *The Itinerarium Wilelmi de Worcestre* [illegible], 'Rex Arthurus custodiebat le *round-table* in castro de [illegible] ter Snowdon-west-castle.'

in Engliſh, at London, 1553, 4to: there muſt have been an edition before. The Monarchies alſo mention the friars as being aboliſhed in Holland, England, Denmark, and Norway; which indeed happened in the three later countries before 1537: as to Holland, the period of reformation eſcapes me at preſent. But, on the whole, from the above, and a variety of other books quoted, for Lindſay was a man of conſiderable learning, I believe the Monarchies to have been written about 1550; and accordingly Mackenyie * tells us, this work was printed at Copenhagen 1552, 4*to*. The place is falſe; and the book was in all likelihood printed at London; but of this afterwards.

N°s. 1. 2. 3. the editor poſſeſſes *imprentit, at the command and expenſis of maiſter Sammuel Jaſcuy, In Paris* 1558, 4*to*, black letter. From the words, *the ſaid Sir David Lindſay*, &c. in the title, the Monarchies ſeem to have preceded: and perhaps the other Numbers above followed. This edition has a full-length portrait of Sir David Lindſay in different parts of the book, in his dreſs as Lyon king at arms, a deſignation always put by him in the titles of his works. This portrait is of high curioſity; and has, I believe, eſcaped moſt collections ſave the capital one at Strawberry Hill. How Lindſay's works, ſo inimical to Rome, could be printed at Paris, it is hard to imagine; and I ſuſpect the true place was Rouen in Normandy, a town where different Hugonot books appeared. But of this preſently.

The next edition is *Edinburgh, by Johne Scot*, 1568, 4*to*; which has No. 4 *omittit* (as the printer ſays) *in the*

* This author is ſo fooliſh as to tell us, that Lindſay's works as above were firſt printed at Edinburgh, 1540, 8*vo*; as if the Tragedy of Beaton could be written in 1540! as if works againſt the Papiſts could, in 1540, be printed in Edinburgh! as if Edinburgh was the place where bitter innuendoes againſt James V. and Mary of Guiſe, could be printed during either of their lives! But in fact no editions can be found other than above ſtated.

imprentingis

imprentingis of Rowen and London. This Rowen edition I take to be that marked Paris 1558. No London edition has yet been found; but ſuch may have exiſted of later date than 1558, or, what is as likely, the Copenhagen book is here referred to. Such *miſnomers* are well known to have been uſual in the books of the early Proteſtants, in order to ſcreen the printers: and, ſo late as 1558, Pitſcotie tells us, that an Act of the Popiſh aſſembly ordained Sir David's works to be burned. In fact, Sir David was more the reformer of Scotland than John Knox: for he had prepared the ground; and John only ſowed the ſeed. In 1560 the Reformation was eſtabliſhed in Scotland: but not till 1567, when Mary was depoſed, could Proteſtant books be printed at Edinburgh; and, we may be aſſured, that this edition of 1568 is in fact the very firſt real Scotiſh edition of Lindſay's poems. Baſſandin, in 1574, printed another edition, Edin. 4*to.* and in the ſame year publiſhed No. 1. ſeparately *. In 1588 Charteris gave his edition, Edin. 4to. Other editions are, 1592, 1597, 4to.

The editions ſince are innumerable; for Lindſay's tenets made him a favorite poet, even with thoſe who could not judge of his poetry. The lateſt is that of Edinburgh 1776, 8vo; which has an impudent title, aſſerting that ſeveral pieces are therein firſt printed from the cabinets of the curious; while not one line is found in it that is not in every other edition ſince 1568.

But beſide the above, there are two other pieces of Lindſay in print, tho rare to the extreme. One of theſe is,

* Bagford, in his MS. Collections upon printing in the Muſeum, ſays, that Lindſay's works were turned to perfect Engliſh in a 4to edition, 1581. This edition was printed at London for *Purfoote*, and had no effect on the Scotiſh editions.

12. *The Hiſtorie of a noble and valiant William Meldrum Squyer; umquhyle Laird of Cleiſh and Binns, compylit be Sir David Lindſay of the Mont, Lyon king of arms.*

This was firſt printed in an edition of his works by Charteris, Edin. 1592, 4*to.* and reprinted ſeparately, Edin. 1594, and 1602, 4to. The editor has a correct and well written MS. of it in 12mo, *Glaſgow, written be James Clark*, 1635. This would ſeem copied from another MS.; for the tranſcriber, had he ſeen any of the printed copies, would hardly have taken this trouble with a ſix-penny pamphlet. This piece is the very beſt of all Lindſay's works; being deſcriptive of real manners, and incidents: tho it has ſomewhat too much *ſpice*, as the French call it, being very free in a paſſage or two. This has prevented the Scotiſh bookſellers from reprinting it, leſt it ſhould offend their godly cuſtomers. For the romantic, but real, hiſtory of Meldrum, ſee Piſcotie. Another moſt rare piece of Lindſay's is

13. *A ſatyre upon the three eſtates*, Edin. 1602, 4to.

I believe there was a prior edition about 1594, 4to.

14. *Some fragments of plays acted on the caſtle hill Coupar; and betwixen Leith and Edinburgh, on the play green.* They are in the Bannatyne MS. and, in ſpite of their immodeſty, ought to be publiſhed.

Dr. Mackenzie obſerves, that Lindſay has the honour of being the firſt *, who introduced dramatic poetry into Scotland. He not only compoſed ſeveral Tragedies and Comedies †; but was himſelf a principal actor in them. His theatre was not, however, very ſevere. The ſame author ſays, that there are only two frag-

* Biſhop Douglas is ſaid to have written *Comœdiæ Sacræ*; but, *if ſo, they were never acted.*

† The idea of Tragedy and Comedy was at firſt very bare. 'Joy or Pley that begynnythe with gladneſſe, and endythe with ſorow: *Tragedia.* Joy or Pley that begynyth with ſorow and endyth with gladneſſe: *Comedia.*' Prompt. Parv. voc. *Joy* and *Pley.*

ments

ments of his dramatic pieces to be found; and both are in the Bannatyne MS. One occurs, p. 164. *Here begins the proclamation of the Play, made by Sir David Lindſay of the Mount, knight, in the play field, in the year of God* 1515. Another, in p. 168. *Here begins Sir David Lindſay's play, made in the Greenſide, beſide Edinburgh.* 'quhilk' (ſays the tranſcriber) 'I write but 'ſhortly be interludes: leavan the grave matters there-'of, becauſe the ſamen abuſe is well reformed in Scot-'land.'

In proſe, beſide Heraldic pieces, Sir David is ſaid to have written a hiſtory of Scotland, now loſt. I ſuſpect, however, Lindſay of Pitſcotie has been confounded with Sir David; for the former, in his preface, puts the later among his chief informers.

Same period of 1520.

SIR JAMES INGLIS, as Mackenyie tells us, was deſcended from an ancient family in Fifeſhire, where he was born in the reign of James IV. was educated at St. Andrews; went to Paris, and returned in the minority of James V. into whoſe favour he ingratiated himſelf by his poetry, having written ſundry tragedies and comedies, and other poems, that were much applauded by good judges. He joined the French faction againſt the Engliſh, and, in ſome ſkirmiſhes preceding the fatal battle of Pinkie, ſo diſtinguiſhed himſelf, that he was knighted on the field. After the loſs of that day, he retired into Fife; and amuſed himſelf with his favorite ſtudies; and, in 1548, publiſhed, at St. Andrews, his noted *Complaint of Scotland.* This is a well written work for the time; and ſhews abundance of learning. He appears from it to have read much both in Greek and Latin authors; to have been well-ſkilled in mathematics and philoſophy; and to have been a great lover of his country. Unpubliſhed, and in MS. ſays Mackenyie, are

Poems

Poems conſiſting of Songs, Ballads, Plays, and Farces. He died at Culroſs in 1554.

It is much to be regretted that his Complaint is not reprinted *literatim*. According to Mackenyie's account of it, it is divided into XX. chapters; all of which are pious, moral, and political, ſave chapter VI. which is quite a digreſſion; and which at leaſt ought to be reprinted ſeparately. This I would have done, but, not being able to procure it, I muſt content myſelf with giving Dr. Mackenyie's relation. 'The VI 'Chapter is a digreſſion of the author, which he calls '*An Monolog recreatyve of the Autor*. In this chapter 'he ſays, That, being fatigued with his ſtudies, he re- 'tired himſelf to a foreſt, upon the ſixth day of June: 'and placing himſelf at the foot of a mountain, on the 'banks of a pleaſant river, he deſcribes in poetical 'terms the various beauties of the field in that ſeaſon 'of the year. Then he gives an account of the ſeveral 'cries of the beaſts, the chirpings, and muſical notes, 'of the birds of the foreſt. In taking a view of the 'ocean he ſees a galley weighing anchor, and fighting 'another: and deſcribes the whole battle, and manage- 'ment of the ſhips, in the terms of the ſeamen. After 'this, he ſays, he was diverted with the ſight of 'ſhepherds, their wives and children; gives an account 'of their rural performances, making one of them en- 'tertain the reſt with a diſcourſe of the happineſs 'and greatneſs of the ſhepherd's life; then deſcribe to 'them the glorious fabricks of the heavens, which 'they daily have in view; and then lay down the whole 'principles of aſtronomy, and an explanation of the 'moſt common phænomena in nature, ſuch as thunder 'and lightning, hail, ſnow, and rain, eclipſes, &c. 'Then one of the ſhepherds' wives, to whom theſe 'long philoſophical and mathematical lectures were 'noways agreeable, makes a propoſal to every one of 'them to tell a tale; which they immediately agree 'to.

'to. And here our author gives an account of the 'fables, and ſtories, the country people then uſed to 'divert themſelves with. After which, each of the 'ſhepherds ſung a ſong; which our author here enu-'merates. And, ſince they diſcover what were then 'the moſt eſteemed of Scotiſh poems, I ſhall give an 'account of them in his own words;' [*as in Sel. Scot. Ball.* Vol. II.] 'and ſeveral others, which, our author 'ſays, he has forgot. After this, ſays he, the ſhep-'herds went to the dancing; and he names all their 'dances. The ſhepherds having gone home with 'their flocks, our author's next diverſion was to con-'template herbs in the fields, of which he gives 'the following account.' [Mack. tranſcribes ſome notes about medical herbs] 'After this, our author falls 'aſleep. And in his VII. chapter gives an account of 'his dream about Lady Scotia, and her three ſons, the 'three Eſtates of Scotland; and ſhe begins her com-'plaint againſt them.'

The following poets are mentioned by Sir David Lindſay, in the Prolog to the Papingo, as then living, that is about 1530.

I. CULROSE.
II. KYD.
III. STEWART.
IV. STEWART OF LORN.
V. GALBREITH.
VI. KINLOCH.
VII. BALLENTYNE.

Of the firſt two nothing is known. Some pieces of the Stewarts are publiſhed by Lord Hailes. No. V. and VI. are unknown. No. VII. is ſurely John Ballenden, the tranſlator of Boyce's Hiſtory of Scotland, Edin. 1541, Folio; in which different poems of his are found; particularly *Virtue and Vyce*, a piece re-

printed in the Evergreen, where he is alſo falſely ſtyled Ballentyne, as the MS. has Ballenden. The reader muſt beware of confounding him with Bannatyne, the collector of poems. In the Biographia Brit. Art. *Ballendene*, ſome of his poetry, printed or MS, is ſaid to be in the hands of Sir Laurence Dundas. Ballenden died at Rome 1550.

1530.

About this time a ſingular piece of ancient Scotiſh poetry, by an unknown author, ſeems to have been written. It's name is

Philotus, [a comedy.] *Edin.* 1603, 4*to*, bl. l. 1612, 4*to*.

The edition 1603 is among Mr. Garrick's old plays in the Muſeum; and no earlier is known; for the immodeſty of the piece ſeems to have kept it in MS. as was Lindſay's Squire Meldrum, for the ſame reaſon, till near this time. The preſs was hardly known in Scotland, till the Reformation appeared there; and this event tinging every thing with religion for ſome time, bookſellers only publiſhed ſuch pieces as would pleaſe the godly. This comedy is firſt printed for Robert Charteris, a bookſeller of Edinburgh, whoſe memory, and that of Henry (his father, I believe) deſerve high applauſe for the many curious pieces of old Scotiſh poetry preſerved by their care.

This ſingular early drama is moſt valuable for it's curious pictures of life, manners, dreſs, &c. It is a ſeries of dialogues with little plot; and is moſtly in the octave ſtanza of *The Gaberlunyie man*. That it was written before the Reformation in Scotland appears from it's mentioning *St. Marie, St. Taſtian, Eremites that in deſerts dwell. Limitoris and Tarlochis. St. Maloy. St. Julian. St. Eloy's rod. Bernard and Bryde.* Beſide, the ſtyle is even older than the general ſtyle of Lindſay; and from this alone, one read in Scotiſh poetry would put it before 1530. But the *meſſenger* alſo, in a concluſive addreſs to the audience, deſires them to pray

pray for *our king*. The word *king* is rime, ſo could not be altered; and that this piece was written under James VI. is, from it's language, impoſſible, for no one would ſurely effect old language, &c. in a comedy. It muſt therefore have been written under James V. who died 1542. This piece was by Phillips and Winſtanley moſt fooliſhly given to Heywood, the Engliſh dramatiſt, tho quite unlike all his *interludes*, his only dramas; and written in old Scotiſh, which Heywood could never have thought of, even in a dream.

Later dramatic biographers have rectified this miſtake. But the recent editor of a *Biographia Dramatica* has attacked this piece violently on the ſcore of immodeſty. This writer's philoſophy, it would ſeem, is exactly equal to his learning. Had he the ſmalleſt ſhare of philoſophy, he would know that our baſhfulneſs, ſo remarkable to foreigners, is a weakneſs, and not a virtue; and that it is this baſhfulneſs alone which makes us ſo nice about matters ſo freely diſcourſed by other nations. If the generation of man be a matter of ſhame and infamy, it follows that man is the child of ſhame and infamy. Now nothing excites vice ſo much as low ideas of human nature; and thoſe nice writers, while they are preaching virtue, are from mere ignorance opening the door to every vice. Had this writer any learning, he would know that the comedies of Ariſtophanes, written in the brighteſt period of Athenian politeneſs, are quite indecent to Britiſh ears. Are we wiſer than the Athenians? Are we not far more fooliſh in this reſpect than all modern nations *?

* Every dunce can quote Pope's lines,

'Immodeſt words admit of no defence,
'For want of decency is want of ſenſe.

But Pope was no philoſopher; for he did not even underſtand the ſcope of his own Eſſay on Man, as we all know. *Decency* is ſynonymous with *faſhion*. Were it the faſhion to go naked, it would be indecent to wear clothes. What has ſenſe to do with faſhion?

'Nunquam

'Nunquam aliud natura, aliud ſapientia dixit.'

The biographer ought alſo to be told, that our niceneſs in this point is a ſure mark of our barbarity; for Horace in the moſt polite court of Auguſtus, uſes theſe very words which ſo much ſtartle this literary eunuch. But, not expecting him to read the Greek or Roman writers, who abound, as all know, with free expreſſions of this kind, never conceiving any ſhame, where nature could mean none, except ſhe meaned that man ſhould be aſhamed of his creation; it ſhall only be further recommended to this writer to follow his own province, and ſtudy the old French, Spaniſh, Italian, and modern German, and Dutch plays, before he attacks one country for the cuſtoms of all. There is alſo a pretty little book, called *Chaucer's Canterbury Tales*, where he will find all the words, ſo alarming to his eyes, printed at full length in England, and within theſe ten years.

After all, there are but *two* lines in this comedy which are immodeſt, and they ſhall be altered, if the editor republiſhes it, as he means to do, with an *Eſſay on the early Scotiſh drama*.

1550 *.

ALEXANDER SCOT, the Anacreon of old Scotiſh poetry, began to write about this time. His pieces are very correct and elegant for the age; and almoſt all amatory. From p. 192. to 211. of Lord Hailes's collection, are *ſeven* of this poet's pieces; and in the Bannatyne MS. are *ſeventeen* more unpubliſhed. All his works will ſurely bear printing. He ſtands at the head of the ancient minor poets of Scotland.

* About this time the Earl of Glencairn wrote a little ſatire againſt the Gray Friars, preſerved by Knox.

1560 *.

SIR RICHARD MAITLAND. As to this venerable poet the reader is obliged for any pleaſure he may find

* Mary Queen of Scotland was a poeteſs in French. Brantome has preſerved a little ode by her, on the death of her huſband Francis II. It is but poor. In that elegant work, the *Anthologie Franç.iſe*, 1765, *p.* 19, is another piece, ſaid to be written by her on leaving France: but it ſeems only her celebrated words, on loſing ſight of France, verſified and ſet to muſic.

The original Sonnets of Mary to Bothwell are preſerved, being publiſhed in their own French, with a Scotiſh tranſlation, at the end of the Scotiſh edition of her noted Letters. What a pity that the original French letters were not alſo publiſhed fully, inſtead of a little piece of each with an *&c.* prefixed to the Scotiſh tranſlations! Lord Hailes, in his *Remarks on the Hiſtory of Scotland*, has ſufficiently ſhewn thoſe French ſonnets to be originals. The original French letters to Bothwell are unfortunately loſt, the Scotiſh tranſlations being the ſtandard copies. But that theſe French originals were actually written by Mary, and were no forgeries, ſeems certain, if there be any certainty in hiſtory. Two great champions have of late appeared for Mary, namely, Mr. Tytler and Dr. Stuart. Both writers have met with great ſucceſs among thoſe who are themſelves incapable of examining ſuch a matter, that is, nine out of ten. Other cauſes alſo contribute. There are many friends of the houſe of Stuart in Scotland, as is natural to ſuppoſe: and, while that houſe has periſhed, ſuch men ſtill love it's memory. Now theſe people are all friends to Mary, and are much too weak for conviction; for the weaker any man is, the ſtronger are his prejudices. But the grand cauſe of ſuch opinions prevailing over truth is, that no perſon of a feeling heart can read the hiſtory of Mary, eſpecially her ſufferings from the yet more infamous Elizabeth, without wiſhing to find her innocent. This ruins all: for *what we wiſh we eaſily believe*. I will not ſay of the *Enquiry*, as Mr. Hume does, that it is wholly compoſed of *ſcandalous artifices*; but juſtice forces me to ſay, that it has far too much art, and abounds with groſs perverſion of fact. Dr. Stuart is much more manly; but his perſonal enmity to Dr. Robertſon has carried him greatly too far. The public ſeems to wonder that no anſwer is returned to theſe writers. The truth is, they have advanced no new fact, and are already anſwered by Hume and by Robertſon. But, in caſe no abler champion ſhall ariſe before ſix years elapſe, the

find in this collection, a fuller account of him ſeems due. The ancient name of the family was Mautalant; and, in the *Chart. Mailroſe* (Bibl. Harl.), I obſerve *Thomas Mautalant* a witneſs to a charter in 1227. We find mention in the following poems of an ancient Sir Richard Maitland, famous for his valour. From Crawford's Peerage, it is evident that there was no Sir Richard in the family till our author, ſave one, who lived about 1250, and who firſt diſtinguiſhed the houſe. Yet we find no acts of his valour mentioned by Crawford; but as he lived in the reigns of Alexander II and III. and mention is made of his employing his valour againſt the Engliſh, we ſhall find that not one battle was fought between the Engliſh and Scotiſh during the whole reign of Alexander II. or from 1214 till 1249. It muſt therefore have been when Alexander III. in 1264, aſſiſted Henry III. againſt his barons, that this old knight diſtinguiſhed himſelf; for there were no other conteſts between England and Scotland till 1296. But, I ſuppoſe, the Norwegians, who, in 1263, invaded Scotland, and were defeated, alſo contributed to this knight's renown. This Sir Richard Maitland was baron, or laird, of Thirlſtane in Haddingtonſhire. In 1346 the family muſt have been eminent; for, in that year, John Maitland, of Thirlſtane, married Agnes daughter of Patrick Earl of March. On the 23d January 1432, William Maitland, of Thirlſtane, obtained, from

editor hereby pledges himſelf to the public, to anſwer both theſe authors in a ſhilling pamphlet upon Hume and Robertſon's plan; that is, containing ſolely the facts without declamation: a method which Mr. Tytler was bound in propriety to follow, and not to wrap himſelf in a cloud of declamatory matter. Truth is always naked. Falſhood muſt be covered. But, on the whole, *Si vulgus vult decipi, decipiatur.*

King Henry (Darnly) ſeems to have written a ſong in Lord Hailes's Collection; at leaſt Lord H. tells us the MS. gives it to him.

Archibald

Archibald Duke of Touraine and Earl of Douglas, a grant of the lands of Blyth and others.

William, the father of our poet, and who, while his father John Maitland of Thirlſtane was yet alive, firſt had the title of Lethington, married Martha daughter of George Lord Seaton; and was killed at Flodden, 9 Sept. 1513; leaving iſſue our Sir Richard, who ſucceeded; and a daughter Janet, married to Hugh lord Somervil.

Sir Richard Maitland was born in 1496, for he died aged 90, in 1586, as appears from theſe poems. He was educated at St. Andrews; and went to France, to ſtudy the laws. Upon his return, ſays Mackenyie, he became a favorite of James V. and, in the books of Sederunt, is marked an extraordinary Lord of Seſſion in 1553. By a letter of James VI. it appears that Sir Richard had ſerved his Grandſir, Goodſir, Goodam, his mother, and himſelf, faithfully in many public offices. If *Goodſir* be *Stepfather*, how could Sir Richard ſerve him of James VI, who was not married till 1589, after Sir R's death? Ruddiman, who explains Goodſir ſtep-father, alſo explains it Grandfather (Gloſ. Dougl. voc. Schir), and it is clear to me that James IV. is the Grandſir: James V. the Goodſir. But, however this be, during the reign of James V. he appears to have ſerved the queen Mary of Guiſe in ſome office, as we may gueſs from his poem *On the Quern's arrival*, 1561, p. 297. Scot of Scotstarvet, indeed, ſays, that Sir Richard was Keeper of the Privy Seal under the Queen Regent; but this ſeems not certain: ſo that we cannot be poſitive what office he bore. However, we know that he was blind before 1561, or his 65th year: but, notwithſtanding, he was made a Senator of the College of Juſtice by the title of Lord Lethington, 12 Nov. 1561; and on the 20 Dec. 1562 one of the Counſel, and Lord Privy Seal; which laſt office he held till 1567, when he reſigned it in favour of John,

his ſecond ſon. Sir Richard continued a Lord of Seſſion during all the troubleſome times of the Regents, in the minority of James VI. till 1584, when he reſigned; and died 20 March * 1586. By Mary his wife, daughter of Thomas Cranſton, of Corſly, he had three † ſons, 1. William the famous ſecretary ‡. 2. Sir John, afterward Lord Thirlſtane, and Chancellor. 3. Thomas, who is the prolocutor with Buchannan in his treatiſe *De Jure Regni:* and four daughters; namely,

1. Helen, married to John Cockburn of Clerkington.
2. Margaret, to James Herriot of Trabroun.
3. Mary, to Alexander Lauder of Hattoun.
4. Iſabel, to William Douglas of Whittingham. All the daughters had offspring.

Sir Richard is never mentioned by writers but with reſpect, as a man of great talents and virtue. Knox, indeed, blames him for taking a ſum of money, to

* Crawford and Mackenyie both ſay he died April 1, 1586; but this proceeds from old and new ſtyle.

† In a poem in the Maitland MS, not publiſhed, called *A ballad conſolatoir to Sir Rich. Maitland,* on his blindneſs, *ſeven* ſons are mentioned. It ſpeaks of old Sir Richard, who lived about 1250, and of *Burdalane* his ſon; then adds,

> Seven ſons ye had, mycht contreval his thre;
> Bot Burdelan ye have behind as he.

and again mentions Burdalane:

> Bring you fra bail, and blis your Burdalane.

Qu. Who was this Burdalane? The poem praiſes our Sir R. M. for every virtue.

‡ There is a charter of Richard Maitland, of Ledington, knight, deſigned *Oeconomus monaſterii monialium de Haddington,* who confirms, as ſuperior, a grant, made by James Cockburn of Stirling, to William Maitland of Ledington, heir apparent to the [ſaid Sir Richard] principal ſecretary to the queen, and to his heirs male, which failing, to John and Thomas Maitlands his brethren, of the lands of Bagbie, within the Conſtabulary of Haddington, dated 15 Dec. 1564. *Keith's Cat. of Sc. Biſh.* Edin. 1758, 4to.

ſuffer

ſuffer Cardinal Beaton to eſcape, when impriſoned a Seaton *. But Knox was too vehement, and often blamed without cauſe; and ſee p. 224, of this collection, where Morton is blamed for the ſame offence.

One poem of Sir Richard was publiſhed in the Evergreen; but no more of his works appeared till now. Beſide poems, he wrote a MS. formerly, as Dr. Mackenyie ſhews, in the Earl of Winton's library, the title of which was *The Chronicle and Hiſtorie of the houſe and ſurname of Seaton, unto the moneth of November, in the yeir of God An Thuſand Five Hundereth Fifty Aught yeirs. Collectit, writ, and ſet furth, be Sir Richard de Maitland of Leithingtoun, knicht, douchter-ſone of the ſaid hous.* Mackenyie gives an account of it. Mr. Forbes, in the Preface to his Deciſions, tells us there is ſtill a MS. of the deciſions, from 15 Dec. 1550, till 30 July 1565, by our Author, Folio, in the Advocates' Library.

1570.

JOHN MAITLAND, afterward LORD THIRLSTANE, the ſecond ſon of Sir Richard, is yet unknown as a Scotiſh poet; but one or two pieces in this collection entitle him to that appellation. He was born, it is believed, about 1537; ſtudied in France; and, on his return, became famous for his knowlege of the law. On the 26 Aug. 1567, his father reſigned the Privy Seal in his favour. This office he kept till 1570, when, for his loyalty to the queen, he loſt the Seal, and it was given to George Buchannan. He was made a Senator of the College of Juſtice, or Lord of Seſſion, 26 April 1581; Secretary of State in 1584; and Lord

* Knox only ſays, that in 1543, Cardinal Beaton was firſt confined at Dalkeith, then at Seaton; but for bribes given to Lord Seton, and the auld laird of Lethingtoun, he was reſtored to St. Andrews. The accuſation ſeems vague, and might innocently ariſe from Sir R's being in his father-in-law Lord Seton's houſe when the latter took the bribes. Guthrie ſays, the Cardinal was impriſoned at *Blackneſs, upon no authority.*

High Chancellor, 1 June 1586. In 1590 he was created Lord Maitland of Thirlſtane *. He died 3 Oct. 1595.

His only ſon, John Lord Thirlſtane, was firſt made Vicount, then Earl of Lauderdale, by James VI. 1624. His ſon was John, the only Duke of Lauderdale; and born 1616 at Lethington.

The Chancellor bears an high character, both for talents and integrity, among all hiſtorians. Melville, who writes the Memoirs, was his perſonal enemy, ſo muſt not receive much credit in his cenſures of him. Beſide his Scotiſh poetry, now firſt given, he wrote ſeveral Latin epigrams, &c. to be found in the *Delicæ Poetarum Scotorum*.

Same period of 1570.

ALEXANDER ARBUTHNOT. All I know of this poet is, that he was a clergyman; and that ſome of his productions are in this collection.

1580.

ALEXANDER MONTGOMERY was a captain, and I ſuppoſe, in the army. It is likely he was allied to the noble houſe of Eglinton. He was the Marini of Scotland, being a quaint affected writer, and a great dealer in tinſel. Beſide ſome ſmall effuſions of no merit, he wrote

The Cherry and the Slae, Edin. 1595, 1597; 4*to:* and newly perfected, not long before his death, as the title bears, Edin. 1615.

The allegory of this poem, I ſuppoſe, is that moderate pleaſures are better than high ones †. But it is a very poor production; and yet, I know not how, it has been frequently printed, while far ſuperior works have

* Near Lauder is Thirlſtane caſtle, a ſingular old houſe of the Earl of Lauderdale. The front ſmall, with a great round tower on each ſide, capt with flated cones. Pennant, Vol. III. p. 262. It is in the rare plates to Slezer, 1719. See Mr. Gough's very valuable Topography.

† Dempſter ſays, it vindicates his preferring a low-born miſtreſs to a great one.

been

been neglected. The ſtanza is good for a ſong; but the worſt in the world for a long poem. The allegory is weak and wire-drawn; and the whole piece beneath contempt. Let it then ſleep.

1585.

KING JAMES VI. This pitiful prince * was alſo a pitiful poet. Beſide ſome ſonnets, to be found in different books, MSS. &c. he publiſhed

1. *The Eſſayes of a Prentiſe in the divine arte of Poeſie.* Edinburgh, by Vautrolier, 4*to.* 1585.
2. *His Majeſties poetical exerciſes at vacant houres*, Edin. 1591, 4*to.*

At the end of the firſt of theſe are *Rewlis and Cautelis of Scottis Poeſie*, which are curious, tho ſtupid. Chapt. VIII. of theſe rules contains the *kyndis of Poetry*; and mentions 1. *For lang hiſtories.* 2. *For heroic acts.* 3. *For heich and grave ſubjects.* 4. *For tragic matters.* 5. *For flyting, or invectives* (ſays he) *uſe this kynde of verſe follo wing*; *callit* Rouncefallis, *or* Tumbling verſe.

In the hinder end of harveſt, upon Alhallow ene,
Quhen our *gude nichbours* † rydis (nou gif I reid richt)
Some bucklit on a benwod, and ſome on a bene:
Ay trottand into troupes fra the twylicht.
Some ſadland a ſho ape, all grathed into grene:
Some hotcheand on a hemp ſtalk, hovand on a heicht:
The king of Fary, with the court of the Elf quene,
With mony elvage incubus, rydand that nicht.
There an elf on an apé ane unſell begat;
Beſyde a pot, baith auld and worne,
This bratſhard in ane bus was borne.
They fand a monſter, on the morne,
War facit nor a cat.

* Bagford, from a book printed 1654 (Bib. Harl. 5979), ſays, that James, being at Newmarket, and long hindered from his ſport by rainy weather, burſt one morning into this exclamation, '*Never was king ſo little behaldin to God! Gie me a bible.*' This is a miniature of James by himſelf: for never was king ſo little beholden to God; and a bible was fitter for him than a ſcepter.

† The fairies.

The other kinds are, 6. *Sonnet verſe*. 7. *Matters of love*. 8. *Ten feet verſe*; ſpecimen from *Cherry and Slae*. The other ſpecimens are of no worth; that above given being the only one curious.

1592.

Was publiſhed at Edinburgh, a book, intituled, *The Sevin Seages; tranſlatit out of prois into Scottis meiter, by* JOHN ROLLAND, *in Dalkeith, with ane moralitie aftir everie doctour's tale, and ſiklyke, after the Emprice tale; togidder with ane loving and lawd, to every doctour aftir his awin tale; and an exclamatioun and outcrying upon the emperour's wyfe aftir hir fals contruſed tale. Printit be Robert Smyth, dwelland at the Nether Bow*, 8vo. 1592. Ames.

The following poets lived in the Sixteenth century *; *but their reſpective years cannot be fixt.*

I. CLAPPERTON.
II. FLEMYNG.
III. JOHN BLYTH.
IV. MOFFAT.
V. FETHY.
VI. BALNAVIS.
VII. SEMPIL.
VIII. NORVAL †.
IX. ALLAN WATSON.
X. GEORGE BANNATYNE.
XI. WEDDERBURN.

* Toward the middle of that century, was written *Laider's Teſtament*, a ſilly piece mentioned by Pennant and Warton. Such Teſtaments were the uſual mode of the poets of the age, and form a wretched inſtance of bad taſte.

Lodbrog's *Teſtament* was, perhaps, really written by that prince; for in the Hiſtoria Hrolfi Kraki, *p.* 126. we find that king Bodvar ſung an *epilogus vitæ ſuæ*.

† From Bagford's MS. collections, it appears, that Robert Norvel, his Mirror of a Chriſtian, was printed at Edinburgh, by Robert Leprevicke, 1561, *4to*. Perhaps the ſame.

A ba

A ballad by I. is in this volume. Pieces by II. in the Evergreen: by III. IV. V. in Lord Hailes's Collection; by VI. VII. in the Evergreen; by VIII. IX. X. XI. in the Bannatyne MS. X. is the celebrated Collector of Scotiſh Poetry.

It is very likely that N° VII. of whom one or two immodeſt pieces are publiſhed in the Evergreen, may be alſo author of the following pieces in Ames.

The Regentis Tragedie (17 nine-line ſtanzas) *Quod Robert Sempil*, 1570. (broadſide).
The Biſchopis Lyfe and Teſtament; by the ſame, 1571.
My Lord Methvenis Tragedie (24 nine-line ſtanzas), *Quod Sempil*, 1572. Folio *St. Andrews.*

Let me add, *The ſege of the caſtel of Edinburgh.* Edin. 1573, 4*to*, 7 leaves in nine-line ſt. *Quod Sempil.* (Muſeum). Sempil died 1595. *Dempſter.*

1603.

*** James VI, ſucceeding to the crown of England, moſt of the poets of Scotland, after this period, wrote in Engliſh, as the court and polite language.

WILLIAM ALEXANDER, afterward Earl of Stirling *, *was born in* 1580, *and died* 1640. *He wrote*

1. Aurora *(this name he gives his miſtreſs)*, containing the firſt fancies of the author's youth, William Alexander of Menſtrie. *London*, 1604, 4*to*.
2. Monarchic Tragedies *(four)*. *The Darius was printed at Edin.* 1603, 4to. *and with the other pieces, at London*, 1607, 4to. 1616, 12mo.
3. A Paræneſis *(or Exhortation on Government)* to the Prince *(Henry)*. London, 1604, 4*to*.

* The Biographia Britannica calls him Vicount. He never was a Vicount. His ſon was Vicount Canada during the father's life. See Douglas's Peerage. The Biographia is one of thoſe bookſellers' jobs which diſgrace the nation. The firſt edition was full of errors: the *laſt* has improved theſe errors. Chambers's Cyclopedia is ſuch another; and has had the ſame fate.

4. Doomſday:

4. Doomſday: *a holy poem.* Edin. 1614, 4*to.*
5. Jonathan, an heroic poem, book I.

The four laſt were reprinted at London, 1637, Folio, *under the general title of* Recreations with the Muſes; *and about* 1727, 12mo. *In theſe editions the Tragedies are altered and improved. The Aurora was never reprinted.*

The Earl of Stirling is a maſculine writer, but does not deſerve to ſtand as a claſſic. Poems ſelected from his works well merit reprinting, however. They conſiſt of 1. *ten or twelve ſonnets from the Aurora:* 2. *his* Parænetis, *a noble poem, being his maſter piece; and a work that does the patron and poet great credit:* 3. *Moral ſentences from his Tragedies.* Tragedy *was then a very indefinite word, being as often applied to a ballad or tale, as to a dramatic poem. Thoſe of Lord Stirling are in fact Elegiac Dialogues for the inſtruction of the great.*

In one or two copies of the London folio, 1637, *a good portrait of the Earl of Stirling has been found; which, being very rare, has been lately re-engraved.*

1606.

ALEXANDER CRAIG. Of this writer nothing is known, ſave that he publiſhed.

The amorous ſongs, ſonnets, and elegies, of M. Alex. Craig, Scoto-Britan. London, printed by William White, 1606, 12mo.

Same period of 1606.

SIR ROBERT AYTOUN. This gentleman was private ſecretary to Queen Ann of Denmark, wife of James VI. He wrote ſome Latin poems in the *Deliciæ Poetarum Scotorum*; and ſome light genteel pieces in Engliſh, two of which are publiſhed from a MS. now in the editor's poſſeſſion in Sel. Scot. Bal. Vol. I. one or two more may be found in a collection of Scotiſh Poems by Watſon, the printer, publiſhed about 1707 *.

1610.

* In a few copies of the firſt edition of the Scotiſh Tragic Ballads, being the firſt volume of the Sel. Scot. Bal. a ſtrange error of the preſs

1610.

WILLIAM DRUMMOND, of Hawthornden, a poet of the moſt amiable and exquiſite genius, was born in 1585; *and died in* 1649, *aged* 64. *Like other great poets, he could not write proſe; his* Cypreſs grove, &c. *being pieces of poor tinſel; and his* Hiſtory of the Jameſes, *the moſt deplorable performance that ever aſpired to the name of hiſtory, full of falſe orations, falſe brilliancy, falſe ſenſe, and falſe facts. But his poems amply eſtabliſh his fame. Phillips, who compiled his* Theatrum Poetarum, *London,* 1675, *under Milton's own eye, and may be ſuppoſed to expreſs that great writer's opinion upon many occaſions, obſerves, with regret, the ſtrange neglect into which Drummond's poems had even then fallen. But this was no wonder, when Milton's ſmaller poems met with the ſame fate. Now it may ſafely be ſaid, that if any poems poſſeſs a very high degree of that exquiſite Doric delicacy, which we ſo much admire in Comus, &c. thoſe of Drummond do. Milton may often be traced in him; and he had certainly read, and admired him. Drummond was the firſt who introduced into Engliſh that fine Italian vein; and if we had had no Drummond, perhaps we ſhould never have ſeen the delicacies of Comus, Lycidas, Il Penſeroſo, L'Allegro. Milton* has happened *to have juſtice done him by poſterity; Drummond, alas! has not been ſo fortunate. The reader will excuſe my giving one ſonnet of Drummond as a ſpecimen.*

TO SIR WILLIAM ALEXANDER.

Tho I have twice been at the doors of Death,
And twice found ſhut thoſe gates which ever mourn;
This but a lightning is: truce ta'en to breath
For late-born ſorrows augure fleet return.

preſs creeped in upon this author's ſcore. The editor had mentioned Watſon as an eminent printer during the reigns of *William and Mary, and Queen Ann*; but, delering this part of the ſentence, the compoſitor underſtood that S r William Aytoun was Secretary of State *during the reigns of William and Mary, and Ann.* The editor being then in Scotland neglected to correct the ſheet.

Amid thy ſacred cares, and courtly toils,
Alexis, when thou ſhalt hear wand'ring fame
Tell, Death hath triumph'd o'er my mortal ſpoils,
And that on earth I am but a ſad name:
If thou ere held me dear, by all our love,
By all that bliſs, thoſe joys, Heaven here us gave;
I conjure thee, and by the maids of Jove,
To 'grave this ſhort remembrance on my grave;
'Here Damon lies, whoſe ſongs did ſometime grace
'The murmuring Eſk. May roſes ſhade the place.'

The Eſk runs by his romantic houſe of Hawthornden. His miſtreſs, a daughter of Cunningham of Barns, it appears from his poems, dwelled on the Ora; which I believe is the river ſo called in Fife, running from Loch Orr to Leven river, on which, as Pont's Maps done in Drummond's time ſhew, were Strath ORA *and the Mills of* ORA. *There is another river Or in Galloway. The firſt appearance I can find of Drummond's poetry was in his*

Sonnets and Poems. Edin. 1616, 4*to* *.

Another edition, enlarged by about one-half, was publiſhed after his death, with this title,

Poems by that moſt famous wit William Drummond of Hawthornden. London, 1656, 8*vo*.

Both theſe editions are extremely rare. The laſt, which is by far the moſt valuable, is in the editor's poſſeſſion, and now lyes before him. It has a curious head of Drummond by Gaywood prefixt. All his works have alſo been collected in one volume folio, Edinburgh, printed by Watſon, 1711, *with portraits. There is a mezzotinto of him lately done; but unlike Gaywood's, which is the firſt and beſt.*

1615.

PATRICK GORDON. All I know of this author is, that he was a man of property; and wrote

* The Biographer of Drummond in the Edinburgh folio, 1711, ſays, this was the Second edition.

The

The famous Hiſtory of the valiant Bruce, in heroic verſe, by Patrick Gordon, gentleman. *Dort* 1615, 4to. *reprinted at Edinburgh*, 1718. 12mo.

It is a tolerable poem, but imperfect. It is, however, deſtitute of invention, or much genius; tho ſome of the ſtanzas be equal to Spenſer: and, being but dull upon the whole, will not bear reprinting.

Being now arrived at a great pauſe in our poetry, and at a period ſo diſtant, that the reputation of the poets preceding it may now be ſafely eſtimated; it may be proper to point out ſuch of our old poets as may be deemed CLASSIC; and whoſe works will be reprinted to the end of the Engliſh language. Theſe are BARBOUR; KING JAMES I; HENRY THE MINSTREL; DUNBAR; GAWIN DOUGLAS; SIR DAVID LINDSAY; DRUMMOND; in number ſeven. If we eſtimate them by real poetical merit, it is believed they will ſtand thus; 1. Dunbar. 2. Drummond. 3. Douglas. 4. King James I. 5. Barbour. 6. Lindſay. 7. Henry. Perhaps the editor may in time give new editions of the whole of theſe poets; in which labour much remains to be done.

1. To give a ſtandard edition of Barbour reſtored to the old ſpelling, and conform to the MS. of 1489.
2. King James's works hardly need to be republiſhed, Mr. Tytler having done ſo well, ſave for uniformity, and to give a ſtandard edition of Chriſt Kirk from the two MSS.
3. Henry, to be printed from the edition 1570; reſtoring the two paſſages in ſtanzas, to their original uniformity, and omitting the chapters.
4. Dunbar's poems to be firſt collected in one volume, omitting traſh.
5. To reprint only the Palice of Honour, King Hart, and Prologs, &c. to Virgil, of Douglas.

6. To

6. To omit the Four Monarchies of Lindſay, as a dull narration of events known to all; but to preſerve all the Prologs, &c. and particularly to reprint Squire Meldrum, and the Satyre on the Eſtates.
7. To arrange Drummond's pieces into Sonnets, Odes, Poems, &c. they being now all mingled; and to give all his proſe worth preſerving at the end.

The whole ought to be printed in crown octavo, or of the ſize and type of this volume of poems; a ſmaller ſize being childiſh and hurtful to the eyes, and ſerving no purpoſe of uſe, convenience, or pleaſure, which this does not. The old SCOTISH MINOR POETS ought to form a ſeparate volume. I ſhall only add, that as my views are wholly diſintereſted *(terar dum proſim)*, I hope the public will ſo encourage the deſign, that the printer may have no occaſion to deſiſt.

After a vacant century * we proceed to

1715.

SIR JOHN BRUCE. In the Select Scotiſh Ballads, Vol. I. *2d edit.* mention is made that Lord Hailes had communicated to the Editor ſome extracts of a letter

* *Moor of Rowalan*, about 1633, publiſhed a ſilly religious poem. Other dablers, beneath commemoration, were *Zachary Boyd*, 1620. *Lady Culros*, who wrote the Dream (See Sel. Scot. Bal. Diſſ. 2.): and her ſon *Colvil*, who wrote a poor piece of nonſenſe, called The Scots Hudibras (printed 1710. after the author's death) The *Marquis of Montroſe* alſo wrote ſome verſes. By the bye, in the State Papers, *Pepys* 2502, Vol. III. is a copy of a letter from Charles I. to Montroſe, ordering the ſuppreſſion of the Latin account of his actions, becauſe it attacked high perſons, who from abſence could not then defend themſelves. It is dated 5 March, 1647. Hence the rarity of the firſt edition. Richard, afterward Earl of Lauderdale, about 1690, 'tranſlated Virgil; it was printed in two volumes. 'The MS. was communicated to Mr. Dryden, who adopted many 'of the lines into his own tranſlation.' Mr. Walpole's Catalogue of Royal and Noble Authors. About 1660, Sir Thomas Saintſerf wrote a comedy called *Tarrugo's Wiles*. About 1695 Mrs. Trotter, alias Cockburn, wrote Plays.

from

from Sir John Bruce, of Kinroſs, to Lord Binning, about 1719, or perhaps earlier, which are there given. From theſe extracts it appears, that Sir John Bruce pretended to have found Hardyknute in a vault in Dunfermline, written on vellum. His words are; 'To perform my promiſe, I ſend you a true copy of the manuſcript I found ſome weeks ago in a vault at Dunfermline. It is written on vellum, in a fair Gothic character, but ſo much defaced by time, as you'll find that the tenth part is not legible.' He then gives the whole fragment firſt publiſhed, ſave one or two ſtanzas, marking ſeveral paſſages as having periſhed, from being illegible in the old MS.

It appears evident to me, from this letter, particularly the words *I found*, &c. that Sir John Bruce was the author of Hardyknute. And, if I am not much miſtaken, he alſo wrote *The Viſion* (Sel. Scot. Bal. Vol. II.), a capital Scotiſh poem, compoſed about 1715, to rouſe the people in the Pretender's cauſe. Hardyknute was written, perhaps, with a like view to kindle the martial ſpirit of the nation. Indeed, that two poets ſhould have been living in Scotland at that time, capable, the one of producing Hardyknute, the other The Viſion, appears to me an impoſſibility, conſidering the then low ebb of Scotiſh poetry. I confeſs, I do not even know if Sir John Bruce was affected to the Houſe of Stuart, but hope that now every circumſtance concerning him may be enquired into. At any rate he never acted for it; and was too wiſe to engage in a buſineſs ſo raſhly and fooliſhly conducted as the rebellion 1715. Allowing Sir John Bruce the author of The Viſion, an elegant Scotiſh fable called The Eagle and and the Red-breiſt, will alſo be his *.

When the editor prepared his edition of Hardyknute for the preſs in 1776, as noted at the end of the diſ-

* Theſe poems are ſigned A SCOT, which only expreſſes the author's country.

ſertations

ſertations there given, he was only eighteen years of age, being born at Edinburgh 17 Feb. 1758; ſo that it is to be hoped he ſhall be pardoned for then taking the Firſt Part of Hardyknute for ancient, as he really did, conſidering his ſmall experience in ſuch matters. But now that he has read almoſt the whole of ancient Scotiſh poetry, and is nine years older, he muſt ſay that he has no doubt but that Hardyknute is a poem of this century. It is eaſy to uſe ancient words; but to uſe ancient ſentiments, idioms, tranſitions, &c. is moſt difficult. And from the latter ſure marks of compoſition, Hardyknute is a poem of this century. Sir John Bruce, forgetting his letter to Lord Binning, uſed Mrs Wardlaw, it would appear, as the midwife of his poetry, and furniſhed her with the ſtanza or two ſhe afterward produced; as he did not wiſh his name to be uſed to the ſtory of the vault, &c.

Of the Second Part of Hardyknute, written in 1776, but not publiſhed till 1781, the editor muſt now confeſs himſelf guilty. As for his ſecret, he has obſerved the Horatian precept he at firſt laid down to himſelf, *Nonum prematur in annum*; and requeſts pardon both of his friends and the public for keeping it to himſelf. The fiction, as the publiſher can inform, could not poſſibly have any ſordid view, as the MS. was preſented to him, and one half of the future profits, which was offered, was refuſed. For the impoſition, it was only meant to give pleaſure to the public; and no vanity could be ſerved where the name was unknown. As to the vanity or pleaſure of impoſing on others, if there be ſuch ideas, they are quite unknown to the editor. Perhaps, like a very young man as he was, he had puſhed one or two points of the deception a little too far; but he always thought that novel and poetry had NO BOUNDS of fiction. Horace ſays

——pictoribus atque poetis
QUIDLIBET AUDENDI ſemper fuit æqua poteſtas.

Yet

Yet even with theſe notions, he never ſpoke of one MS. which he actually had not before him; his whole fictions reſted on *ſuppoſititious tradition*; and he did not uſe all the freedom Mr. Addiſon, a rigid moraliſt, allows. 'Some,' ſays that excellent writer, *Spect.* No. 542, 'ſay an author is guilty of falſehood, when he 'talks to the public of manuſcripts which he never ſaw, 'or deſcribes ſcenes of action or diſcourſe in which he 'was never engaged. But theſe gentlemen would do 'well to conſider there is not a fable, or parable, which 'ever was made uſe of, that is not lyable to this excep-'tion; ſince nothing, according to this notion, can be 'related innocently, which was not once matter of 'fact.'

Of the execution of that Second Part, the public has been pleaſed to judge favourably. The chief fault objected to it has been, that Draphan * kills two brothers of Fairly his miſtreſs. But the Firſt part neceſſarily calls for ſome very extraordinary incidents of this ſort; ſaying that Fairly's beauty was moſt diſaſtrous to her kindred.

What waefou wae her bewtie bred!
Waefou to young and auld;
Waefou I trow to kyth and kin,
As ſtory ever tauld.

Some of the author's opponents have accuſed this Second Part of too much artifice; and, at any rate, art, it is believed, has not been wanting to colour theſe hazardous incidents of the poem. For the firſt brother is killed from abſolute neceſſity on Draphan's ſide, and from vehemence on his own; and Draphan expreſſes much regret on the occaſion. The other is

* So the name is ſpelled by Pitſcotie, and other ancient writers; and ſhould be in the Second part of Hardyknute. In the time of James V. the caſtle of Draphan belonged to Sir James Hamilton; and was afterwards in the Duke of Hamilton's poſſeſſion, till ſold to the only Duke of Douglas.

ſlain in battle, when wholly covered with his armour, ſo that Draphan did not know him; and, when he does, diſcovering that it is Malcolm, famed for his ſpeed; he ſays,

> Ye ſhould your vaunted ſpeid this day,
> And not your ſtrenth ha ſey'd.

which is an expreſſion of regret, not of indifference as ſome underſtand it. Some have not been pleaſed with this Second Part, and one has told the public ſo in print. It will therefore be allowed to the editor to balance the opinion of this critic with that of another, of at leaſt equal taſte, and whoſe very name is totally unknown to the editor; tho his work* declares him much verſed both in ancient and modern poetry. Mentioning Hardyknute, he obſerves, that 'A new 'edition of this beautiful piece has been lately pub-'liſhed. It appears from the learned notes of the edi-'tor, that the author of this exquiſite ballad was not 'deficient in the knowlege of antiquity. The manners 'of our forefathers are very minutely and exactly de-'ſcribed, without any anachroniſms whatever. The edi-'tor, in order to avoid expoſing himſelf to an un-'neceſſary controverſy, with great candour admits that 'many interpolations have crept into this poem. He 'does not boaſt of any old manuſcripts from whence he 'has copied it: he owns that the whole is preſerved 'only by tradition. The artful conducting of the ſtory 'would induce us to believe that the greater part is al-'together modern. Indeed, a poem like this, written in 'the dark ages, would have been a miracle. If we con-'ſider the artful contrivance of the ſtory, the delicacy

* *An Examination of the Poems attributed to Thomas Rowley and William Canynge, with a defence of the opinion of Mr. Warton.* Sherborne, printed by R. Goadby and Co. and ſold by Baldwin, Paternoſter Row, London, 1782, 8*vo*. It is the beſt pamphlet publiſhed on that controverſy, ſave Mr. Warton's own.

'of

'of its ſituations, the pathos of its diſcoveries, and the 'unintermitting animation of the whole, we may con-'clude that a poet of thoſe times could no more have 'produced a work of that kind than the Iliad of Homer.'

Since the editor of theſe volumes is in the confeſſional, he muſt not omit that in the FIRST volume, beſide the Second Part of Hardyknute, *No.* 16. *The Laird of Woodhouſelie* is written by him, as is *No.* 17. *Lord Livingſton*; yet of both he had ſmall lines from tradition. *No.* 18. *Binnorie*, is one half from tradition, one half by the editor; tho he could not now himſelf diſtinguiſh the lines. *No.* 19. *Death of Menteith* is wholly by the editor, upon no tradition whatever. *No.* 20. *Lord Airth's Complaint*, is from a MS. then, and now, in the editor's poſſeſſion. *No.* 21. *I wiſh I were where Helen lyes*, is all the editor's; ſave the three firſt lines, which he heard a lady repeat. Lord Hailes informs him that there is another ballad, beginning

I wiſh I were where Helen lyes
On fair Kirkonel lee.

that it is very pathetic; and that he has heard a lady repeat it who is now dead. Ramſay, however, in the Tea-table Miſcellany, gives a ſong to this tune, which ſhows that the editor's meaſure is right; repeating the ſecond and fourth line for pathetic effect. Of the *Fragments*, *III.* and *IV.* are wholly by the editor. In the SECOND volume *Nos.* XXVI. XXIX. XXXI. XXXIV. XXXVI. XL. XLIII. XLV. XLVIII. are wholly by the editor, who only obſerves, in a note p. 188. that theſe pieces 'have not appeared in print.' But to proceed.

ſame period of 1715.

DAVID CRAWFORD, of Drumſoy, was Hiſtoriographer for Scotland in Queen Ann's reign. He, conformable to the duty of his place, confined his reſearches to Scotland; and

publiſhed Memoirs *of uſe to the hiſtory of that country. An hiſtoriographer for any country is bound by every law of honour and propriety to confine himſelf to the hiſtory of that country. When he does not, he is a mere impoſtor, and cheats the public of his ſalary.* Torfæus, *the hiſtoriographer for Norway, the French, and Spaniſh, hiſtoriographers, &c. all followed this rule; nor has a maxim, ſo obvious to common ſenſe, and common honeſty, been ever violated ſave in one inſtance. But while hiſtorians write for copy-money, no conſideration can be a bar to their avarice. Mr. Crawford alſo wrote three novels, publiſhed in one volume, 8vo: and in poetry,*

1. Courtſhip alamode, *a Comedy.*
2. Love at firſt ſight, *a Comedy.*
3. Ovidius Britannicus, *a ſet of Love-epiſtles in verſe.*

1720.

ALLAN RAMSAY. The convivial buffoonery of this writer has acquired him a ſort of reputation, which his poetry by no means warrants; being far beneath the middling, and ſhewing no ſpark of genius. Even his buffoonery is not that of a tavern, but that of an alehouſe.

The *Gentle Shepherd* all now allow the ſole foundation of his fame. Let us put it in the furnace a little; for, if it be gold, it will come out the purer. Dr. Beattie, in his Eſſay on Laughter and Ludicrous Compoſition, obſerves, that the effect of the Gentle Shepherd is ludicrous from the contraſt between meanneſs of phraſe, and dignity or ſerioufneſs of ſentiment. This is not owing to its being written in the Scotiſh dialect, now left to the peaſantry, as that ingenious writer thinks; for the Firſt Part of Hardyknute, written in that very dialect, ſtrikes every Engliſh reader as ſublime and pathetic to the higheſt degree. In fact this glaring defect proceeds from Allan Ramſay's own character as a buffoon, ſo evident from all his poems,

poems, and which we all know he bore in private life; and from Allan's total ignorance of the Scotiſh tongue, ſave that ſpoken by the mob of Mid Lothian. It is well known that a comic actor of the Shuter or Edwin claſs, tho highly meritorious in his line, yet, were he to appear in any ſave *queer* characters, the effect would even be more ludicrous than when he was in his proper parts, from the contraſt of the man with his aſſumed character. This applies alſo to authors; for Sterne's ſermons made us laugh, tho there was nothing laughable in them: and, had Rabelais, or Sterne, written a paſtoral opera, tho the reader had been ignorant of their characters, ſtill a ſomething, a je ne ſçai quoi, in the phraſeology, would have ever provoked laughter. But this effect Ramſay has even puſhed further; for, by his entire ignorance of the Scotiſh tongue, ſave that ſpoken by the mob around him, he was forced to uſe the very phraſeology of the mereſt vulgar, rendered yet more ridiculous by his own turn to low humour; being himſelf indeed one of the mob, both in education and in mind. So that putting ſuch *queer* language into the mouth of reſpectable characters; nay pretending to clothe ſentiments, pathos, and all that, with ſuch phraſeology; his whole Gentle Shepherd has the ſame effect as a gentleman would have who choſe to drive ſheep on the high way with a harlequin's coat on. This radical defect at once throws the piece quite out of the claſs of good compoſitions.

But there are other faults, which lye with an eternal weight upon this piece, and cruſh it into the very dirt of amuſement only for the mereſt mob. It is an Opera on the plan of the Beggar's Opera; but yet more barbarous, and ſtupid: for the dialogue is in *couplets!* Some have compared it to the *Aminta*. Taſſo, thou divine genius! pardon me for repeating this. The *Paſtor Fido* compared to the *Aminta* is nothing: but the *Gentle Shepherd*, compared even to the *Paſtor Fido*, ſtands

exactly in the ratio of a dunghill to a flower-garden. The Engliſh opera every critic allows to be a monſter. In the name of good ſenſe, what muſt then the Gentle Shepherd be? an *hyper-monſter*, whoſe monſtrolity monſtrouſly outmonſters that monſter? Its *language* is yet further put beneath contempt by the *Airs* commonly repeating, *verbatim*, what is ſaid before in couplets: and by each ſcene's being deſcribed in verſe. Allan was indeed ſo much a *poet*, that in his *Evergreen* he even puts riming titles to the old poems he publiſhes; and by this ſilly idea, and his own low character, has ſtamped a kind of ludicrous hue on the old Scotiſh poetry, of which he pretended to be a publiſher, that even now is hardly eradicated, tho many editors of great learning and high reſpectability have arilen. Other faults of the Gentle Shepherd are the long ſpeeches, quite out of character and nature. The dialogue is alſo nowhere *real*; but always affected, and always abſurd. The *characters* are weakly drawn, and ill ſupported. Sir William's appearing as a magician, his falling in a trance, his ſilly prophecy, are incidents of unparalleled weakneſs, and merit great commiſeration. The *plot* I readily allow the beſt part of the piece, if that be any praiſe: yet it wants incident much; and probability more. No cavalier would have left his only ſon in this country, and in ſuch tuition; when, in fact, not one purpoſe could be ſerved by the idea. Abſurdity indeed hangs around it; for, tho this cavalier were a prophet, as the poor author makes him, ſtill he could hardly foreſee that the ruſtic guardian ſhould not change with the times: for prophets never, I believe, pretended to ſcan mental revolutions; and the probability lay much the other way. But no reader of common ſenſe will allow this character any claim to prophecy; and, without this, ſhocking is the abſurdity indeed! For how could Sir William have any idea of returning at all? Why leave his only ſon in the power

power of his enemies, and for what? Why, to receive his education from a clown, and ſo be rendered unfit for every purpoſe of life! Pitiful! But to be brief, let us paſs to other faults. The Second Scene, Act II. where Peggy and Jenny appear barefooted, and propoſe going to bathe themſelves, is quite improper for the drama. Mauſe's ſpeech, Act II. Sc. 3. foreſtalls the whole ſtory, and ſpoils all the effect. Sir William's ſoliloquy, Act III. ſc. 1. is alike ruinous. Sc. 3. is much too ſpeedy and improbable. Sir William's dropping his beard, ſcene 4. is farce, not comedy. Act IV. ſc. 1. is a mere repetition of incidents in the former Act; and is both uſeleſs and abſurd. The battle between Mauſe and Bauldy is ſad ſtuff. Sc. 2. is foreign and uſeleſs. Act V. Sc. 1. is low buffoonery. Sc. 2. the girls dreſſing is indecent and undramatic. Glaud's ſpeech to Peggy, deſcribing rakes, ſhews the author to have been inſenſible of decency. Bauldy's *bitch* and his *ſomeplace* are of the ſame hue. Glaud's account of Peggy is improbable; the plot was too miraculous before without the addition of this. Sir William's ſiſter too, being the mother of Peggy, is a circumſtance which very much heightens the improbability, and is quite unneceſſary.

So much for the greater faults of this performance: were the ſmaller to be pointed out, they would fill a volume. I have been the fuller on this ſubject, becauſe, to the great diſcredit of taſte in Scotland, while we admire the effuſions of this ſcribbler, we utterly neglect our really great poets, ſuch as Barbour, Dunbar, Drummond, &c. There is even a ſort of national prejudice in favour of the Gentle Shepherd, becauſe it is our only drama in the Scotiſh language; yet we ought to be aſhamed to hold prejudices ſo ridiculous to other nations, and ſo obnoxious to taſte, and juſt criticiſm. I glory in Scotland as my native country; and, while I try to root up all other prejudices out of my mind,

ſhall ever nouriſh my partiality to my country; as, if that be a prejudice, it has been eſteemed an honeſt and laudable one in all ages; and is, indeed, the only prejudice perfectly conſonant to reaſon, and vindicable by truth. But Scotland has no occaſion to recur to falſe hiſtory, falſe taſte, falſe ſcience, or falſe honours of any kind. In the ſevereſt light of truth ſhe will ſtand very conſpicuous. Her ſons, in trying to adorn her, have ſhewn remarkable defects of judgment. The ancient hiſtory of the Picts, ſo ſplendid in the page of Tacitus, is loſt in our own fables. We neglect all our great poets, and are in raptures with Allan Ramſay. Our prejudices are as pitiful as ſtrong; and we know not that the truth would make us far more illuſtrious, than all our dreams of prejudice, if *realized*, to uſe an expreſſion of impoſſibility. Good ſenſe in antiquities, and good taſte in poetry, are aſtoniſhingly wanting in Scotland to this hour.

ſame period of 1720.

ALEXANDER PENNECUIK wrote a few Scotiſh poems of no value, publiſhed with his account of Twedale. He is ſaid to have given Ramſay the plot of the Gentle Shepherd. But as it is a common remark in England, that no Scotiſhman will allow an author to have written his own book, I ſhrink from an inſinuation ſo accuſative of envy, a paſſion unknown, ſave to thoſe who know and feel they are little.

ſame period of 1720.

JOSEPH MITCHELL, beſide ſome poems long ſince forgotten, wrote

The Highland Fair. A ballad opera.

1730.

JAMES THOMSON. A very pleaſing poet, but whoſe Seaſons *are incorrect. Perhaps it may be ſaid, in vindication, that nature is incorrect. But his* Caſtle of Indolence

is

is a ſufficient foundation of great fame; being very correct and claſſic; and only unhappy in the concluding ſtanza.

ſame period of 1730.

THE EARL OF HADDINGTON wrote ſome tales, and other light pieces of immodeſty. He was the ſixth Earl, and died in 1735, *being Grand-father to the preſent Earl, who ſucceeded him. John Lord Binny, who died at Naples* 1732, *before his father, alſo wrote ſome poems. It was he to whom Sir John Bruce ſent his Hardyknute. Lord Haddington's Tales &c. have paſt thro many editions.*

1740.

ROBERTSON OF STROWAN wrote ſeveral Poems tolerably well. They are collected into one volume; and are common in Scotland. He was an adherent of the Pretender, and loſt his eſtate for the cauſe, in 1746.

ſame period of 1740.

HAMILTON OF BANGOUR. A pleaſing and amiable writer, tho of ſmall genius. An elegant edition of his poems, with his head by Strange, was publiſhed at Edinburgh, 1760, 12*mo. He died* 25 *March* 1754, *aged* 50. *His poems are chiefly Engliſh; but ſome are Scotiſh. Of the whole, that called* The Braes of Yarrow, *to be found in the* Reliques, *is the worſt. It is in a very bad taſte, and quite unlike the ancient Scotiſh manner, being even inferior to the pooreſt of the old ballads with this title. His repeated words, and lines, cauſing an eternal jingle, his confuſed inanimated narration, and affected pathos, throw this piece among the rubbiſh of poetry.*

1747.

ROBERT BLAIR firſt publiſhed his moſt admirable piece

The Grave. A poem. By Robert Blair. *Edin.* 1747. 8*vo.*

This

This edition lyes before me; and is free from many faults which have crept into later editions. At the end is a pious ode, tranſlated from Voluſenus, but of no value. I know not that he wrote any thing elſe: but the Grave *is worth a thouſand common poems. The language is ſuch as Shakſpere would have uſed: yet he nowhere imitates Shakſpere, or uſes any expreſſion of his. It is unqueſtionably the beſt piece of blank verſe we have, ſave thoſe of Milton. The author was a clergyman of the epiſcopal church; but I know no anecdotes of him. I hope they who have opportunity will ſupply this defect.*

1750*.

TOBIAS SMOLLET, a moſt excellent writer of novels, and poetry. In the former his incidents are much more rich and various than thoſe of Fielding: his characters ſtronger: and his humour far ſuperior indeed; Fielding's being wholly confined to that of inns: but, on the other hand, Fielding's plots and manner are more maſterly. In poetry Smollet has great excellencies. His Love Elegy, in Roderic Random, *is the beſt in the language; and I know no ſingle one of Tibullus to equal it. His ode to independence is vigorous, powerful, and grand. His other pieces have great merit. But the tragedy of the Regicide is poor; tho far ſuperior to ſome pieces that Garrick brought out with applauſe.*

What a pity! what a diſgrace to the rich and eminent of his native country, that a man of ſuch genius ſhould have been forced to write for bread! Such a diamond ought to have

* In 1753 was publiſhed, at Edinburgh, a poetical miſcellany, called *The Union*; in which, p. 81. is a moſt exquiſite ode on Summer, by a gentleman formerly of the univerſity of Aberdeen. And in *Modern Poems*, Glaſgow, by Foulis, 1776, the ſame piece appears with alterations and additions. By a letter from Dr. Beattie, I am juſt informed, that the Author's name was Seton; but that he knows nothing elſe of him, remembering this only from the information of an old gentleman, dead about four years ago, and who was the only perſon he ever heard ſpeak of him. In the *Union*, p. 79. is a beautiful copy of verſes on Prince Frederic's death, by David, then and now, Vicount Stormont.

been

been ſet in gold; but it was allowed to lye in the dirt, and get ſoiled. His History of England *diſgraces his talents. His panegyrics therein of the King and Lord Bute make us pity the meanneſs of his expectations, while we laugh at their weakneſs. It ſurely required no prophetic ſpirit to foretell, even before the loſs of America, that a renovation of the politics of Harley and St. John boded utter ruin to the empire.*

ſame period of 1750.

JOHN ARMSTRONG. His poem on Health is one of the moſt claſſic in any language, and merits ſuperlative praiſe in every view. His tragedy of The Forced Marriage *is extremely well written; but far too melancholy. Mad tragedies ought only to be acted in Bedlam. The repreſentation is dangerous to a feeling audience; and ought to be wholly forborne, not excepting even Lear. Armſtrong's was, however, never acted nor offered. His* Sketches by Launcelot Temple *ſhew ſenſe and ſpirit. This author was in real life a moſt worthy, benevolent character.*

ſame period of 1750.

DAVID MALLET. His name at firſt was Malloch, but never Macgregor, as lately aſſerted. His brother, who had ſome office at Greenock, was known to my informant, and was called Malloch. Indeed, there can be no harm in a man's ſoftening his name; and it is matter of wonder that all the Scotiſh and Iriſh Macs, *Iriſh* O's, *and Welſh* Aps, *are not ſilently relinquiſhed by their owners, as they have a moſt uncouth appearance.* Macpherſon, *&c. were ſurely far better* Pherſon, *&c. and family diſtinctions might be juſt as well preſerved this way as the other. Of Mallet's Poems, his two ballads,* William and Margaret, *and* Edwin and Emma, *and a* Fragment *beginning,* 'Fair morn aſcends,' &c. *are all that merit preſervation; the reſt being very poor indeed. The laſt mentioned fragment is remarkably fine; and it is matter of wonder that he did not frequently uſe that manner.*

ſame period of 1760.

MICHAEL BRUCE. His poems are praiſed in the Mirror * ; *and have ſome merit, tho no claim to genius.*

1768.

ROBERT FERGUSON. This young man, tho much inferior to the next poet, had talents for Scotiſh poetry far above thoſe of Allan Ramſay; yet, unhappily, he was not learned in it, for Ramſay's Evergreen ſeems to have been the utmoſt bound of his ſtudy. Hence the aukward cloſes of *that day*, &c. to his ſtanzas, which were introduced by the ignorance of Allan, and are unknown to our old poets. Ferguſon began about the above year to publiſh his poetry in Mr. Ruddiman's Weekly Magazine; a moſt uſeful periodical publication, and in which ſeveral valuable original pieces may be found. Mr. Ruddiman afterwards collected his poems, and publiſhed them ſeparately; in which ſhape they have paſt thro two or three editions.

Poor Ferguſon, being a humourous companion, and good finger, uſed frequently to ſpend the evening over a bowl of punch. This imprudent practice, being long and conſtantly uſed, at length inflamed his brain ſo much that he was obliged to be ſent to Bedlam. I was told by a perſon who was his moſt intimate friend, and who went to ſee him lodged there, as otherwiſe force alone could have carried him, that it was about nine o'clock at night when they went; and that the diſmal

* The Mirror is deſervedly much eſteemed in England; and I have heard an high literary character declare it the beſt book of the kind, ſave the Spectator. It is certainly ſuperior to the Guardian, Tatler, Connoiſſeur, &c. &c. &c. but yields, in my opinion, to The World. It is ſurpriſing that the editors ſhould allow ſuch a book to ſhock one with ſmall, but very odd, blunders; ſuch as ſerious letters *To Mr. Mirror*, &c. Were they ignorant that a man may be a Spectator, but cannot be a Mirror? Such ſmall matters hurt very much. Had Raffaele painted a toe-nail in an hiſtorical picture ſcarlet, the whole piece would have ſuffered. *Nugæ ſeria ducunt in malum.*

habitation

habitation was quite ſilent: but upon Ferguſon's entering the door he ſet up a ſtrange halloo, which, in the inſtant, was repeated by the miſerable inhabitants of all the cells in the houſe. My informant ſays, the ſound was ſo horrible that he yet hears it. Ferguſon often expreſt to this friend a preſentiment, that he ſhould ſink into that uttermoſt calamity. In a year or two death releaſed him.

His Scotiſh poems are ſpirited; but ſometimes ſink into the low humour of Ramſay. His Engliſh poetry deſerves no praiſe.

ſame period of 1768.

ALEXANDER ROSS. Of this poet I only know, from the title page of his book, that he was (and perhaps is, tho he ſpeaks of himſelf as aged in 1768) a 'ſchoolmaſter at Lochlee,' a village in the preſbytery of Brechin, and ſhire of Angus. He has publiſhed,

1. *The Fortunate Shepherdeſs. A Paſtoral Tale, in three cantos. In the Scotiſh dialect.* Aberdeen 1768, 8*vo.* 127 large pages. *2d edit.* Aberd. 1778, 12mo.
2. *Seven, or eight, ſongs; printed with the above.*

Tho the cataſtrophe of this Tale be bad, and ſome of the incidents ill choſen, yet will it be read with pleaſure by every one who is not ſo miſerable as to be refined above enjoying the beauties of nature. Some of the incidents, and deſcriptions, are exquiſitely natural, and fine. The language and thoughts are more truly paſtoral than any that I have yet found in any poet, ſave Theocritus. This poem has but juſt come to my hands*: and is written in the vulgar dialect of Angus,

* Along with it came alſo the *Poems in the Buchan dialect, being Ajax his ſpeech to the Grecian Knabs,* tranſlated from Ovid, &c. &c. by Mr. Forbes. *Edin.* 1761, 8*vo.* They fully confirm the idea, that the broad Scotiſh is the Pictiſh, or Gothic, altered, as all tongues are, by time. A Dane, it is believed, would underſtand them better than an Engliſhman. Mr. Roſs's Tale is in like predicament; and it is evident, that the Buchan dialect is the ſame with that uſed by him.

Mearns,

Mearns, and Aberdeenſhires, approaching ſomewhat to Gawin Douglas's ſtyle, but more full of real Gothic and Norſe words; being in fact the very Scoto-Pictiſh tongue, intermixed with a little Engliſh. A gloſſary larger by three-fourths ought to have been added.

It is ſurpriſing that our Scotiſh poets give themſelves ſo much to the comic ſtyle. An heroic or tragic tale, in the pure Buchan dialect, would be very acceptable. But beware of the common fault of taking cant phraſes for old ſpeech. Uſe the words of the vulgar; but uſe ancient and grave idioms and manner. Remember this vulgar ſpeech was once the ſpeech of heroes.

*** *The living poets of Scotland are omitted.*

Synorthographic

Synorthographic and Symphonious Words.

It is requeſted that the reader will attentively look over this article: for nothing ſo much puzzles an ordinary peruſer of old poetry, as when words, very different in ancient, or in ancient and modern meaning, are ſpelled in the ſame way, or have the ſame ſound. To prevent miſtakes of this kind, the following liſt is given.

Air, heir, air.
All-haill, all and whole.
Allow'd, praiſed, allowed.
At, that, at.
Avoyd, vent, avoid.
Bad, requeſted, bad.
Band, bond.
Be, by, be.
Beir, noiſe, bear, bier.
Bent, field, bent.
Brand, ſword.
Bray, ſmall aſcent.
Brute, report.
But, without, but.
By, buy.
Cleir, ſplendid, beautiful.
Clerk, learned man.
Craig, neck.
Dean, a monk. See Sir D. Lindſay, 112, and App. Art. I.
Deid, death, deed, died.
Deir, hurt, dear, deer.
Din, dun, din.
Diſeis, uneaſineſs.
Dungeon, tower, dungeon.
Feir, dreſs, companion.
Fog, moſs.
Found, go, depart, found.
Fredome, gentility, freedom.
Free, genteel, free.
Gate, way.
Gif, if, give.
Glen, clan, glen.
Gyn, engine.
Had, hold, had.
Hair, high, hair.
Hart, heart, hart.
Heill, health, heel.
Huſband, farmer, huſband.
Jaws, daſhing waves.
In hie, in haſte.
Kene, bold.
Law, low, law.
Leiſt, liſt.
Leſt, approved.
Let, hinder.
Loſit, *lovit*, praiſed.
Luſt, deſire.
Luſtheid, amiableneſs.
Luſty, amiable, delicious.
Maid, made.
Maiſter, reverend, of the church; probably from *Maſter of Arts*.
Man, muſt, man.
May, maid.
Meſs, maſs.
Miſters, neceſſities.
Mony, many.
Mothe, mouth.
On hicht, haughtily.

Or,

Or, ere, or.
Oſtleir, houſeholder.
Our, over, our.
Pens, think.
Pour, poor.
Proper, very.
Pure, poor, pure.
Put, thruſt.
Reil, roll on.
Rocks, diſtaffs.
Sail, aſſail, aſſault.
Saw, counſel, did ſee.
Schours, conflicts, terrors.
Seaſon, ſeaſoning of victuals, ſeaſon.
Servit, deſerved.
Shut, ſhoot.
Sing, ſign, ſing.
Skill, a return, ſkill.
Son, ſun, ſon.
Sow, battling ram.
Stait, reverence.
Stayd, ceaſed.
Stray, ſtraw.
Sute, train.
Taill, tale, tail.
Tent, heed.
Travel, work.
Tréd, trade.
Wait, know, wet.
Wallis, ſometimes waves.
War, were, worſe.
Ware, war.
Weid, cloths.
Weir, war.
Went, weened, thought.
Will, wild.
Willing, willow.
Wood, mad.
Wyſar, viſor.
Yet, gate, yet.

CONTENTS.

ANCIENT SCOTISH POEMS.

KING HART,

ANE ALEGORYCALE POEME,

BE

MAISTER GAWIN DOUGLAS,
BISHOP OF DUNKELD.

THE ARGUMENTE.

CANTO I.

THIS poeme is ane alegorycale repreſentatioun of human lyfe. The hart of man, beand his maiſt nobil pairt, and the fontane of his lyfe, is heir put for Man in generale; and holdis the cheif plaice in the poeme, undir the titel of KING HART. *This myſticale king is firſt repreſentit in the blume of youtheid, with his luſtie attendaunts, the atributis, or*

qualiteis,

qualiteis, of youthe: Stanza I. *to* IX. *Nixt is pictured furthe the Palais of* PLESOUR, *neirby the caſtel of King Hart, with it's luvelie habitants, ſtanza* XIII. *to* XVII. *Quene Pleſance, with the helpe of hir ladyis, aſſalis King Hart's caſtel, and takis him, and maiſt of his ſervitouris, preſoneris, St.* XVIII. *to* XLV. *Petie at laſt releſis thame, and thay aſſailye the Quene Pleſance, and vinquus hir and hir ladyis in thair turne, St.* XLVI. *to* LII. *King Hart than weddis Quene Pleſance, and ſolacis himſelfe lang in hir delycius caſtel, St.* LIII. *to end of this Canto.*

CANTO II.

So far is Man's dealing with Pleſour; but now, quhan King Hart is paſt mydeild, cumis anither ſcene. For Age arryvand at the caſtel-yet of Quene Pleſance, with quham King Hart duellit evir ſyne his maryage with hir, inſiſtis on admiſſioun; quhilk he ganis; St. II. *&c. King Hart takis leif of Youtheid with meikil ſorrow, St.* VI, VII. *Age is no ſooner admittit, than Conſcience cumis alſua to the caſtel, and forcis entraunce, St.* XIII. *Conſcience beginnis to chyde the king, and Wit and Reſſoun tak pairt in the communing, St.* XVII. *&c. After this and uther aventuris, Quene Pleſance ſuddandie levis the King, St.* XLI, *and Reſſoun and Wiſdom perſuad King Hart to return to his awin palais, St.* XLIV; *that is quhan Pleſour and the Paſſiounis leve man, Reſſoun and Wiſdome rendir him his awin maiſter. Aftir ſum uther materis Decrepitude attakis, and mortalie woundis, the king, quho dies, after making his teſtament, St.* LIV. *to end.*

KING

KING HART,

ANE ALEGORYCALE POEME.

CANTO THE FIRST.

I.

KING HART, into his cumlie caſtell ſtrang,
Cloſit about with craft and meikill ure,
So ſeimlie wes he ſet his folk amang,
That he no dout had of miſaventure:
So proudlie wes he poliſt, plaine, and pure,
With youtheid and his luſtie levis grene;
So fair, ſo freſche, ſo liklie to endure,
And als ſo blyth, as bird in ſymmer ſchene.

II.

For wes he never yit with ſchouris ſchot,
Nor yit our run with ronk, or ony rayne;
In all his luſty lecam nocht ane ſpot;
Na never had experience into payne.
But alway into lyking mocht to layne;
Onlie to love, and verrie gentilnes,
He wes inclynit cleinlie to remane,
And woun under the wyng of wantownes.

III.

Yit was this wourthy wicht king under ward;
For wes he nocht at fredom utterlie.
Nature had lymmit folk, for thair rewàrd,
This gudlie king to governe and to gy;
For ſo thai keſt thair tyme to occupy.
In welthis for to wyne for thai him teitchit;
All luſtis for to love, and underly,
So prevelie thai preis him and him preitchit.

IV.

Firſt [war thair] *Strenth*, [and *Rage*,] and *Wantounes*,
Grein *Luſt*, *Diſport*, *Jeloſy*, and *Invy*;
Freſchnes, *New Gate*, *Waiſt-gude*, and *Wilfulnes*,
Delyvernes, *Fulhardenes* thairby:
Gentrice, *Fredome*, *Petie* privie eſpy,
Want-wit, *Vaingloir*, *Prodigalitie*,
Unreſt, *Nicht-walk*, and felon *Gluttony*;
Unricht, *Dyme ſicht*, with *Slicht*, and *Subtiltie*.

V.

Thir war the inwarde ythand ſervitouris,
Quhilk governours war to this nobil king;
And kepit him inclynit to thair curis.
So wes thair nocht in erde that evir micht bring
Ane of thir folk awa fra his dwelling.
Thus to thair terme thai ſerve for thair rewarde:
Danſing, diſporting, ſinging, revelling,
With *Biſſines* all blyth to pleis the lairde.

VI. This

VI.

This folk, with all the femell thai micht fang,
Quhilk numerit ane milyon and weil mo,
That wer upbred as ſervitours of lang,
And with this king wald woun, in weil and wo.
For favour, nor for feid, wald found him fro;
Unto the tyme their dait be run and paſt:
That gold, nor gude, micht gar thame fro him go;
No greif, nor grane, ſuld grayth thame ſo agaſt.

VII.

Fyve Servituris this king he had WITHOUT,
That teichit war ay treſſoun to eſpy.
Thai watchit ay the wallis round about,
Fo innemeis that of hapining come by.
Ane for the day, quhilk jugeit certanly,
With cure to ken the colour of all hew:
Ane for the nicht, that harknit biſſely
Out of quhat airt that evir the wyndis blew.

VIII.

Syne wes thair ane to taiſt all nutriment
That to this king wes ſervit at the deis:
Ane uther wes all favellis for ſent
Of licour, or of ony luſtie meis:
The fyft thair was quhilk cuid all [ken,] but leis,
The heit, the cauld, the harde, and eke the ſoft;
Ane ganand ſervand bayth for weir and peice.
Yit hes thir folk thair king betraſit oft.

IX.

Honour perſewit to the kingis yet:
Thir folk ſaid all thai wald not lat him in;
Becaus thai ſaid the lard to feiſt wes ſet,
With all his luſtie ſervands more and myn.
Bot he ane port had enterit with ane gyn,
And up he can in haiſt to the grit toure:
And ſaid he ſuld it perall all with ſyn,
And freſche delyt with money floriſt floure.

X.

So ſtrang this king him thocht his caſtel ſtude,
With mony toure and turrat crounit hie:
About the wall their ran ane water voud,
Blak, ſtinkand, ſour, and ſalt as is the ſey;
That on the wallis wiſkit, gre be gre,
Rolding to ryis the caſtell to confound.
Bot thai within maid ſa grit melodie,
That for thair reird thai micht not heir the ſound.

XI.

With feiſtis fell, and full of jolitee,
This cumlie court thair king thai keſt to keip.
That noy hes none bot newlie novaltie,
And is nocht wount for wo to woun and weip.
Full ſendill ſad, or ſoundlie ſet to ſleip.
No wandrethe wait, ay wenis welthe endure;
Behaldis nocht, nor luikis nocht, the deip,
As thame to keip fra all miſaventure.

XII. Richt

XII.

Richt as the roſe upſpringis fro the rute,
In ruby colour reid moſt ryck of hew;
Nor waindis nocht the levis to out ſchute,
For ſchyning of the ſone that deis renew.
Thir uther flouris grené, quhyte, and blew,
Quhilk hes na craft to knaw the wynter weit;
Suppois that ſommer ſchane dois thame reſkew
That dois thame quhile our haill with ſnaw and ſleit.

XIII.

Dame PLESANCE had ane pretty place beſyd,
With freſche effeir, and mony folk in feir;
The quhilk wes parald all about with pryd,
So precious that it pryſit wes but peir;
With bulwarks braid, and mony bitter beir.
Syn wes ane brig, that hegeit was, and ſtrang;
And all, that couth attane the caſtell neir,
It maid thame for to mer amis, and mang.

XIV.

With touris grit, and ſtrongeſt fort, behold,
So craftlie with kirnellis kervin hie;
The fitchand chaynis floreiſt all of gold.
The grundin dairtis ſcharp, and bricht to ſe,
Wald mak ane hart of flint to fald and fle
For terrour, gif thai wald the caſtell ſaill;
So kervin cleir that micht na cruelté
It for to wyn in all this warld avale.

XV.

Servit this Quene Dame PLESANCE, all at richt,
Firſt *Hie Apporte*, *Bewtie*, and *Humilnes*;
With mony utheris madinis, fair and bricht,
Reuth, and *Gud Fame*, *Freedome*, and *Gentilnes*;
Conſtance, *Patience*, *Raddour*, and *Meiknes*,
Couning, *Kyndnes*, *Heyndnes*, and *Honeſtie*,
Mirth, *Luſtheid*, *Lyking*, and *Nobilnes*,
Blis, and *Blythnes*, [*Gudenes*] and pure *Pitie*,

XVI.

Thus war the ſtaitis worthyeſt and ding,
With mony mo, that ſervit to this Quene.
Ane legioun liell war ay at hir leding,
Quhen that hir court leiſt ſemble fair and clein,
In thair effeir fayr ſervice micht be ſene;
For wes thair nocht that ſemit be avyſe,
That no man micht the poynting of ane prene
Repreve; nor pece, but payntit at devyſe.

XVII.

Happenit this wourthy Quene, upon ane day,
With hir freſche court arrayit weill at richt,
Hunting to ryd hir, to deſport and play,
With mony ane luſtie ladie fair and bricht.
Hir baner ſchene, diſplayit, and on hicht,
Wes ſene abone their heidis quhayr thai rayd;
The grene ground wes illuminyt of the licht.
Freſche Bewtie had the vangarde and wes gyde.

XVIII. Ane

XVIII.

Ane legioun of thir luſtie ladies ſchene
Folowit this Quene, (trewlie this is no nay;)
Hard by this caſtell of this King ſo kene
This wourthy folk hes walit thame away;
Quhilk did the dayis watcheis to affray,
For ſeildin had thai ſene ſic folks befoir;
So merrilie thai muſter, and thai play,
Withouttin either brag, or boſt, or ſchore.

XIX.

The watcheis of the ſicht wes ſo affrayit,
Thai ran and tauld the King of thair intent;
'Lat nocht this mater, ſchir, be lang delayit;
'It war ſpeidfull ſum folk ye outwarde ſent,
'That culd reherſ what thing yon peple ment;
'Syne yow agane thairof to certifie.
'For battell byd thai bauldlie on yon bent;
'It wer bot ſchame to feinye cowartlie.

XX.

Youtheid upſtert, and cleikit on his cloik,
Was browdin all with luſtie levis grene;
Ryſe, freſch *Delyte*, lat nocht this mater ſoke;
We will go ſe quhat may this muſter mene:
So weill we ſall us it copé betuene,
Thair ſall nothing pas away unſpyit,
Syn ſall we tell the king as we have ſene,
And thair ſall nothing trewlie be denyit.

XXI. *Youtheid*

XXI.

Youtheid furth paſt, and raid on *innocence*,
Ane mylk quhyte ſteid that ambilit as the wynd;
And freſche *Delyte* raid on *benevolence*,
Throw out the meid that wald nocht byd behind.
The beymes bricht almoſt had maid thame blind,
That fra freſche *Bewtie* ſpred under the cloude,
To hir thai ſocht, and ſune thai culd hir find,
No ſaw thai nane never wes halfe ſe proude.

XXII.

The bernis both wes baſit of the ſicht,
And out of meſour marrit in thair mude;
As ſpreitles folks on blonks houſſit on hicht,
Both in ane ſtudie ſtarand ſtill thai ſtude.
Fair Calling freſchlie on hir wayis yoide,
And both thair reynyes cleikit in hir hands;
Syn to hir caſtell raid, as ſhe war woide,
And feſtenit up thir folkis in Venus' bands.

XXIII.

Becaus thair come no bodwarde ſone agane,
The King out ſent *New Gate*, and *Wantounnes*,
Grene *Luif*, *Diſport*, *Waiſt gude* that nocht can lane,
And with thame freſchlie feir *Fulehardenes*.
He bad thame ſpy the cais how that it wes,
And bring bodwart, or [he] himſelf out paſt.
Thai ſaid thay ſuld; and ſone thai can thame dres,
Full glaid thai glyde as gromés unagaiſt.

XXIV. On

XXIV.

On grund no greif quhill thai the grit oſt ſe,
Wald thai nocht reſt the rinkis ſo thai ryde.
Bot fra thai ſaw thair ſute, and thair ſemblie,
It culd thame bre, and biggit thame to byde.
Dreid of Diſdane on fute ran thame beſyde,
Said thame bewar ſen *Wiſdome* is away:
'For and ye prik amang thir folk of pryde,
'A pane ye ſall be reſtit be the way.'

XXV.

Fule hardenes full freſchlie furth he flang,
A fure leynth fer beſoir his feiris fyve;
And *Wantones*, ſuppois he had the wrang,
Him folowit on als faſt as he micht dryve;
So thai wer lyke amang thameſelf to ſtryve.
The four-ſum baid, and huyit on the grene.
Freſch *Bewtie* with ane wyſk come [up] belyve,
And thame all reiſtit war thai never ſo keine.

XXVI.

With that the fourſum fayn thay wald have fled
Agane unto thair caſtell, and thair king.
Thai gave ane ſchout, and ſone thai have thame ſched,
And biſſelie thai kan thame bundin bring
Agane unto the Quene; and bandis thring
About thair handis and [thair] feit ſo faſt,
Quhill that thai maid thame with thair tormenting
Haly of thair lyvis half agaſt.

XXVII. The

XXVII.

The watchis on the kingis walls hes ſene
The chaſſing of the folk, and thair ſuppryce.
Upſtart King HART in propir yre and tein,
And baldlie bad his folk all with him ryce.
'I ſall not ſit,' he ſaid, 'and ſe thame thryſe
'Diſcomfit clein my men, and put at under:
'Na we ſa wrik us on ane uther wyſe,
'Set we be few, to thame be fifty hounder.

XXVIII.

Than out thai raid all to a random richt,
This courtlie King, and all his cumlie oſt;
His buirlie bainer brathit up on hicht;
And out thai blew with brag and mekle boſt
'That lady and hir lynnage ſuld be loſt.'
Thai cryit on hicht thair ſoinye wounder loud.
Thus come thai keynlie carpand on the coſt;
Thai preik, thai praunce, as princis that war woude.

XXIX.

Dame PLESANCE hes her folk arrayit weill,
Fra that ſcho ſaw thai wald battell abyde.
So *Bewté* with hir wangarde gane to reill,
The greiteſt of thair oſt ſcho can our ryd.
Syne freſche *Apport* come on the tother ſyd,
So biſſelie ſcho wes to battell bowne,
That all that ever ſcho micht ourtak that tyde
Horſis and men with brount ſcho ſtraik all doune.

XXX. Richt

XXX.

Richt thair King HART he hes in handis tane,
And puirlie wes he preſent to the Quene;
And ſcho had fairlie with ane fedderit flayne
Woundit the King richt wounderful to wein.
Delyverit him Deme *Bewté* unto ſene
His wound to weſche, in ſobering of his fair;
Bot always as ſcho caſtis it to clene,
His malady increſſis mair and mair.

XXXI.

Woundit he wes, and quhair that he na wait;
And mony of his folk hes tane the flicht.
He ſaid, 'I yeild me now to your eſtait,
'Fayr Quene! ſen to reſiſt I have no micht.
'Quhat will ye ſay me now for quhaten plycht?
'For that I wait I did you never offence.
'And gif I have done ocht that is unricht,
'I offer me to your benevolence.'

XXXII.

Be this battell wes neir [hand] vincuſt all;
The kingis men ar tane, and mony ſlane.
Dame PLESANCE [than] can on freſch *Bewtie* call,
Bad hir command the folk to preſoun plane.
King HART ſair woundit was, bot he wes fayne,
For weill he traiſtit that he ſuld recure,
The Lady and her oſt went hame agane,
And mony preſoner taken under cure.

XXXIII.

King HART his caſtell levit hes full waiſt,
And *Hevenes* maid capitane it to keip.
Radour ran hame, full fleyit and forchaiſt,
Him for to hyde crap in the dungeoun deip.
Langour he lay upon the walls but ſleip,
But meit, or drink: the watché horne he blew.
Ire was the portour, that full ſayr can weip;
And *Jelouſy* ran out; he wes never trew.

XXXIV.

He ſaid he ſuld be ſpy, and bodwait bring,
Bayth nicht and day, how that his maiſter fure.
He folowit faſt on fute eftir the king
Unto the caſtell of Dame PLESANCE pure.
In the preſoun fand he mony creature;
Sum fetterit faſt; and [uthers] fre and large
Quhairever thame liſt within the wallis fure.
Sone *Jelouſy* him hid under ane targe.

XXXV.

Thair ſaw he *Luſt* by law [ly] under lok,
In ſtreinye ſtrang faſt fetterit fute and hand.
Grene *Lüif* lay bundin with ane felloun blok
About the crag wes claſpit with ane band.
Youtheid wes lous, and ay about waverand.
Deſyre lay ſtokkit by ane dungeoun dure.
Yet *Honeſtie* [culd] keip him fayr farrand;
And *Waiſtgud* followand him quhairever he fure.

XXXVI. *Diſcretioun*

XXXVI.

Diſcretioun wes as then bot young of age;
He ſleipit with *Luſt* quhairever he micht him find:
And he agane wes crabbit at the page;
Ane ladill full of luif, ſtude him behind,
He ſuakit in his ene, and made him blinde;
Sua that fra that tyme furth he micht nocht ſe:
'Speik thow ane wourde thy four feet ſall I bind,
'Syn ſtroak the our the wallis in the ſe.

XXXVII.

Biſſnes, *New Gate*, *Freſchnes*, and ſyn *Diſporte*,
Fredome, *Gentrice*, *Cunning*, and *Fair Manere*;
All thir wer lous daylie, and yeid overthort
To clois befoir the dungeoun windo neir;
Quhair wynnit fair Dame PLESANCE that wes cleir,
Quhilk hes eſpyit richt weill thair governance;
And lauchan ſche commandit tymés ſeir
Thame to await upon thair obſervance.

XXXVIII.

This luſtie Quene, within hir dungeoun ſtrang,
Coud deſyir ay hir ladies hir about.
And as ſcho liſt ſcho lerit thame to mang,
That wald be in all folk that war without.
For *Hie Apporte* ſcho is hir capitane ſtout;
Bewtie hir baner beris hir beforne;
Dame *Chaiſtetie* hir chalmarere bot dout;
And *Strangénes* hir portare can weill ſcorne.

XXXIX. *Fayr*

XXXIX.

Fayr Calling is grit garitour on hicht,
That watchis ay the wallis hie abone;
And *Sueit Semblance* is marſchal in hir ſicht,
As ſcho commandis ſo ſwyth all is done.
Sa is thair [lakt] nocht muſik nor of tune,
The ladeis ſueit thai mak ſic melodie;
Quhat wicht, that micht it heir, ſuld jugé ſone
To angell ſong, and hewinlie armony.

XL.

King HART intill ane previe cloſit crappe,
Was neir the dungeoun wall, neiby the ground;
Sua he micht heir and ſe, ſic wes his happe,
The meikill mirth, the melodie, and ſound,
Quhilk fra the wallis ſueitlie can redound
In at his eir, and ſink into his hairt;
And thairin wirkis mony previe wound,
That dois oft syis him ſtang with ſtoundis ſmart.

XLI.

Ay ſeik he is, and ever he hes his heill,
In battale ſtrang, and hes both pece and reſt;
The ſchairpe, and als the ſoft, can with him deill;
The ſueit, the ſour, both rewle and als unreſt,
Dame *Danger* hes of dolour to him dreſt,
(Ane paſſioun that na proudnes hes without)
With teiris weit ar rottin, may nocht leſt,
Faſt brikand by the bordours all about.

XLII. Bot

XLII.

Bot *Youthheid* had him maid ane courtlie cote,
Als grene as gers; with goldin ſtremis bricht
Brouden about; faſt bukkillit to his throte:
A wourthy weid, weill cloſand, and full licht.
Ane wyſar, that wes payntit for the ſicht,
As ruby reid, and part of quhyt amang;
Off coulours micht thair nane be freſchlie dicht,
Bot *Hevines* had faſſonit it all wrang.

XLIII.

This wourthy King in preſoun thus culd ly,
With all his folk, and culd thair nane out brek.
Full oft thai kan upon dame *Petie* cry;
'Fair thing! cum doun a quhyl, and with us ſpeik.
'Cum: farar way ye micht your harmes wrek,
'Than thus to murdour us that yoldin ar.
'Wald ye us rew, quhairevir we micht our reik,
'We ſuld men be to you for evir mair.'

XLIV.

Than anſwert *Danger*, and ſaid, 'That wer grete doute!
'A madin ſueit amang ſa mony men
'To cum alane, bot folk war hir about;
'That is ane craft myſelf culd never ken.'
With that ſcho ran unto the Lady kene;
Kneland, 'Madame,' ſcho ſaid, 'keip *Pitie* faſt.
'Sythens ſcho aſk, no licence to her lene;
'May ſcho wyn out, ſcho will play you a caſt.'

XLV.

Than *Danger* to the duir tuik gude keip,
Both nycht and day, that *Pitie* ſuld nocht pas.
Quhill all fordwart, in [the] defalt of ſleip,
Scho biſſelie as fortravalit ſcho was;
Fair Calling gaif hir drink into ane glas:
Sone after that to ſleip ſcho went anone.
Pitie was war that ilk [wes] prettie cas,
And prevelie out at the dure is gone.

XLVI.

The dure on chare it ſtude; all wes on ſleip;
And *Pitie* doun the ſtair full ſone is paſt.
This *Biſſines* hes ſene, and gave gud keip:
Dame *Pitie* hes he hint in armes faſt.
He callit on *Luſt*, and he come at the laſt,
His bandis gart he birſt in peces ſmale:
Dame *Pitie* wes gritlie feirit and agaſt.
Be that wes *Comfort* croppin in our the wall.

XLVII.

Sone come *Delyte*, and he begouth to danse;
Grene *Love* upſtert, and can his ſpreittis ta.
Full weill is me, ſaid *Diſporte*, of this chance,
For now I traiſt gret melody to ma.
All in ane rout unto the dure thai ga;
And *Pietie* put thairin froſt thame befoir.
Quhat was thair mair but, 'Harro! Take, and ſlay!'
The hous is wone withouttin brag or ſchoir.

XLVIII. The

XLVIII.

The courtenes all of gold about the bed
Weill ſtentit was quhair fair Dame PLESANCE lay;
Than new *Deſyr*, als gredie as ane glade,
Come rinnand in, and maid ane grit deray.
The Quene is walknit with ane felloun fray,
Up gliſint, and beheld ſcho wes betrayd;
'Yeild yow, madame,' on hicht can Schir *Luſt* ſay:
A wourde ſcho culd not ſpeik ſcho was ſo abayd.

XLIX.

'Yeild yow, madame;' grene *Luſt* culd ſay all ſone;
'And fairlie ſall we governe yow and youris.
'Our lord King HARTIS will muſt now be done,
'That yit is law amang the nether bouris;
'Our lang, madame, ye keipit thir hie towris;
'Now thank we none bot Pitie us ſuppleit.'
Dame *Danger* [than] into ane nuke ſcho kouris;
And quakand thair the quene ſcho lay for dreid.

L.

Than *Buſtéouſnes* came with brag and boſt,
All that ganeſtude he ſtraik deid in the flure.
Dame PLESANCE ſaid, 'Sall we this gate be loſt?
'Bring up the King, lat him in at the dure.
'In his gentrice richt weill I dar aſſure.'
Thairfoir ſueit *Comfort* cryit upon the King;
Than *Biſſines*, that cunning creature,
To ſerve Dame PLESANCE ſone thair can him bring.

LI.

So ſueit ane ſwell as ſtraik onto his hairt
Quhen that he ſaw Dame PLESANCE at his will!
'I yield me, ſchir, and do me nocht to ſmart,'
(The fayr Quene ſaid upon this wyſe him till)
'I ſauf youris, ſuppois it be no ſkill.
'All that I have, and all that myne may be,
'With all my hairt I offer heir yow till;
'And aſkis nocht bot ye be trew till me.'

LII.

Till that [quhilk] *Love*, *Deſyr*, and *Luſt* devyſit,
Thus fair Dame PLESANCE ſweitlie can aſſent.
Than ſuddenlie Schir HART him now diſgyſit,
On gat his amouris clok or ever he ſtent.
Freſchlie to feiſt thir amouris folk ar went.
Blythnes wes firſt brocht bodwart to the hall;
Dame *Chaſtetie*, that ſelie innocent,
For wo yeid wode, and flaw out owr the wall.

LIII.

The luſtie Quene ſcho ſat in mid the deis;
Befoir hir ſtude the nobil wourthy King.
Servit thai war of mony dyvers meis,
Full ſawris ſueit and ſwyth thai culd thame bring.
Thus thai maid ane [richt] mirrie marſchalling;
Beutie and *Love* ane hait burde hes begun:
In werſchip of that luſtie feiſt ſo ding,
Dame PLESANCE has gart perce Dame Venus' tun.

End of CANTO *the* FIRST.

KING

KING HART,

Canto the Second.

I.

QUHA is at eis, quhen bayth ar now in blis,
Bot freſche King Hart that cleirlie is above;
And wantis nocht in warld, that he wald wis,
And traiſtis nocht that ever he ſall remove.
Scoir yeirs, and moir, Schir *Lyking*, and Schir *Luif*,
Off him thai have the cure and governance.
Quhill at the laſt befell, and ſua behuif,
Ane changing new that grevit Dame Plesance.

II.

A morowing tyde, quhen at the ſone ſo ſchene
Out raſchit had his bemis frome the ſky,
Ane auld gude man befoir the yet wes ſene,
Apone ane ſtéid that raid full eaſalie.
He rappit at the yet, but curtaſlie;
Sit at the ſtraïk the grit dungeoun can din,
An at the laſt he ſchowted fellonlie,
And bad thame rys, and ſaid he wald cum in.

III.

Sone *Wantounnes* come to the wall abone,
And cryit our, 'Quhat folk ar ye thair without?'
"My name is *Age*," ſaid he agane full ſone;
"May thow not heir? Langar how I culd ſchout!"
'What war your will?' "I will cum in but doubt."
'Now God forbid! In fayth ye cum nocht heir.
'Rin on thy ways, [or] thow ſall beir ane route:
'And ſay the portare, he is wounder ſweir.'

IV.

Sone *Wantounnes* he went unto the King,
And tald him all the cais how that it ſtude.
'That taill, [quoth he,] I traiſt be na leiſing,
'He was to cum. That wiſt I be the rude.
'It dois me noy, be God, in bane and blude,
'That he ſuld cum ſa ſone! Quhat haiſt had he!'
The Quene ſaid [than] "To hald him out war gude."
'That wald I fayne war done, and it micht be.'

V.

Youtheid upſtart and knelit befoir the King;
'Lord, with your leif, I may na langar byde.
'My wariſoun, (I wald that with me bring)
'Lord pay to me; and gif me leif to ryd.
'For micht I langar reſyde yow beſyde,
'Full fayne I wald, no war my felloun fa.
'For dout of *Age*, Schir King, yet lat me ſlyde;
'For and I byd in fayth he will me ſla.'

VI. Sen

VI.

" Sen thow man pas fair *Youtheid* wa is me!
" Thow wes my freynd, and maid me gude ſervice.
" Fra thow be went never ſo blyth to be
" I mak ane vow, [al] thoch that it be nyce.
" Off all blythnes thy bodie beirs the pryce.
" To wareſoun I gif thé, or thow ga,
" This freſche viſur, was payntit at devyce.
" My luſt alway with thé ſe that thow ta.

VII.

" For ſaik of thé I will no colour reid,
" Nor luſtie quhyte, upon my bodie beir;
" Bot blak and gray, alway quhill I be deid,
" I will non uther wantoun wedis weir.
" Fayrweil my freynd! Thow did me never deir!
" Unwelcum *Age* thow come agane my will!
" I lat thé wit I micht thé weill forbeir.
" Thy wareſoun ſuld be [richt] ſmal but ſkill.

VIII.

Than *Youtheid* ſaid, ' *Diſport* and *Wantounes*,
' My brether both, diſpone ye with me ryde.'
Upſtart on fute lyfly *Delyverance*;
Said, ' Schirris, I pray yow tak me for your gyde,
' Trow ye that I ſall lye heirin to hyde
' This wourthy craft that Nature to me gaif?
' Na! Na! This couartnes ſall nocht betyde!
' Fair on! I ſall be formeſt of the laif,'

IX.

Out at ane previe poſtroune all thai paſt;
And wald nocht byd all-out to tak thair leif.
Than fra'che *Delyte* come rynnand wonder faſt,
And with ane pull gat *Youtheid* be the ſleif:
'Abyd! Abyd! Gud ſallow, thé nocht grief,
'Len me thy clok, to gys me for ane quhyle:
'Want I that weid in fayth I will miſchief.
'Bot I ſall follow ye within ane myle.

X.

Delyte come in, and all that ſaw his bak
Thai weint it had bein *Youtheid* bundin ſtill.
Bot aftirwart, quhen that thai with him ſpak,
Thai knew it wes ane feinye made thame till.
Sen quhen he had diſportit him his fill,
His courtlie clok begouth to fayd of hew,
Thriftles, threid bair, and reddy for to ſpill,
Lyk failyeit blak, quhilk wes befoir tyme blew.

XI.

Yit wald he nocht away all uterlie,
Bot of retinew fert he him as than;
And, or he wiſt, he ſpeidit ſpeidilie
The flour of all the ſubſtance that he wan:
So wourde he pure and pourit to the ſpan.
Yet *Appetyt*, his ſone, he bad duell ſtill.
Bot, wot ye weill, he wes ane ſory man
For falt of gude he wantit all his will.

XII.

Be that wes *Age* enterit, and the firſt
His branchis braid out bayr he mony [loir.]
Unwylcum was the noy, quhen that thai wiſt,
For folowand him thair come fyve hunder ſcor
Off heiris that King HART had none befoir.
And quhen that fayr dame PLESANCE had thame ſene,
Scho grevit, and ſcho angerit weill moir;
Hir face ſcho wryit about for propir teyne.

XIII.

Scantlie had *Age* reſtit him thair ane quhyle,
Quhen *Conſcience* come cryand our the wall;
'How lang think ye to hald me in exile?
'Now, on my ſaul, ye ar bot lurdans all!
'And ſum of yow, be God, ſhall have ane fall,
'May I him meit fra preſence of the king.
'All fals tratours I may yow full weill call
'That ſervit weill be draw both heid and hing.'

XIV.

Fra *Age* [had] hard that *Conſcience* was cuming,
Full ſone he rais belyve, and leit him in.
Sadnes he had, (ane clok fra meture muming
He had upon,) and wes of *Ageis* kin:
It war richt hard thay tua in ſunder twin,
Thairfoir aftir his bak he ran anone.
In mid the clois thair *Conſcience* met with *Syn*,
Ane felloun rout he laid on his rig-bone.

XV. *Conſcience*

XV.

Conſcience to *Sin* gave ſic ane [angrie] dynt,
Quhill to the erde he flaw and lay at under;
Yit *Conſcience* his breiſt hurt with the hynt;
Bot *Sadnes* has [ſone] put this tua in ſunder.
Folie and *Vyce* into thair wit thay wounder
Quhow ſic ane maiſter-man ſo ſone ſuld rys,
In mid the cloiſ, on luikand, neir fyve hunder
The kingis folk, to ding and to ſuppryſe.

XVI.

Thai war adred, and ſone hes tane the flicht;
Syne in an hirne to hyde ſone can thame hy,
Than *Conſcience* cum to the kingis ſicht,
Out at ane dore ran *Falſet*, and *Invy*,
Gredie *Deſyr*, and gameſome *Gluttony*,
Vaunt, and *Vane gloir*, with new grene *Appetyt*;
For *Conſcience* luikit ſa fellounlie,
They ran away out of his preſens quyt.

XVII.

'God blis the lord; (thus *Conſcience* can ſay,)
'This quhyle bygane thow hes bene all to glaid.
'' Ya, *Conſcience*; and yit fayne wald I play;
'' Bot now my hart [it] waxis wounder ſaid.
'Thai have bene weikit counſalours thow had,
'Wiſt thou the ſuth, as thow ſall after heir;
'For, wit thow weill, their burding [ay] wes bad;
'The rute is bitter; ſcharp as ony breir.

XVIII. Thy

XVIII.

'Thy treſour have thai falſly fra thé tane,
'(Thir wickit folk thow wenit had bene trew;)
'And ſtowan away fra thé, [be] ane and ane;
'For think, Thai never cum thé for to glew.
'Quhair is thy garment grene of gudlie hew?
'And thy freſche face, that *Youtheid* to thé maid?
'Thow bird, think ſhame, and of thy riot rew,
'Saw thow thyſelf into thy colour ſad.

XIX.

'Now mervale nocht, ſuppois I with thé chyde;
'For, wit thow weill, my hairt is wounder wa.
'Ane uther day, quhan thow may nathing hyde,
'I maun accuſe thé as thy propir fa.
'Off thy vane werk firſt witnes thow me ta,
'Quhen all thy jolitie hes bene juſtifyit;
'It grevis me that thow ſuld graceles ga
'To waiſt thy weilfair, and thy welthe ſo wyde.'

XX.

As *Conſcience* was chydand thus on hicht,
Reaſoun, and *Wit*, richt at the yet thai rang,
With rappis loud, for it drew neir the nicht;
Bad lat thame in for thai had ſtandin lang.
Sayd *Conſcience*, 'In gude fayth this is wrang!
'Gif me the key, I ſall be portar now.'
So come thai in, ilkane throw uther, thrang,
Syn with ane wyſk almeſt I wait nocht how.

XXI. *Reſſoun*

XXI.

Reſſoun ran on quhair at *Diſcretioun* lay.
Into ane nuke, quhar no man cuth him find;
And with his knyfe he ſchure the fleſche away
That bred upon his ene, and maid him blind.
Syne gaif he him the thuide ewin behind;
'Now may thow ſe. Get up! No langar ly.
'And ſcouner nocht to ryd in rane and wynd:
'Quhairever I be, ſe that thow be neirby.'

XXII.

The King begouth to ſpeik upon this wyſe;
"Fayr *Conſcience*, ye ar to crabbit now.
"Your ſoverane and your lord for to ſuppryſe
"Thair is no man of gude will ye allow.
"Quhat have I done that thus hes crabbit yow?
"I followit counſale alway for the beſt.
"And gif thai war untrew, I dar avow,
"*Nature* did mis ſic folk upon me caſt.

XXIII.

"*Nature* me bred ane beiſt into my neſt,
"And gaif to me *Youtheid* firſt ſervitour;
"That I no fute micht fund, be eiſt nor weſt,
"Bot ever in warde in tutourſchip and cure;
"And *Wantounes* quha was to me more ſure.
"Sic *Nature* to me brocht, and firſt devyſit
"Me for to keip fra all miſaventure.
"Quhat blame ſerve I, this way to be ſuppryſit?

XXIV. "Y

XXIV.

" Ye did greit mis, fayr *Conſcience*, be your leif,
" Gif that ye war of kyn and blude to me,
" That ſleuthfullie ſuld lat your tyme our fleif;
" And come thus lait. How ſuld ye aſk your fe?
" The ſteid is ſtown, ſteik the dure; lat ſe
" Quhat may avale, God wait! the ſtall to turne?
" And gif that ye be ane counſellar ſle,
" Quhy ſuld ye ſleuthfullie your tyme forſurne?

XXV.

" Off all my harme, and drerie indigence,
" Giff thair be ocht amys, me think, perdé,
" That ye ar caus verray of my offence;
" And ſuld ſuſtene the bitter pairt for me.
" Mak anſuer now. Quhat can ye ſay? Lat ſe!
" Yourſelf excuſe and mak yow foule or clene.
" *Reſſoun* cum heir ye ſall our juge [now] be;
" And in this caus gif ſentens us betwene.

XXVI.

" Schir, be your leif, into my propir caus
" Suppois I ſpeik, ye ſuld nocht be diſpleſit."
Said *Conſcience*, ' Thir ar villanus laus,
' Gif I ſuld be the caus ye ar diſeſit.
' Ane young counſale in yow ſa lang was ſeizit,
' That hes your treſſour and your gude deſtroyit.
' Richt fayne wald I with meſour it war meiſit,
' For of your harme God wait gif I be noyit.

XXVII. Ye

XXVII.

'Ye put grit wyt that I ſo lang abaid,
'Gif that I culd with counſale yow avale:
'Schir, traiſt [ye] weill ane verrie caus I had,
'Or ellis wer no reſſoun in my tale.
'My terme wes ſet by ordour naturale,
'To quhattin work allway I moſt obey;
'Nor dar I nocht be no way mak travale,
'Bot quhair I ſe my maiſter get a ſuey.

XXVIII.

'For ſtand he on his feit, and ſtakkir nocht,
'Thir hundreth yeir ſall cum into his hald.
'Bot nevertheles, ſchir, all thing ye have wrocht
'With help of *Wiſdome*, and his willis wald,
'I ſall reforme it blythlie. Be ye bald:
'And *Youtheid* have [the] wyt of your miſdeed.
'Thairfoir requyr ye *Reſſoun* mony fald,
'That he his rollis raithlie to yow reid.'

XXIX.

Reſſoun rais up, and in his rollis he brocht;
'Gif I ſall ſay the ſentence ſall be plane;
'Do never the thing that ever may ſcayth thé ocht;
'Keip meſour and trouth, for thairin lyes na trayne.
'*Diſcretioun* ſuld ay with King HART remane;
'Thir uthir young folk-ſervands ar bot fulis.
'*Experience* mais *Knawlege* now agane;
'And barnis young ſuld lerne at auld mens' ſculis.

XXX. 'Quha

XXX.

'Quha guſtis ſueit, and feld never of the ſour,
'Quhat can he ſay? How may he ſeaſoun juge?
'Quha ſittis hait, and feld never cauld ane hour,
'Quhat wedder is thairout under the luge
'How ſuld he wit? That war ane mervale huge!
'To by richt blew, that never ane hew had ſene!
'Ane ſervand be, that never had ſene ane fuge!
'Suppois it ryme it accords nocht all clene.

XXXI.

'To wys the richt, and to disuse the wrang,
'That is my ſcule to all that liſt to leyr.
'But *Wiſdom* gif ye ſuld duell us amang,
'Methink ye duell our lang; put doun your ſpeir,
'Ye micht weill mak ane end of all this weir;
'Wald ye furth ſchaw your wourthy documents,
'For is thair none that [ever] can forbeyr
'The work of *Vyce*, withouttin your defence.

XXXII.

Wit ſaid, 'Schir King be war, or ye be wa,
'(For *Forſicht* he hes [now] full lang bein ſlemit)
'Unto knawing thy freynd for be thy fa,
'Giff thow will have thy cuntré all weill yemit.
'And be thow weill, to hald thé ſo it ſemis;
[Neir weinand aucht to do that war amis:]
'Eftir thy dethe thy deidis man be demit,
'Be thy deſert outher to bail or blis.

XXXIII. *Honour*

XXXIII.

Honour he raid the caſtell round about
Upon ane ſteid that wes als quhyte as mylk.
" Is *Eis* thairin?" cryit he [ay] with ane ſchout.
Dame PLESANCE ſpak, (hir face hid with ane ſylk,)
' He is ane governour of ours that ilk.
Wit ſaid, ' Cum in! Full welcum to thir wanis!'
" I compt not all your werkis wurth ane wilk:
" Ye ſall nocht harber me and *Eis* at anis."

XXXIV.

Worſchip of Weir come on the tother ſyde,
Upon ane ſteid rampand was reid as blude;
He cryit on *Strenth*, ' Cum out man! Be my gyde.
' I can nocht ryde out-our this water woude.'
Dame PLESANCE harde and on hir wayis ſcho yeid
Richt to the King, and bad him *Strenth* arreiſt;
' I wald not, ſchir, for mekle warldlie gude
' Want Strenth ane hour quhenevir we go to feiſt.

XXXV.

' In all diſport he may us gritlie vaill,
' Gif him na leif, bot hald him quhill ye may.'
The King full weill had harde Dame PLESANCE tale,
And *Strenth* he hes arreiſtit be the way.
' Abyd!' he ſaid: ' we ſall anither day
' Seik *Worſchip* at our will and us avance.
' I dreid me ſair, Schir *Strenth*, of that delay;
' For aumés hes both happie tyme and chance.

XXXVI. *Strenth*

XXXVI.

Strenth ſaid; 'Now I am grene, and in my flouris,
'Fain wald I follow *Wirſchip*, and I micht.
'For, gif I byd, in fayth the falt is youris,
'I man obey to yow ſen that is richt.
''Now ſe I weill, Dame PLESANCE, his grit ſlicht
''And fy on *Eis* that *Honour* haldis out;
''He is the man micht bring us all to hicht;
''Lo quhair he rydis bakwarde with his route!'

XXXVII.

With this *Bewtie* come in the Kingis ſicht;
Full reverendlie ſcho knelit in his preſence;
'Dame PLESANCE ſayis, ſchir, that ye do unricht,
'Durſt I it ſay unto your hie reverence,
'Ye have diſpleſit hir hie magnificence,
'That ſuld let *Conſcience* in hir caſtell cum,
'He is hir fo, and dois hir grit offence,
'And oft tymes can her ſervitours ourcum.

XXXVIII.

Thairwith the King upſtart, and turnit abak
On *Conſcience*, and all his court on feir;
And to the Quene the richt way can he tak,
Full ſuddanlie in armis hint the cleir.
Scho wryit about, to kys ſcho wes full ſueir;
Than he agane full fayrlie to hir ſpak;
'No! Be no wraith with me, my lady deir!
'For as I may I ſall yow mirrie mak.

XXXIX.

'Thoch *Conſcience* and *Wiſdome* me to keip
'Be cumin both, I ſall thame weill begyle:
'For trewlie quhan [that] thai ar gané to ſleip
'I ſall be heir within ane bonny quhyle;
'My ſolace ſall I ſleylie thus our ſyle.
'*Richt* ſall nocht reſt me alway with his rewle;
'Thoch I be quhylum bowſum as ane waile,
'I ſall be cruikit quhill I mak him fule.

XL.

Dame PLESANCE [ſaid], 'My freyndis now ar flede;
'The luſtie folk that ye furth with yow brocht.
'Methink thir carlis ar nocht courtlie cled!
'Quhat joy have I of thame? I compt thame nocht.
'*Youtheid*, and freſche *Delyte*, micht thai be brocht!
'For with thair ſervice I am richt weill kend.
'Fayne wald I that ye ſend men and thame ſocht,
'Althoch it war unto the warldis end.'

XLI.

The Quene wourde wrayth; the king wes ſone adred;
For hir diſdane he culd nocht gudlie beir.
Thai ſowpit ſone, and ſyne thai bownit to bed,
Sadnes cum in and rownit in his eir:
Dame PLESANCE hes perſavit hir new feyr;
And airlie, afore the ſon, ſcho gan to ryſe
Out of the bed, and turſt up all hir geir.
The King wes ſound on ſleip, and ſtill he lyis.

XLII. Horſis

XLII.

Horſis and harnes hint ſcho hes in haiſt;
With all hir folk ſcho can hir wayis fayr.
Be this it wes full neir myd-day almaiſt,
Than come *Diſeis* in ryding with ane rair;
'The Quene is went, allace, I wait nocht quhair!'
The King began to wak, and harde the beir:
Than *Jeloſie* cum ſtrekand up the ſtair,
To ſerve the King, and drew him wounder neir.

XLIII.

Reſſoun come in: 'Schir King, I reid ye ryſe,
'Thair is ane grit pairt of this fayr day run;
'The ſone wes at the hicht, and dounwarde hyis.
'Quhair is the theſaure now that ye have woun?
'This drink wes ſueit ye fand in Venus' tun!
'Sone eftir this it ſall be ſtaill and foure;
'Thairfoir of it I reid no moir ye cun:
'Lat it ly ſtill, and pleis your paramour.'

XLIV.

Than *Wiſdome* ſayis, 'Schape for ſum governance;
'Sen fayr Dame PLESANCE on hir ways is went.
'In your laſt da s yow may yourſelf avance,
'Gif that ye wourde of the ſame indigent.
'Go to your place, and yow thairin preſent;
'The caſtell yet is ſtrang aneuche to hald.
'Than *Sadnes* ſaid, 'Sir King ye man aſſent;
'Quhat have ye now ado in this waiſt fald?

XLV.

The King hes harde thair counſale at the laſt,
And halelie aſſentit to thair ſaw.
'Mak redie ſone,' he ſayis, 'and ſpeid yow faſt.'
Full ſuddanlie thai can the clarioun blaw;
On hors thai lap, and raid thai all on raw
To his awin caſtell, quhairin he wes brede.
Langour the watche, attour the kirnale flaw;
And *Hevines* to the grit dungeoun flede.

XLVI.

He cryit, 'Schir King welcome to thy awin place!
'I have it keipit trewlie ſen thow paſt.
'Bot I have meikill mervale of thy face,
'That changeit is lyk [with] ane winter blaſt.
"Ya *Hevines*,' the King ſaid at the laſt,
"Now have I this with fer mo harmés hint:
"Quhilk grevis me, quhen I my comptis kaſt,
"How I freſche *Youtheid* and his fallowis tynt.

XLVII.

Strenth wes as then faſt fadit of his flouris,
Bot ſtill yit with the King he can abyde;
Quhill at the laſt in the hochis he cowris,
Than prevelie out at the yet can ſlyde.
He ſtall away, and went on wayis wyde,
And ſocht quhair *Youtheid*, and his feiris, wounde:
Full ſuddanlie, ſuppois he had na gyde,
Behinde ane hill he hes his feiris funde.

XLVIII. Swa,

XLVIII.

Swa, on ane day, the dayis watchis tua
Come [in;] and ſaid thai ſaw ane felloun miſt.
'Ya,' ſayd *Wiſdome*, 'I wiſt it wald be ſa:
'That is ane ſang befoir ane hevie triſt!
'That is perell to cum, quhaeir it wiſt
'For, on ſum ſyde, thair ſall us folk aſſaill.'
The King ſat ſtill; to travail he nocht liſt;
And hernit ſyn a quhyle to *Wit* his taill.

XLIX.

Deſyre wes daylie at the chalmer dure;
And *Jelouſie* wes never of his preſence;
Ire kepit ay the yet, with meikle cure;
And *Wretchitnes* wes hyde into the ſpence.
'Sic folk as thir,' he ſaid, 'to mak defence,
'With all thair familie fullie hundreths fyve!'
Schir *Eis* he was the griteſt of reverence;
Beſt lovit with the King of leid on lyve.

L.

Unto the yet cum rydand on ane day
Wirſchip of Weir, quhilk ſawis *Honour* hie;
'Go to the King,' with ſture voce can he ſay,
'Speir gif ony office he hes for me;
'For, and him liſt, I will him ſerve for fee.'
Wyſdome come to the wall, cryand our agane;
'Man ſeik thy fortoun with *Adverſitie*;
'It is nocht heir ſic thing as thow ſuld gane.

LI.

'*Strenth* is away, outſtolling lyk ane theif,
'Quhilk keipet ay the theſaure of eſtait:
'Thair is no man ſuld charis thé ſa leif.
'Thir uther folk of wirſchip ar full bleit.'
Wirſchip of Weir agane with *Wyſdome* ſtate;
'Quhy wald ye nocht me ſe quhen *Strenth* ye had?'
Thairwith come *Eis*; ſad, 'I ſit warme and hait;
'Quhen thai thairout ſall be with ſtouris ſtade.'

LII.

Wirſchip ſayis, '*Ware* I wait ye have at hand,
'Quhilk ſall aſſailye your wallis hie and ſtrang.'
Than *Wyſdome* ſaid, 'Dame PLESANCE, ſueit ſembland,
'In youtheid wald nocht thole us *Wirſchip* fang.
'Adew, fayrweill!' (*Wirſchip* ſayis) 'now I gang
'To ſeik my craft into the warldis end.'
But *Wyſdome* ſayis, 'Tak you *Diſeis* amang;
'And wait on me als quhylum quhair ye wend.

LIII.

'For, do ye nocht, ye may nocht weill oft heif.
"What is your name?" '*Wiſdome* for ſuyth I hecht.
"All wrang, God wait! oft tymes, ſchir, be your leif
"My aventure will ſchape out of your ſicht:
"Bot nevir the les may fall that ye have richt.
"Reuth have I none, outlak fortoun and chance,
"That mane I ay perſew both day and nicht;
"*Eis* I defy to hing in his balance.'

LIV. Richt

LIV.

Richt as thir tuo ware talkand [faſt] in feir,
Ane hiddous oſt thai ſaw cum our the mure;
Decrepitus, (his baner ſchane nocht cleir)
Was at the hand, with mony chiftanis ſture.
A trudge bak that cairful cative bure;
And crukit was his laythlie limmis bayth.
Bot ſmirk, or ſmyle, bot rather for to ſmure,
Bot ſcoup, or ſkiſt, his craft is all to ſcayth.

LV.

Within ane quhyle the caſtell all about
He ſeigit faſt with mony ſow and gyne:
And thai within gaif mony hidduwus ſchout.
For thai war wonder waking, HART, to thyne!
The grundin ganyeis, and grit gunnis ſyne,
Thai ſchut without: within thai ſtanis caſt.
King HART ſayis, 'Had the hous for it is myne;
'Gif it nocht our als lang as we may leſt.'

LVI

Thus thai within had maid full grit defence,
Ay quhill thai micht the wallis [hie] have yemit.
Quhill, at the laſt, thai wantit thame diſpence,
Ewill purvayit folk, and ſa weill ſtemit!
Thair tunnis, and thair tubbis, war all temit;
And failyet wes the fleſche that wes thair foude.
And at the laſt *Wisdome* the beſt hes demit
[*Comforte* to byd thame kepe, that he ne youde.]

LVII.

'And he be tynt in perrel put we all;
'Thairfoir had wait and lat him nocht away.'
Be this thai harde the meikle fore tour fall,
Quhilk maid thame in the dungeoun to affray.
Than rais the meikle dirdum and deray!
The barmekin birſt, thai enterit in at large:
Heidwerk, *Hoiſt*, and *Perlaſy*, maid grit pay;
And murmours mo with mony ſpeir and targe.

LVII.

Quhen that thai ſaw na bute wes to defend,
Than in thai leit *Decrepitus* full tyte.
He ſocht King HART, for he full well him kend,
And with ane ſuerde he can him ſmertlie ſmyte
His bak in tua, richt pertlie for diſpyte;
And with the brand [ſyne] brak he both his ſchinnis.
He gaif ane cry, than *Comforte* fled out quyte;
And thus this bailful bargane he begynnis.

LIX.

Reſſoun forfochtin [wes] and ewill dreſt;
And *Wiſdome* wes ay wanderand to the dure;
Conſcience lay [him] doun ane quhyle to reſt,
Becaus he ſaw the King wourd waik and pure;
For ſo in dule he micht no langar dure:
'Go ſend for *Deid*,' thus ſaid he verament;
'Yit for I weill diſpone of my theſure,
'Upon this wyſe mak I my teſtament.

LX. 'To

LX.

'To fayr dame PLESANCE ay quhen ſcho liſt ryd
'My proud palfry, *unſtedfaſtnes*, I leif;
'With *fikkilnes*, his ſadill ſet on ſyde,
'This aucht thair nane of reſoun hir to reive.
'To freſche *Bewtie*, becaus I culd hir heve,
'Grein *Appetyt* hir ſervand for to be;
'To crak and cry alway quhill he hir deve,
'That I command him ſtraitlie quhill he de.

LXI.

'Grein *Luſt*, I leif to the at my laſt ende
'Of fantiſie ane foſtell fillit fow.
'*Youtheid*, becaus that thow my barnheid kend,
'To *Wantounes*-ay will I that thow bow.
'To *Gluttony*, that oft maid me our fow,
'This meikle wambe, this rottin levir als,
'Se that ye beir; and that command I yow,
'And ſmertlie hing [thame] both abone his hals.

LXII.

'To Reve *Supper*, be he amang the route,
'Ye me commend; he is ane fallow fyne!
'This rottin ſtomak that I beir aboute
'Ye rug it out, and reik it to him ſyne:
'For he hes hinderat me of mony dyne;
'And mony tyme the mes hes gart me ſleip.
'Myn wittis hes he waiſtit oft with wyne;
'And maid my ſtomak with hait luſtis leip.

LXIII. '*Deliverance*

LXIII.

'*Deliverance* hes oft tymes done me gude,
'Quhen I wes young, and ſtede in tendir age;
'He gart me ryn full rakles, be the rude,
'At ball and bowll; thairfoir grait weill that page:
'This brokin ſchyn, that ſuellis and will nocht ſuage,
'Ye beir to him; he brak it at the ball:
'And ſay to him that it ſall be his wage;
'This breiſit arme ye beir to him at all.

LXIV.

'To *Chaiſtetie*, that ſelie innocent,
'Heir leif I now my c..ſcience for to ſcour
'Off all the wickit rouſt, that throw it went,
'Quhen ſcho for me the teiris doun culd powre.
'That fayr ſueit thing bemaning in everie bour,
'That never rouſt of vyce nor violence
'Bot evirmore is mareit with ane four:
'And clene of luſtis curſt experience.

LXV.

'To *Fredome* ſall ye found, and fairlie beir
'This threid bair cloik, ſumtyme wes thik of wow;
'And bid for my ſaik that he [ſall] it weir
'Quhen he hes ſpendit of that he hes now.
'Ay quhen his purs of penneis is nocht fow;
'Quhair is his fredome than? Full fer to ſeik!
'A yon is he, wes quhylum till allow,
'Quhat is he now? No fallow wourth ane leik.

LXVI. 'To

LXVI.

'To *Waiſtgude* luk and beir neid that I lefe;
'To *Covatyce* ſyn gif this bleis of fyre;
'To ſervant *Voky* ye beir this rown ſlef;
'[And] bid thame thairin that thai talk thair hyre.
'To *Biſſines*, that never wes wont to tyre,
'Beir him this ſtule, and bid him now ſit doun;
'For he hes left his maiſter in the myre,
'And wald nocht draw him out thoch he ſuld droun.

LXVII.

'*Fulchardines* beir him this brokin brow,
'And bid him bawldlie bind it with ane clout;
'For he hes gotten morſellis on the mow,
'And brocht his maiſter oft in meikle dout.
'Syn ſall ye eftir fayre Dame *Danger* ſchout
'And ſay, becaus ſcho had me ay at feid,
'This brokin ſpeir, ſumtyme wes ſtiff and ſtout,
'To hir I leif, bot ſe it want the heid.'

Quod Maiſter Gawin Douglas
Biſhop of Dunkeld.

THE

THE TWA MARIIT WEMEN, AND THE WEDO.

A TALE.

WRITTIN BE MAISTER WILLIAM DUNBAR.

THE ARGUMENTE.

The poete, walkand in the feldis on Midſymmer Nycht, our-hearis Three nobil Ladyeis tell thair aventuris in maryage.

UPON the Midſumer ewin, mirrieſt of nichtis,
I muvit furth alane, quhen as midnicht wes paſt,
Beſyd ane gudlie grene garth full of gay flouris,
Hegeit, of ane huge hicht, with hawthorne treeis;
Quhairon ane bird on ane branſche ſo birſt out hir notis
That never ane blythfullar bird was on the beuche harde,
Quhat throw the ſugarat ſound of hir ſang glaid,
And throw the ſavour ſanative of the ſweit flouris,
I drew in derne to the dyke to dirkin eftir myrthis;

The

The dew donkit the dail, and [dynarit] the feulis.
I hard, under ane holyn hewmlie grein hewit,
Ane hie ſpeiche, at my hand, with hautand wourdis.
With that in haiſt to the hege ſo hard I inthrang
That I was heildit with hawthorne and with heynd leveis:
Throw pykis of the plet thorne I preſandlie luikit,
Gif ony perſoun wald approohe within that pleſand garding;
I ſaw thre gay ladeis ſit in ane grene arbeur,
All grathit into garlaneis of freſche gudelie flouris;
So glitterit as the gowd wer thair glorious gilt treſſis,
Quhil all the greſſis did gleme of the glaid hewis;
Kemmit was thair cleir hair, and curiouſlie ſched
Attour thair ſchoulderis doun, ſchyre ſchyning full bricht;
With kurches, caſſin thame abone, of kriſp cleir and thin.
Thair mantillis grein war as the greſs that grew in May ſeſoun;
Faſtnit with thair quhyt fingaris about thair fair ſydis.
Off ferliful fyne favour war thair faces meik,
All full of fluriſt fairheid, as flouris in June,
Quhyt, ſeimlie, and ſoft, as the ſweet lillies;
New upſpred upon ſpray as new ſpyniſt roſe.
Arrayit ryallie about with mony riche wardour,
That Nature, full nobilie, annamilit fine with flouris
Of alkin hewis under hewin, that ony heynd knew,
Fragrant, all full of freſche odour fyneſt of ſmell.
Ane marbre tabile coverit wes befoir thai thre ladeis,
With ryche copis as I wys full of ryche wynis.

And

And of thir fair wlouks quhyte tua weddit war with lordis,
Ane wes ane wedow, I wiſt, wantoun of laitis.
And, as thai talkit at the tabil of mony taill funde,
Thay wauchit at the wicht wyne, and warit out wourdis,
And ſyne thai ſpak more ſpedelie, and ſparit no materis.
Bewrie, ſaid the wedo, ye weddit werren ying,
Quhat mirth ye fand in maryage, ſen ye war menis wyffis:
Reveil gif ye rewit that rakles conditioun,
Or gif that ever ye luffit leyd upon lyfe mair
Nor quhame that ye your faythe hes feſtnit for ever.
Or gif ye think, had ye chois, that ye wald cheis better.
Think ye it nocht ane bliſt band that bindis ſo faſt
That none unto it adew may ſay bot the deithe lane?
Than ſpak ane luſty belyf, with luſtie effeiris,
It, that ye call the bliſt band that bindis ſo faſt
Is bair of blis, and baleful, and greit barrat wirk!
Ye ſpeir, had I fre chois, gif I wald cheis better?
Chenyeis ay ar to eſchew; and changes are ſweit.
Sic curſit chance till eſchew had I my chois anis,
Out of the chanyeis of ane churle I ſcaip ſuld for ever.
God gif matrimony wer made to mell for ane yeir,
It war bot monſtrous to be mair bot gif our mindis pleiſit.
It is againe the law of luif, of kynd, and of nature,
Togidder hairtis to ſtreine, that ſtryvis with uthar.
Birdis hes ane better law na bernis be meikil,
That ilk yeir, with new joy, joyis ane maik;

And fangis thame ane freſhe feyr, unfulyeit, and conſtant;
And lattis thair ſukert feyris flie quhair thai pleis.
Chryſt gif ſic ane conſuetude war in this eith yoldin!
Than weil war us wemen, that ever we may be fre,
We ſuld have feiris as freſche to fang quhen we wald,
And gif all larbaris thair leveis, quhan thai lak curage.
Myſelf ſuld be full ſemlie with ſilkis arrayit;
Gymp, jolie, and gent, richt joyous, and gentryce,
I ſuld at faris be found, new facis to ſpy;
At playis, and preichings, and pilgrimages greit,
To ſchaw my renoun royaly, quhair preis was of folk;
To manifeſt my makdome to multitude of pepil,
And blaw my bewtie on breid, quhair bernis war mony:
That I micht chois, and be choſin, and change quhen me lykit.
Than ſuld I wail ane full weil, our all the wyde realme,
That ſuld my womanheid weild the lang winter nicht.
And quhen I gottin had ane grume, ganeſt of uther,
Yaip, and ying, in the yok ane yeir for to draw;
Fra I had preveit his picht the firſt pleſand moneth,
Than ſuld I caſt me to keik in kirk, and in market,
And all the cuntrie about, kyngis court, and uther,
Quhair I ane galland micht get aganis the next yeir,
For to perfurneis furth the werk quhen faikeit the tother.
A forky fure, ay furthwart, and forſy in draucht;
Nothir febil, nor fant, nor fulyeit in labour;

Bot

Bot als freſche of his forme, as flouris in May:
For all the fruit ſuld I fang thoch he the flour burgeoun.
I have ane wallidrag, ane worm, ane auld wobat carle,
A waiſtit wolroun, na worthe bot wourdis to clatter;
An bumbart, ane dron-bee, ane bag full of fleume,
Ane ſcabbit ſkarth, ane ſcorpion, ane ſcutarde behind:
To ſee him ſcart his awin ſkyn grit ſcunner I think.
Quhen kiſſis me that carybald, than kyndillis all my ſorow;
As breſs of ane brym bair his berd is als ſtiff,
Bot ſoft and ſoupil as the ſilk is his fary lume.
He may weil to the ſyn aſſent, bot fakles is his deidis.
And gor is his tua grym ene gladderit all about,
And gorgit lyk twa guttaris that wer with glar ſtoppit,
Bot quhen that glourand gaiſt grippis me about,
Than think I hiddowus Mahoune hes me in armes:
Than ma na fynyne me ſave fra that auld Sathane;
For thoch I weſe me all cleine, fra the croun downe,
He will me yet all beclip and clap me to his breiſt.
Quhan ſchorne is that auld ſhak with ane ſcharp raſour,
He chowis me his chewal mouth, and ſcheddis my lippis;
And with hard hurcham ſkyn fa heclis he my cheitres,
[That even lyk] ane glemand gleid glowis my chaftis;
I ſchrenk for that ſcharp ſtound, but ſchent dar I not,
For ſchore of that auld ſchrew, ſchame him betyde!
The luif blenkis of that bugil, fra his bleirit ene,
As Belzebub had on me blent, abaſit my ſpreit.
Quhen the ſiny on me ſmirks with his ſmaik ſmollat
He

He fipillis lyk ane farſy aver, that flyrit on ane gykat.
Quhen that the ſoundis of his ſaw ſynkis in my eiris,
Than ay renewis my noy; or he be neir cumand,
Quhen I heir mentionat his name, than mak I nyne croces,
To keip me fra the commerance of that carle mangit;
That full of elduring is, and anger, and all ewil the vice.
I dar nocht luik to my luif for that lene gib;
He is ſa full of jelofy, and ingyne fals;
Ever imagining in mynd materis of ewill,
Compaſſand and caſtand caſtis ane thouſand
How he ſall tak me with ane trew atryſt of ane uther.
I dar nocht luik to the knaip that the cop fillis,
For indilling of that auld ſhrew, that ever on ewill thinkis.
For he is waiſtit, and worne fra Venus' werkis;
And may not beit wourth ane bein in bed of my miſſeris.
He trows that young folk iwarne yeild quhair he gane is.
Bot I may yuik all this yeir, or his yerde help:
And quhan that carybauld carle wald clyme on my wame,
Than am I dangerus, and daue, and dour of my will.
Yeit leit I never that larbar my leggis ga betwene,
To fyle my fleſche, na fummil me, without a feſchov.
And thoch his pen puirlie me payis into bed,
His purs payis richlie in recompens after:
For er he clim on my cace, that carybauld irchane,
I have ane conditioun of ane curchef of kriſp, or ſilk;
Ane gown of engranit clayth, richt gaylie [wrocht;]
Ane ring with ane ryal ſtane; or uther ryche juell.

Quhen that ſhe ſeimlie had ſaid hir ſentence to end,
Than all thay leuche upon loft, with laiks full mirry;
And raucht the cop round about full of ryche wynis;
And raiket lang, or thay wald reſt, with ryatus ſpeiche.
The wedo to the tother wlouk warpit thir wordis:
Now, fayr ſiſter, fallis yow but fenyeing to tell,
Sen men firſt with matrimonie yow menſit in kirk,
How have ye farne be your fayth? Confes us the truith.
That band to blis, or to ban, quhilk yow beſt thinkis;
Or yow the lyk lyf to leyd into leil ſpouſage.
And ſyne myſelf you exame on the ſame wyſe;
And I ſall ſay furth the ſuth, diſſembland na wourd.
The pleiſand ſaid, I proteſt the treuth gif I ſchaw,
That of your tounges ye be traiſt. The uther tua grantit.
To ſpeik, quoth ſche, I ſall nocht ſpair; thair is no ſpy neir.
With that ſprang up her ſpreit be an ſpan heichar.
I ſall ane ragment reweil fra the rute of my hairt;
A rouſt that is ſo ranklit quhil ryſis my ſtomak;
Now ſall the byll all out briſt, that beried hes bein lang;
For it to beir on my breiſt was burden our hevie:
I ſall the venum avoyd with ane vent large;
And me aſſuage of that ſwalme, that fuellit was greit.
My huſband was ane huremaſter, the hugeaſt in erd:
Thairfoir I hait him with my hairt, ſo help me our lord.
He was ane young man richt yaip, but not in yow this flouris;
For he is fadit full far, and feiblit of ſtreath.
He was ane flurriſing freſche within thir few yeirs;
Bot he is failyet full far, and fulyeit in labour.

He hes bein lichour ſa lang quhil loſt is his nature:
His luve is waxit larbar, and lyis into ſwowne.
Was never lichroun war ſet na on that ſnail tyrit;
For efter ſewen owks ar don he wil nocht ryd anis.
He hes bene waiſtit upon wemen, or he me wyf cheiſit:
And in adulterie, in my tyme, I haif him tane oft.
[For yet] he is als brankard with [ony woman,]
And blenkand to the brichteſt that in the burgh duels;
Als courtlie of his cleything, and kemmit his hair is,
As he that is mair valyeant into Venus chalmer.
He ſemis to be ſumthing wourth, that ſyphir in bour,
He luikis as he wald luvit be, thoch he be lytil of valour.
He dois [lyke] ane dotit dog that dams on all buſſis;
He lifts his leg upon loft, tho he nocht liſt to piſche.
He hes ane luik without luſt, and lyfe without curage;
He hes ane forme without force, and faſſioun but vertew;
And fair wourdis but effect, all fruſtar of deidis.
He is for ladeis in luif ane richt luſtie ſhadow.
Bot into derne, at the deid, he ſall be droup funding.
He railyes, and maks rippet with ryatus wourdis,
Ay ruſing him of his rardis, and rageing in chalmer;
Bot God wait quhat I think quhen he ſo thra ſpeikis:
And how it ſettis him ſo ſyd to ſege of ſic materis.
Bot gif himſelf, of ſum ewin, micht ane ſa amang thame——
Bot he nocht ane is, bot nane of nature's poſſeſſouris.
Sche that has ane auld man nocht all is begylit:
He is at Venus' werkis na war nor he ſemis.

Iweind I had chosin ane jeme, and I have ane geit gottin;
He had the gleyming of gold, and was bot glas fundin.
Thoch men be fers, weil I find, fra failye thair curage,
Thair is bot kudling;—and anger thair hairtis within.
Ye speik of birdis on beuch: of blis may thai sing,
That, on Sanct Valentine's day, ar vakandis ilk yeir.
Had I that plesand prevelege to part quhan me lykit;
To change, and ay to cheis agane; than, Chastitie, adew!
Than suld I have ane fresche feir to fang in my armis:
To hald ane freik, quhil he fant, may sillie be callit.
Upon sic materis I mus at midnicht full aft;
And murnis so in my mynd, I murdres myself in kair.
Than sy I walkand for wa, and welteris about:
Waryand of my wickit kin, that me hewin mariit—
To sic ane walroun but curage to knyt myrth and bewtie!
And thair so mony kein knichtis this kynrik within:
Than think I thame seimlier, the ficht for to try,
Na is our syr be sic sewin. With that I sich oft.
Than he full tenderlie dois turne to me his tume persoun,
And, with ane yoldin yerd, dois yok me in armes:
And sayis 'My soverane sweit thing, quhey sleip ye nocht
'better?
'Me think thair haldis yow ane heit, as ye sum harme
'ailit.'
Quoth I, 'My hinny, hald abak; and handle me nocht sair.
'Ane hacshe hes happenit hastelie at my hairt rute.'
With that I seim for to swoun, thoch I no swerf tak:
And thus besweik I that swane, with my sweit wourds,

I caſt on him a crabbit [e:] and quhen the cleir day is
cuming,
And leitis it is ane luif blenk, quhen he about gleymis,
I turne it in ane tendir luik, that I am tene waryat;
And him behaldis humblie, with hartlie ſmyling.
I wald ane tendir peronall that micht no put thole;
That hathit men with hard geir, for hurtyng of fleſche;
Had my gude man to hir gaiſt: for I dar God ſueir,
She ſuld nocht ſtert for his ſtraik ane ſtray breid of erd.
And ſyne I wald that ilk band, that ye ſa bliſt call,
Had band him ſo to that bricht, quhil his bak werkit:
And I war in bed brocht with berne that me lykit;
Trow, that bird of my blis ſuld ane burde want.
Anone quhen this aimable had endit her ſpeche,
Loud lauchand the laif allowit her meikill.
Thir gay wyffis maid game amang the grene treis;
Thai drank and did away dule under derne levis.
Thai ſuppit at the ſueit wyne, thai ſwan-quhyt of hewis;
Bot all the perthar in plane thai put out thair voceis.
Than ſaid the wedo, I wis thair is no way uther:
Now tydis me for to talk. My taill it is nixt.
God my ſpreit now inſpyre, and my ſpeiche quicken,
And ſend me ſentence to ſay, ſubſtantious and nobill!
Sa my preiching may pers your perverſt hartis;
And mak yow meikar to men in maneris and conditiouns.
I ſchaw, ſiſteris into ſchryft, I war ane ſchrew ever;
Bot I was ſchene in my ſchroude, and ſhew me innocent.
And thoch I dour was, and daue; diſpitous, and bauld;

I was diſſemblit ſubtelie in ane ſanctis liknes.
I ſemit ſobir, and ſueit, and ſempil without fraude;
Bot I nild ſextie deſane that ſubtillar war halding.
Onto my leſſoun ye lith, and leir at me wit.
Gif ye nocht liſt be ſoir befowleit with loſengeris untrew,
Be conſtant in your governance, and counterfeit gud maneris:
Thoch ye be kene, and inconſtant, and cruel in mynd;
Thoch ye as tygaris be terne, be tretabil in luif.
And be as turtouris in your talk, thoye have taillis brukill;
Be dragounis bayth and dowis, one in doubill forme;
And quhen it neidis you avoue nocht bayth thair ſtrenthis.
Be aimabil with humil face, as angel apperwaird;
And with ane terrible tail be ſtangand as edderis.
Be of your luik lyk innocentis, thoch ye have ewil maneris.
Be courtlie ay in claything, and coſtlie arrayit.
That hurtis yow not wourthe ane hen. Your huſband payis for all.
Twa huſbands I have had, that held me bayth deyr;
Thoch I deſpytit thame agane, thay ſpyit nathing.
Ane was ane hair hachart, that hoſtit out fleume;
I haitit him lyk ane hund, thoch I it hid previe.
With kiſſing, and with clapping, I gart the carle ſon;
Weil couth I claw his cruik bak, and keme his cowit nodil;
And with ane bukkie in my cheik bo on him behind;
And with ane bek gang about and blier his auld ene;
And with ane kynd countenance kys his krynd chiek:
Into my mynd makand mokis at that mad fader,

Trowand

Trowand me with trew luif to treyt him ſo faire.
This couth I do without dule, and no diſeis tak;
Bot ay mirrie in my mynd, and meſchefous of cheyr.
I had ane luſtyar leyd, my luſt for to ſlok;
That couth be ſecreit and ſure, and ay ſaif my renoun:
And [ſua tuke joy in] certan tymes, and in ſecreit places.
[Whan my auld carle] did me anger with akwart wourdis,
[Than my luſtie freik] to goif glaidit me agane.
I had ſic wit that for wo weipit I bot litel;
Bot leit the ſueit ay the ſone to the ſeſſoun bring.
Quhen that the chuf wad me chyde, with gyrnand chaftis,
I wald him chuk, cheik and chyn, and chereis him ſo meikil,
That his cheif chymmis he had I wiſt to my ſone,
Suppois the churle wes gone chaiſt, or the child was gottin.
As wyſe woman ay I wrocht, and nocht as wode fule;
For mair with wylis I wan na vertuouſnes of handis.
Syne mareit I ane marchand, michtie of gudis.
He was ane man of myd-eild, and of meyn ſtatour;
Bot we na fallowis war in freyndſchip, nor blude,
In fredome, nor furthbeiring, na fayrnes of perſoun.
Quhilk ay the fule did forget, for febilnes of knawlege;
Bot I ſo oft thocht him on quhill angerit his hart.
And quhilum I put furth my voce, and *pedder* him callit:
I wald richt twitchand in talk be; I was twys mareit.
For endit was my innocence with my ald huſband;
I was appeirand to be pairt within perfyt eild.

Sua ſayis the curat of our kirk, that knew me full ying,
He is our famous to be fals, that fair wourthy prelot;
I ſall be layth to let him lie, quhill I may luik furth.
I gar the bichman obey; thair was na bute ellis.
He maid me richt hie reverance, fra he me richt knew:
For, tho I ſay it myſelf, the ſoveranis wes meikle
Betwix his baſtarde blude, and my birth nobill.
That page wes never of ſic pryce for to preſume anis
Unto my perſoun to be peir, had pitie nocht grantit.
Bot mercie into womanheid is ane grit vertew!
For never bot in ane gentil hart is generit ony reuth.
I held ay grein into his mynd that I of grace tuik him;
And that he cuild ken himſelf I curteſlie him lierit.
He durſt nocht ſat anis my ſummonds; for, or the ſound of charge,
He was ay reddie for to ryn; ſo rayd he was for blame.
Bot ay my will was the war of manlie nature;
The mair he leutit for my luif, [the mair I him haitit.]
And eik this is ane farlie thing [thoch lichtleit me my ying leyd]
I had ſic favour to that freik [as na wourds can telle.]
Quhen I the cur had all clein; and him ourcumin haill;
I crew abone that crawdoun, as cok that was victor.
Quhen I him ſaw ſubjectit, and ſet at my bidding,
Than I him lichtleit as ane loune; and laithit his maneris.
Than wox I ſo unmerciful, to martyr him I thocht;
For, as ane beiſt, I broddit him to all boyis labour:
I wald have rydden him to Rome, with ane raip in his heid,

War

War nocht ruffill of my renoun, and rumour of pepil.
And yit hatrent I hid within my hart all;
Bot quhillis it hapit ſo huge, quhil it beſid out.
Yet tuk I never the wiſp clein out of my wyd throt,
Quhill I ocht wantit of my wil, or quhat I wald deſyr.
Bot quhan I fonerit had the ſyr of ſubſtance in erde;
And gottin his biggings to my barne, and the borow-
landis;
Than with ane ſtew ſtert out the ſtoppel of my hals:
That he all ſtunneiſt of that ſtound, as of ane ſteil wapin.
Than wald I, after lang froſt, ſa fane have bein wrokin,
That I to flyt was als fers as ane fell dragoun.
I had for flattering of that fule fenyet ſo lang,
My evidentis of herytage or thai war braid ſelit,
My breiſt that was greit beild, and bowden was ſa huge,
That neir my barrat out briſt or the band making.
Bot quhen my billis and my banchis was all ſelit,
I wald na langer beir on brydil, bot braid up my heid:
Thair micht na mollat mak me moy, nor hald my
mouth in;
I gar the reinyes rak, and ryf into ſchundyr.
I maid that wyf to wirk all wemmenis lawbouris;
And laid doun all manlie materis, and mens in this
erde:
Than ſaid I to my cummeris, in counſale about,
'See how I cabeld yon cowt with ane kein brydil!
'The capill, that the crelis kuyſt in the caff middin,
'Sa courlaſslie the carte drew, and kennis no plungeing,
'He

'He is nocht ſkeych, nor yet ſueir, na ſkippis nocht our
'heid.'
And thus the ſcorne and the ſkaith ſcapit he nother.
He was na glaidſum gaiſt for na gay lady:
I leit him be bumbart to tous all my miſteris;
And he was fane for to fang fre that fayr office:
And thocht my favouris to find throw his fell giftis.
He graythit me in gay ſilk, and gudelie arrayis;
In gounis of ingraint clayth, and greit goldin chenyels;
In ringis ryallie ſet with ryche rubie ſtanis;
Quhill all helie rais my renoun amang the rude peipil.
Bot I full craftelie did keip thai courtlie weidis
Quhill efter deid of that drowp, that dócht not in chalmer.
Thoch he of all my clathis maid coſt and expens,
Ane uther ſall the wirſhip have, that weilds me efter.
And thoch I lykit him bot lytil, yet for the luif of utheris,
I wald me prein pleſandlie in precious wedis,
That luffaris micht upon me luik, and young luſtie
gallandis,
That I held mair in dawtie, and deirar be full mekill,
Na him, that dreſſit me ſa denk. Full doytit was his heid,
Quhan he was heriet out of hand, to hee up my honour,
And payntit me as pacok, proudeſt of fedderis,
I him miſkend, be Cryſt; and cukkald him maid,
I him forbeit as ane lard, and laithit him mekil:
I thocht myſelf ane papingay, and him ane pluchit herle,
And thus enforſit he is fay, and fortifyt my ſtrenth;
And maid ane ſtalwart ſtaff to ſtrack himſelf doune.

Bot

Bot of ane bourd into bed I ſall yow breif yit.
Quhan he ane haill yeir was haint, and him behuvit rage,
And I wes layth to be loppin with ſic ane lob aver,
Als lang as he was on loft, I huikit on him never;
And leit never in my thocht that he my thing percit:
Bot ay in mind ane uther man imaginit that I had;
Or ells I had never mirrie bein of that mirthleſs raid.
Quhen I that grome geldit had of gudis, and of nature,
Methocht him graſles onto goif, ſa me God help.
Quhen he had warit all on me his welth, and his ſubſtance,
Methocht his wit wes quyt went away with the laif;
And ſo I did him diſpys, I ſcribat quhen I ſaw him,
That ſuperexpendit ewil of ſpeche, ſpulyeit of all vertew.
For, (ye wit wyffis) for he, that wantis ryches,
Has failyet anis in Venus play, he is full vyl haldin;
All is bot fruitles his affect, and failyes at the upwith.
I buſkit up my barnis lyk barounis ſonnis,
And maid his fulis; (of the fry of his firſt wyf.)
I baneiſt fra my bounds his brether ilkane:
His freyndis as my fayis I had at feid ever;
Be this ye beleif may I lufit nocht himſelf;
For never I lykit ane lord that langit till his bluid.
And yit thir wyſe men wait that all wyfis ewil
Ar kend with thair conditiouns, and knawin with the ſamen.
Deid is now that divyr, and dollyne in erde.
With him deit all my dule, and my drery thochtis.
Now done is my dullie nicht; my day is upſpringin.

Adew

Adew dolour! Adew my deule! [Mirth] now beginnis.
Now ame I ane wedow I wys; and weil am at eis.
I weip as I war woful, bot weil is me for ever:
I busk as I war bailful, bot blyth is my hart:
My mothe makis murning, and my mynd lauchis.
My clokis thai ar cairful in colour of ſabil;
But courtlie and curious is my corps thairunder.
I droup with ane deid luik in my dule habite,
As with mannis dail I done had for dayis of my lyf.
Quhen that I go to the kirk, cled in cairweids,
As fox in ane lambis fleſche feinye I my cheir:
Than lay I furth my bricht buik in breid on my kne,
With mony luſtie letter illuminit with gold;
And drawis my clouk fordwart our my face quhyt,
That I may ſpy, unſpyit, ane ſpace be my ſyde.
Full oft I blenk by my buke, and blinnis of devotioun,
To ſe quhat berne is beſt branit, or braideſt in ſchulderis,
Or forgeit is maiſt forſlie, to furneis ane bankat
In Venus chalmer, valiantlie withouttin vane rufe.
And as the new mone all pale, oppreſſit with change,
Kythis quhillis hir cleir face throw cluddis of ſabill,
So keik I throw my clouks, and caſtis kynd lukis
To knychtis, and to clerkis, and to courtlie perſouns.
Quhen freyndis of my huſbandis beholds me on far,
I have my waltir ſponge for wa, within my wide ronkis,
Than wring I it full wylelie, and weitis my cheikis;
With that waltiris my ein, and welteris doun teiris.
Than ſay thay all, that ſat is about, 'Se ye nocht, alace!

'Yon

'Yon luſtles leid ſo lilelie ſcho luffit hir huſband!
'That ſic ane perle of pleſaunce ſuld yon pain drie!'
I ſave me as I war ane ſanct, and ſemis ane angel;
At language of lichorie I luik as I war crabbit:
I ſich, without ſair harte, or ſeiknes in bodie;
According to my ſabill weid I maun have ſad maneris,
Or thai will ſee all the ſuth. For, certis, we wemen
We ſet us all fra the fichte to ſyle men of treuth:
We dule for na evil deidis ſa it be device halden.
Wyſe wemen hes wayis, and wounderful gydingis,
With greit ingyne to begaik thair jeleous huſbandis:
And quietlie with ſic craft gydis our materis,
That, under Chryſt, no creature kennis of our doingis.
Bot folk ane cure may miſkuke, that knawlegis wantis;
And hes no colouris for to cover thair awin kyndlie faltis;
And dois as thir damiſellis, for derne doytit luf
That dogonis haldis in dawte, and delis with thame ſa lang,
Quhill all the cuntre knaw thair kyndnes of fayth.
Fayth hes ane fair name, bot falſit faris better.
Fy on hir that can nocht fenye hir awin fame to ſane!
Yet am I wys in ſic wark, and was all my tyme;
Thoch I want wit in wardlines, I wylis have in luif:
As ony happie woman hes that is of hie blude.
Hutit be that halok laſs ane hundreth yeir of eild
[Quha is cald to Venus' werkis, and to ſueit pleſour!]
I have ane ſecreit ſervand, richt ſobir of his bung,
That me ſupportis of ſic nedis, quhen I a ſyne mak.

Thoch

Thoch he be ſempil to the ſicht, he has ane bung ſaker;
Full mony ſemlyar ſege war ſervice dois mak.
Thoch I have cayr under clouk the cher day to the nicht,
Yet I have ſolace under ſark quhil the ſone rys.
Yet am I halden ane halie wyfe our all the haill ſchyre,
I am ſo peteous to the pure, quhen thair is perſouns many;
In preſſing of pilgramage I pryd me full meikill;
Mair for the preis of the pepil, nor ony pardoun winning.
Bot yet me think the beſt bourd, quhen barounis and knichtis,
And uther bacheluris, blyth blinnyng in youth,
And all my lufaris leill, my lugeing perſewis.
Sum fillis me wyne wantounlie, with weil fayr and joy:
Sum rownys: ſum railyeis; and ſum reidis ballatis:
Sum raveis full rudelie with riatus ſpeche;
Sum plenis; and ſum prayis; ſum prayſis my bewté.
Sum kiſſis me; ſum clappis me; ſum kyndneſs me profairis.
Sum karvis to me curtaſlie; ſum me the cope gevis:
Sum ſtalwardlie ſteppis ben, with ane ſtout curage,
And ane ſtiff ſtandand thing ſtavis in my neif.
And mony blenkis ben our the but [that] full far ſittis,
That may nocht, for the thik thrang, thryf as thai wald.
And, with my fair calling, I confort them all:
For he that ſittis me nixt, I nip on his fyngar;
I ſchir him on the tother ſyde on the ſamyn faſſoun;

And

And he that behind me ſittis, hard on him I lene;
And him befoir me with my fute faſt on I tramp;
And to the bernis fer but ſweit blenkis I caſt.
To every man in ſpecial I ſpeik ſum wourdis,
Sa wyſlie, and ſa womanlie, quhil warmis thair hartis.
Thair is no levand leid ſa law of degre
That ſall me luif unlufit; I am ſo luik hartit.
And gif his luſt be ſo lent to my lyre quhyt,
That he be loſt or with me lig, his lyf ſall have no danger.
I am ſo merciful in mynd, and menis all wichtis,
My ſillie ſaul ſall be ſauf, quhen ſall not all jugeis.
Ladeis leyr thir leſſouns; and be nocht laſſis fundin.
This is the legeant of my lyfe, thoch cative it be nane.
Quhen endit had hir ornat ſpeche this eloquent wedo,
Loud than leuch all the laif, and lovit hir mekle.
And ſaid, "Thai ſuld exemple tak of hir ſordane teich-
"ing:
"And wirk after hir wourdis that woman was ſa perfyte."
Than culed thair mouthis with comfortable drinkis;
And carpit full cummerlyke, with cop going round.
Thus draif thai our that deir nicht with dauteing
[and chere;]
Quhill that the day did updaw, and dew [begouth to
gleme.]
The morow myld was and meik; the [mirrie ſonne up-
ſprong,]
And all removit the miſt, and the [waveand wodis]
Silver ſchouris doun ſchuik, as the ſchein wiſtell:

And

And birdis ſchoutit in the ſchaw with thair ſchill notis.
The goldin glitterand gleme ſo glaid thair hairtis,
Thai maid ane gloreus gle amang the grene bewis.
The ſoft ſouth of the ſwyre, and ſound of the ſtremes,
The ſweit ſavour of the ſwairde, and ſinging of fewlis,
Micht confort any creature of the kyn of Adam;
And kyndil agane his curage, tho it war cauld ſloknit.
Than rais thir royal roſis, in thair riche wedis,
And raikit hame to thair reſt, throw the rys blumeis.
And I all prevelie paſt to ane pleſand arbeir,
And with my pen did report thair paſtyme moſt mirrie.
Ye auditours moſt honorabill, that eris hes giffin
Onto this unkorth adventure, quhilk airlie me happint,
Of thir thre wantoun wyffis, that I have writtin heir,
Quhilk wald ye waill to your wyf, gif ye ſuld wed ane?

Quod Maiſter Williame Dunbar.

THE

THE FREIRS OF BERWIK, A TALE.

SUPPOSIT TO BE WRITTIN BE DUNBAR.

ARGUMENTE.

The mirrie adventure of tua Quhyte, or Jacobine, Freirs of Berwik, Allan and Robert, in fynding out, and halding to ſchame, Freir Johne, ſuperiour of the Gray Freirs of the ſamen place, quha had a farmer's wyf to his leman.

AS it befell, and hapint upon deid,
Upon ane rever the quhilk is callit Tweid;
At Tweidis mouth thair ſtands ane noble toun,
Quhair mony lords hes bene of grit renoune,
And mony wourthy ladeis fair of face,
Quhair [eke fou] mony freſche young galand was.
Into this toune, the quhilk is callt Berwik,
Apon the ſe, it is na uther lyk,
For it is wallit weill about with ſtone,
And dowbil ſtankis caſſin mony on.

And ſyne the caſtell is ſo ſtrang and wicht,
With ſtaitelie tours, and turrats hé on hicht,
With kirnals cloſt moſt craftelie of all;
The portculis moſt ſubtelie to fall,
That quhen they liſt to draw it upon hicht,
That it may be into na mannis micht,
To win that hous by craft or ſubtiltie.
Thairto is it moſt fair allenerlie:
Onto my ſicht, quhairever I have bein,
Moſt fair, moſt gudelie, and all beſt beſene.
The toun, the caſtel, and the [pleaſand] land;
The valays grene upon the uther hand;
The grit croce kirk, and eik the Maſondew;
The freiris of Jacobinis quhyt of hew,
The Carmelites, Auguſtins, Minors eik,
The four ordours of freiris war nocht to ſeik;
And all into this wourthy place dwelling.
So hapint it, intill ane fayr morowning,
That tua of thir quhyt Jacobine freiris,
As thai war wount of uſage, yeir by yeiris,
To paſs amang thair brether uponland,
Thir halie freiris thus walk thai furth on hand.
Freir Robert the ane, freir Allane hicht the tuther:
Thir ſyllie freyrs with wyfis weil can gludder;
And tell thame tales, and halie mennis lyvis.
Richt wounder weil thai plefit all the wyvis.
Till, on ene tyme, thai purpoſt till paſs hame;
Richt weyrie was and tyrit Freir Allane,

For

For he was auld, and micht not dure the travel,
And als he had ane grit ſpyce of the gravel.
Freyr Robert was young, and wounder hait of blude;
And by the way he bure bayth clouk and hude,
And all thair geir; for he was ſtrang and wicht.
Be that it drew [richt] weil toward the nicht;
And thai war [nocht] come to the toun weill neyr.
Freyr Allan ſaid, 'Robert, gude brother deir,
'It is ſo layt I dreid the yetts be cloſit;
'And I am tyrit, and wounder ewil diſpoſit
'To lig without the toun; bot gif that we
'Find ſum gude hous, that we micht harbert be.'
So wunnit thair ane woundir gay oſtleir
Without the toun, intil ane fair maneir;
And Symon Lawder he was callit be name.
Ane fayr blyth wyfe he had, of ony ane;
Bot ſcho was ſumthing denk, and dangerous.
Thir ſillie freyris cum to that mann's houſe,
And hailſit hir richt bayth full curtaſlie,
And ſcho rewardit thame agane in hie.
Freyr Robert ſpeirit efter the gudman,
And ſcho to thame richt ſoftlie anſwert than;
'He went fra hame, God wait, on wedniſday,
'Into the cuntré, to ſe for corne and hay,
'And uther ſindrie things, as we have neid.'
Freyr Allane ſaid, 'I pray to God him ſpeid,
'And ſauf him ſound ay till his leil travale.'
Freyr Robert ſaid, 'Dame fill ane ſtoip of aile,

'That we may drink, for I am very dry.'
With that the gudewyf walkit furth in hy;
Sche fild ane ſtoip, and brought in cheis and breid:
Thay eit, and drank; and levit all thair pleyd.
Freyr Allane ſaid to the gudwyf in hy,
'Cum heir, fayr dame, and ſit us doun neirby.
'And fill this ſtoip agane, dame, I yow pray;
'For er we pairt full weill we ſall yow pay.'
The freirs woxe blyth, and mirrie tales culd tell:
And ewin ſo thai hard the prayar bell
Of that abbay; and than thai war agaſt,
Becauſ thai wiſt the yetts war lokit faſt,
That thai micht nocht fra thyn get enteray.
The gudwyf than thai pray, for charité,
To grant thame harborie thair for that nicht.
And ſcho to thame anone anſwerit on hicht,
'The gudman is fra hame, as I yow tauld;
'And God waitis gif I dar be ſo bauld
'To harborie freyrs into this hous with me.
'What wald Symon ſay? Ay *benedicite!*
'I trew I durſt neir luik him in the face.
'Our lord Jeſus me ſaif from ſic ane cace!
'And keip me out of perel, and fra ſchame!'
Than ſillie freyr Allane ſaid, 'Fair dame,
'For Godis luif ye heir what I wald ſay;
'Put ye us out, we will be deid or day.
'The way is ewil, and I am tyrit and wait;
'And, as ye knaw, it is ſa verray lait,

'The

'The yetts ar cloſit; we may nocht get in;
'Till our abbay on naways may we win.
'Thairfoir behuvis us to byd heir ſtill;
'And put us hallie, dame, intill your will.'
The gudwyf luikit at the freyris tuay;——
And, at the laſt, to thame [thus] can ſcho ſay;
'Ye byd nocht heir, be him that hes me coſt,
'Bot gif ye liſt to lig up in yon loft.
'The quhilk is wrocht into yon hallis end:
'Ye ſall find ſtray; and clayths I ſall you ſend.
'And gif ye leiſt to pas bayth on in feyr;
'For I will have no langer repayr heir.'
Than hir madin ſcho ſendis on befoir,
And bad thame wend withoutin wourdis more.
Thay war full blyth to do as ſcho thame kend:
And up thay wend, richt in the hallis end,
Intil ane loft was maid for corne and hay.
Scho maid thair bed, and ſyn went doun away;
Scho cloſit the trap, and thai remenit ſtill
Into the loft, and had nocht all thair will.
Freyr Allane liggis doun as he beſt micht.
Freyr Robert ſayd, 'I oucht to walk this nicht:
'Quha wait perchance ſum ſport I may eſpy?'
Thus in the loft I lat the freyris ly.
And of this fayr wyff I will tellyne mair.
Scho was full blyth that thai war cloſin thair,
For ſcho had made ane tryſt, that ſamyn nicht,
Freyr Johne hir luffis ſupper for to dicht.

Thairfoir ſcho wuld nane uther cumpany ;
Becaus freyr Johne all nicht with hir wald ly.
Quhilk duelland was within that nobill toun ;
Ane gray freyr he was of greit renoun.
He governit all the haly abbaſy :
Silver and gold he had aboundantlie.
He had ane previe poſtroun of his awin,
That he micht uſché, quhen him liſt, unknawin.
Thus in the toun I will him leven ſtill,
Bydand his tyme ; and turne agane I will
To this fayr wyf, how ſcho the fyre culd beit :
Scho thrangis on fat capouns on the ſpeit ;
And fat cunyngs to the fyre can lay.
And bade hir madin, in all haſte ſcho may,
To flame, and turne, and roſt thame tendyrlie.
Syn till hir chalmer ſcho is went in hie.
Scho caſtis on ane kirtil of fyne reid ;
Ane quhyt curchey ſcho caſt upon hir heid.
Hir kyrtil belt was ſilk, and ſilver fyne,
With ane proud purs, and keyis gingling ſyne,
On ilkane fyngar ſcho wars ringis tuo :
Scho was als pround as ony papingo.
And of ane burde of ſilk, richt coſtlie grein,
Hir tuſché was, with ſilver weil beſene.
And but ſcho come into the hall anone ;
And ſyn ſcho went to ſe gif ony come.
And ewin ſo freyr Johne knokt at the yet.
His knok ſcho knew ; and in ſcho culd him lat.

Scho

Scho wylcumit him upon ane fayr maneir.
He thankit hir: and ſaid, 'My ſueit luif deir,
'Thair is ane pair of boſſis, gude and fyne,
'Thay hald ane galloun-full of Gaſkan wyne.
'And als ane payr of pertrikis new ſlane;
'And als that creill is full of breid of mane.
'Thus have I brocht to yow, my ſueit luif deir:
'Thairfoir I reid now that we mak gude cheyr.
'Sen it is ſo; ſen Symon is fra hame;
'I will tak ye hameliar heir now, dame.'
Scho ſayis, 'Ye ar weill mayr wylcum heir,
'Than Symon is, or ſall be all this yeir.'
With that ſcho ſmylet wounder ſuttelie:
He thirſtis hir hand agane full previlie.
Thus at theyr ſport I will thame levin ſtill,
Bydand their tyme; and turne agane I will
To tell yow of thir fillie freyris tuay,
That liggit in the loft amang the ſtray.
Freyr Allane ſtill into the loft can ly.
Freyr Robert had a little jeloſy;
For in his hart he had ane perſavin.
And throw the wall he maid, with his botkin,
A lytil hole richt prevelie maid he,
That all theyr deid thair-doun he mycht weill ſe:
And micht heir all that ever thay culd ſay.
Quhon ſcho was proud; richt wounder freſche and gay;
And quhat ſcho war upon hir heid abuif.
And hou ſcho clipit him bayth hart and luif.

So prelatyk he ſat intill his cheyre!
Scho roundis than ane epiſtil intill eyre.
Thus ſport thai thame, and makis melodie.
Quhen ſcho ſaw [that] the ſupper was reddie,
Scho gois, and coveris the burde anone;
And ſyne ane payr of boſſis hes ſcho tone,
And ſet thame doun upon the burde him by.
And ewin ſo thay hard the gudman cry.
He knokit at the yet and callit faſt.
Fra thay him knew, thay war all ſayr agaſt.
And als freyr Johne was ſumthing in effray;
And ſtertis up, and wald have bene away.
Bot all for nocht he micht na way get out.
The gudwyf ſpeikis, with ane viſage ſtout,
'Yon is Symon that makis this deray,
'That I micht now have thocht [was] weill away.
'I ſall him quit, an I may leif ane yeir;
'Him that hes merrit us on this maneir.
'Becaus of him we may not byd togidder;
'I me repent as now that we come hidder.
'Thoch we war weil, and he had bene away.'
"Quhat ſall I do, allace;" the freyr can ſay;
"Into this caſe, lord, how ſall I me beir?
"For I am ſchent and Symon fynd me heir.
"I dreid me ſair, and he cum in this innis,
"And fynd me heir, that I los both my quhynnis."
'I mon you hyd till he be brocht till reſt;
'Perchance,' ſcho ſayis, 'all cumis for the beſt.'

Ane

Ane kneddin troche, that lay intill ane nuke,
Wald hald ane boll of flour quhen that ſcho buik,
And under it ſcho gart him creip in hy,
Quhair he had rowme enough that he micht ly.
Scho cloſit him; and ſyn went on hir way.
And till hir madin ſmertlie can ſcho ſay:
'Away all this;' and ſlokin out the fyre.
'Go clois the burde; and tak awa the chyre.
'And lok in all into yon almorie;
'Bayth meit, and drink; and ga belyf in hy.'
Bayth cunnyngs, capons, and wyld fowles fyne;
The mane breid, the boſſis with the wyne,
Sche hid up all; and ſtrowit the hous ſo clein,
That no liknes of feiſt-meits micht be ſein.
And ſyn, without ony langer delay,
Sche caſtis of all her [fyne] freſche array.
And bounit hir [richt] till hir bed anone:
And leit him knok thairout his fill, Symon.
Quhen he was tynt; for-knokit, and for-cryit;
About he went onto the tother ſyd;
Till ane windo wes at hir beddis heid;
And cryit, 'Aleſoun awalk for Goddis deid!'
And ay on Aleſoun faſt he couth cry.
And at the laſt ſche anſwert crabbitlie,
'Say quha ye be that ſa weill knaws my name?
'Go hens,' ſcho ſays, 'for Symon is fra hame.
'And I will have no gaiſtis heir, perfay.
'Thairfoir I pray yow wendis on your way;

'And

‘ And at this time ye may nocht harbreit be.’
Than Symon ſaid, “ Fair dame, knaw ye nocht me?
“ I am your Symon, ane huſband of this place.
‘ Ar ye my ſpous Symon?’ ſcho ſaid, ‘ Allace!
‘ Throw miſknawlege almaiſt I had gane wrang:
‘ Quha wend that ye ſa late wald have cum hame?’
Scho ſtertis up, and gettis licht in hy;
And leit him in and that delyverlie.
Scho tuik fra him the geir as was the gyſe:
And [ſet a ſtule] upon an haiſtie wyſe.
He bad the madin kindil on ane fyre.
“ And get me meit and tax [ye] all my hyre.”
The gudwyf ſaid richt ſchortlie, ‘ Ye me trow,
‘ Heir is na meit that ganeand is for yow.’
“ How ſa fair dame? Gar get me cheis and breid.
“ And fill the ſtoip; and hald me with na pleid;
“ For I am tyrit, and bayth cauld and wait.
Than up ſcho rais, and maid ne mair debait:
Bot coverit ane burde; ſet breid in hy;
And ſyn cauld meit ſcho brocht delyverlie:
Ane fouſt fute, and ane ſcheipis heid, full ſwyth;
And fillit ane cop; and fenyet to be blyth.
He ſittis doun, and ſweiris, “ Be Allhallow
“ I fayr richt weill, had I [but] ane gud fallow.
“ Dame eit with me, and drink gif that ye may.”
The gudwyf anſwert meiklie, ‘ Hop I nay.
‘ It war mair tyme into your bed to be,
‘ Than now to ſit deſyrand cumpanie.’

The

The freyris tua, that in the loft can ly,
Thay hard him weill deſyrand cumpany.
Freyr Robert ſaid, ‘ Allane, gud brother deir,
‘ I wald the gudman wiſt that we war heir!
‘ Quha wait perchance the better we may fayr?
‘ For ſickerlie my hart will ewir be ſair
‘ Gif yon ſcheip's heid with Symon bwniſt be;
‘ And thair ſo gud meit in yon almorie.’
And with that wourd he gave ane hoiſt anone.
The gudman heird, and ſpeirit, “ Quha is yon?
“ Methink [that] thair is men into yon loft.’
The gudwyf anſwerit, with wourdis ſoft,
‘ Yon are your awin freyris brether tuay.’
“ I pray thé, dame, tell me quhat freyrs are thay?”
‘ Yon is freyr Robert, and ſillie freyr Allane,
‘ That all this day has gane with meikle pane.
‘ Be thay war heir it was ſa verray lait,
‘ Houris was roung, and cloſit was the yet.
‘ And in yon loft I gave thame harborye.’
The gudman ſaid, “ Sa God have part of me,
“ Thay freiris tua ar hartlie wylcum hidder,
“ Gar call thame doun, that we may drink togidder.”
The gudwyf ſaid, ‘ I reid yow lat thame ly.
‘ Thay had lever ſleip, nor be in laudery.
‘ To drink, and dot, it ganis nocht for thame.’
“ Lat be, fair dame, thay wourdis ar in vane.
“ I will thame have, be Goddis dignité;
“ Mak no delay, bot bring thame doun to me.”

The

The gudman ſayd unto his madin ſone,
" Go pray thame bayth cum doun withoutin hune."
And up the trap the mayden openit than,
And bad thame bayth cum doun to the gudman.
Freyr Robert ſayd, ' Fair madin, be Sanct Jame,
' The gudman is [full] deirlie wylcum hame.
' And we ſall cum anone, ye may him ſay,
' Him for to pleis in all that ever we may.'
And with that wourde thai ſterte up bayth anone,
And doun the ledder delyverly ar gone:
And ſaluſt Symon als ſone as thay him ſe;
And he agane thame wylcumt hartfullie.
He ſaid, " Cum ben my awin brether deyr;
" And ſit you doun, ye bayth, beſyd me heir.
" For I am heir alane, as ye may ſe;
" Thairfoir ſit doun, and beir me companie,
" And tak your part of ſic gude as we have."
Freyr Allane ſaid, ' I pray to God yow ſave!
' Heir is aneuche forſuth of Goddis gude.'
Than Symon ſwere thame, be the halie rude,
" Yit wald I gif ane croun of gold fra me
" For ſum gude meit and drink among us thre."
Freyr Robert ſaid, ' Quhat meitis wald ye have?
' Or quhatkin drink deſire ye for to crave?
' For I have mony ſundry practiks feyr,
' Beyond the ſey in Paris cuth I leyr;
' That I will preif, ſchir, glaidlie for your ſaik,
' And for our dame, that harbrie us cuth mak.

' I tak

'I tak on hand, and ye will counſale keip,
'That I ſhall gar yow have, or that ye ſleip,
'Of [all] the beſt that is in this cuntrey;
'And Gaſkane wyne, and ony in it be;
'Or, be thair ocht within ane hundreth myle,
'It ſall be heir within ane lytil quhyle.'
The gudman mervalls meikill of that taill;
And ſaid, "Brother, my hart will neir be haill,
"Bot gif ye preif that practik, or we part,
"Be quhatkin ſcience, nigromanſy, or airt."
Freyr Robert ſaid, 'Of this ye have no dreid;
'For I can do fer mair, and thair be neid.'
Than Symon ſaid, "Freyr Robert, I yow pray,
"For my ſaik that ſcience ye wald aſſay
"To mak us ſport." And than the freyr uprais,
And tuke his buik, and to the flure he gayis.
And turnis our, and reidis on ane ſpace;
And in the eiſt he turnit ewin his face,
And maid ane croce; and than the freyr cuth lout;
And in the weſt he turnit him ewin about:
Than in the north he turnt, and lowtit doun:
And tuke his buke and ſaid ane oriſone,
And ay his e was on the almerie,
And on the trouche, quhar that the freyr cuth ly.
He ſet him doun and kaiſt abak his heid;
He girnt, he glourt, he gapt as he war weid.
And quhylum ſat ſtill in ane ſtudying;
And quhylum on his buik he was reyding.

And

And quhylum bayth his handis he wald clap;
And uther quhyls he wald bayth glour and gaip.
And on this wyſe he yeid the hous about,
Weil twys or thrys; and ay the freyr cuth lout
Quhen that he came ocht neir the almerye.
Thairat our dame had wounder grit invy.
For in [hir] hart ſcho had ane perſaveing
That he had wit of all hir governing:
Sche ſaw him gif the almerie ſic ane ſtait.
Ontill hirſelf ſcho ſaid, 'Full weill I wait,
'He knaws full weill that I have in my thocht.
'Quhat ſall I do? Alace that I was wrocht!
'Get Symon wit it war my undoing.'
Be that the freyr hes left his ſtudeing;
And on his feit he ſtertis up full ſture,
And come agane, and ſaid; 'All-haill my cure
'Is done. Anone and ye ſall have plentie
'Of meit and wyne, the beſt in this cuntrie.
'Quhairfoir, fair dame, get up delyverlie,
'And gang belyf unto your almerie,
'And oppin it; and ſone ye bring us ſyne
'Ane pair of boſſis full of Gaſkan wyne,
'Thay hald ane galloun and mair, I wait weill:
'And bring us als the main breid in the creil.
'Thair is ane pair of capouns pypand het;
'And als ane pair of cunnyngs, weil I wait.
['Ane pair of pertriks ſe ye bring us thair.
'My ſpelle is out. I traiſt thair is na mair.']

The

The gudwyf wiſt it was na variance:
Scho knew the freyr had ſene hir govirnance.
Scho wiſt it was no bute for to deny:
And than ſcho yeid onto the almory.
And opent it, and than ſcho fand richt yoir
All that the freyr had ſpokin of befoir.
Scho ſtert abak, as ſcho war in effray;
And ſavis hir; and to Symon can ſay;
'Haly Benedicite! Quhat may this mene!
'Quha hard ewir of ſic ane fairlie ſene?
'Sa grit ane farlie as now is happint here!
'Quhat ſall I ſay? He is ane haly freyr!
'Ye ſaid full ſuth of all that ye culd ſay.'
Scho brocht all furth, and on the burde culd lay:
Bayth [meit, and] breid, and wyne, withouttin moir;
The capouns, cunnyngs, ye have hard before,
And pertrikis, befoir thame has ſcho brocht.
The freyr knew, and ſaw thair wantit nocht;
Bot all was brocht, as him [did] liſt devyſe.
Fra Symon ſaw it ferd upon this wyſe,
He had greit wounder; and ſueiris by the mone,
"Freyr Robert has richt weil his devoir done.
"He may be callit a man of greit ſcience,
"So ſuddanlie that all this purviance
"Hes brocht us heir, all throw his ſubtilté,
"And throw his arte, and his philoſophie.
"It was in [richt] gude tyme that he came hidder.
"Now fill the cop that we may drink togidder;

"And

" And mak us mirrie after this ewil day;
" For I have ridding a wounder wilfum way.—
" Ontill us all thro his wyfe governance!—
" And God be lovit heir is fufficiance."
And with that wourde thay drank [all] round about
Of the gude wyn; and ay thay playit cop out.
Thay eit, and drank; and maid richt mirrie cheir;
With [mirth] loud fang bayth Symon and the freyr.
Quhill on this wyfe the lang nicht our thay draif;
Thay wantit nothing that thay defyre to craif.
All [this] thair fport, (thoch thai war weill at eis,)
Ontill our dame it micht hir nothing pleis.
Uther thing [now] was more intill hir thocht;
Scho had fic dreid, hir hart was all on floucht,
[Leſt] throw the freyr fcho fuld difhonorit be.
Afyd to him fche caift ane fremmit e.
[But] ftill fche fat; and let them all alane;
Quhat eir fcho thocht, fcho wift it war in vane.
Bot thay war glaid aneuch, God wait, and fang,
Quhill ay the wyne was walking thame amang.
Quhill at the laft thay waxit blythe ilkone,
Than Symon faid onto the freyr anone,
" I marvale meikle how that this may be!
" Into fchort tyme that ye, fo fuddainlie,
" Hes brocht us heir fo mony danteis feyr!"
' Thairof have ye nocht fairlie,' faid the freyr;
' I have ane page, full previe, of my awin;
' Will cum to me quhen that I lift, unknawin;

'And bring to me ſic thing as I wald have.
'Quhat I ſo liſt me neidis nocht to crave.
'Quhairfoir be blyth, and tak in pacience;
'And traiſtis weill I ſall do diligence,
'Gif that yow liſt, or lykis to have more,
'He ſall it bring, and that I ſall ſtand fore,
'Incontinent richt heir that ye may ſe.
'Bot I proteſt that ye keip this previe;
'Lat no man wit that I can do ſic thing.'
Than Symon ſaid, "I ſweyr be hevin's king
"It ſal be kepit counſale, as for me.
"Bot, brother deir, your ſervand wald I ſee,
"Gif [that] ye pleis, that we may drink togidder;
"For I want nocht gif ye may ay cum hidder,
"Quhen we liſt, or lykis ſic [feiſt] as this."
Than Robert ſays, 'Sua have I joy or blis,
'I dar nocht undertak it upone me,
'For dyvers cauſis now, apperandlie,
'Till bring him heir, ſa lait upon the nycht:
'And namelie nou intill freyr Allane's ſycht.
'Bot and gif [that] it war upon this wyſe
'To tranſlait him into ane uther gyſe,
'Fra his awin kind intill an ither ſtait.'
Than Symon ſays, "Ye mak na mair debait,
"How ewir ye will, it lykis weil to me.
"Bot, brother deir, your ſervand wald I ſe.
Freyr Robert ſaid, 'Sen that your will is ſo,
'Tell onto me, withouttin wourdis mo,

'Into quhat ſtait yé liſt that he appeir.'
Than Symon ſaid, "In lyknes of ane freyr.
"In quhyte habite, ſic as yourſelf can weir:
"For colour quhyt it will to no man deir.
"And ewill ſpreitts quhyte colour ay will fle."
Freyr Robert ſaid, 'I ſay it may nocht be
'That he appeir intill our habite quhyt.
'For till our ordour it war grit diſpyt,
'That ony ſic unwourthy wicht as he
'Into our habite ony man ſuld ſe.
'Bot, ſen it pleſis yow that now is here,
'Ye ſall him ſé in lyknes of ane freyr,
'In gray habite, as is his kynd to weir.
'Into ſic wys that he ſall no man deir,
'Sua that yé do as I ſall you devys,
'To hald you cloiſ, and rewle you on this wys;
'Quhat ſua it be that outher ye ſe or heir,
'Ye ſpeik nothing nor yit ye mak no ſteir:
'Bot hald yé cloiſ, quhil I have done my cuir.
'And, Symon, ye man be upo the flure
'Neir beſyd [me;] I ſall be your warrand.
'Have ye no dreid bot ſtill be me ye ſtand.'
Than Symon ſaid, "I conſent it be ſua."
Than up he ſtert, and tuik ane libberlay
Intill his hand, and on the flure he ſtert,
Sumthing effrayt, thoch ſtalwart was his hart.
Than Symon ſaid onto Freyr Robert ſone
"Tell me, [my] maiſter, quhat ye will have done."

'Nathing,' he ſaid, 'bot hald ye clois, and ſtill;
'And quhat I do ye tak guid tent thairtill.
'And neir the dure ye hald ye prevelie;
'And quhen I bid you ſtryk, ſtryk hardelie:
'Into the nek ſe that ye hit him richt.'
"I warrand that," quoth he, "with all my micht."
Thus on the flure I leif him ſtandand ſtill,
Bydand his tyme; and turne agane I will
Till freyr Robert, that tuik his buik in hy,
And turnit our the levis biſſely.
Syne yeid to the trouche, and on this wys, ſaid he;
'How Hurlbaſie! Anone, I conjure thee,
'That up thow ryſe, and ſyne to [us] appeir,
'In gray habite in lyknes of ane freyr.
'Out fra the trouche, quhair that thow can ly,
'Thow rax thee ſone, and mak us na tary:
'Thow turne our the trouche, that we may ſee;
'And ſyn till us thow ſchaw thé openlie.
'And in this place ſe na man that thow greif;
'Bot draw thy handis bayth into thy ſleif,
'And pow thy cowl lenthe attour thy face;
'For thow ſall byd na langar in this place.'
With that the freyr under the trouche that lay
No wounder thoch his hart was in effray;
Than off the trouche he tumblit ſone anone,
And to the dure he ſchapis him to gone:
With ewill cheyr, and dreyrie countynance,
For never befoir him happint ſic ane chance.

Bot quhen freyr Robert him ſaw gangand by,
Than on Symon he cryis haſtelie,
'Stryk hardelie, for now is tyme to thé.'
With that Symon ane felloun flap leit flie;
With his burdoun he hit him in the nek;
He was ſo fers he * fell attour ane fek,
And brak his heid upon the muſtarde ſtone.
Be that the freyr attour the ſtayr was gone,
In ſic ane wys he miſſit hes the trap;
He fell in ane meikil myre, as wes his hap,
Was fourtie fute on breid, under the ſtayr:
And thus his pairt was nathing wounder fayr
Into that tyme, conſiddering how it ſtude.
Out of the myre full ſmertlie at he woude;
And on the wall he clame full haiſtely
Was maid about, and all with ſtanis dry.
And of that 'ſchape in hart he wes full fane:
Now he ſall be [richt] layth to come agane.
With that freyr Robert ſtert about, and ſaw
Quhair that the gudman lay ſo wounder law
Apon the fluir; and bleidand was his heid.
He ſtert till him, and went he had bene deid;
And claucht him up, withouttin wourdis mair,
And to the dure delyverly him bayr.
And, for the wynd was blawand in his face,
He ſone ourcome, intill ane lytill ſpace:
And ſyn the freir has franit at him faſt
'Quhat alit him to be ſo fair agaſt?'

* Symon.

He

He ſayd, "Yon feynd had maid me in effray."
'Lat be,' quoth he, 'the werſt is all away;
'And mak mirrie, and ſe ye murne na mair;
'Ye have him ſtriken quite out our the ſtayr.
'I ſaw him ſkip, gif I the ſuth can tell,
'Atour the bak intill ane myre he fell.
'Lat him now go; he is ane gameles gaiſt:
'And to your bed ye bowne to tak your reſt.'
'Thus Symon's heid upon the wall was brokin;
And als freyr Johne attour the ſtayr was loppin,
And hurt his heid, and wart him wounder ill:
And Aleſoun ſcho gat nocht all her will.
And thus my taill I end heir of the freyr.
Chryſt ſend us peice, and lat us nevir have weyr.

Finis the freiris of Berwik.

POEMES

BE

DUNBAR.

POEMES BE DUNBAR.

TO A LADYE.

SWEIT rois of vertew and of gentilnes;
Delytſum lyllie of everie luſtynes.
Richeſt in bontie, and in bewtie cleir,
And every vertew that [to hevin] is deir,
Except onlie that ye ar mercyles.

Into your garthe this day I did perſew.
Thair ſaw I flouris that freſche wer of hew;
Baythe quhyte and rid moſt luſtye wer to ſeyne:
And halſum herbis upone ſtalkis grene.
Yet leif nor flour fynd could I nane of Rew.

I doute that Merche, with his cauld blaſtis keyne,
Hes ſlane this gentill herbe, that I of mene;
Quhois petewus deithe dois to my hart ſic pane,
That I wald vrak to plant his rute agane.
So confortand his leves unto me bene.

Quod Dunbar.

UPON

UPON JAMES DOIG, KEPAR OF THE QUEIN's WARDREP.

TO THE QUEIN.

THE wardraipper of Venus' bour
To giff a joblet he is als doure,
As it war off ane fute ſyd frog.
Madame, ye heff a dangerous Dog.

Quhen that I ſchaw to him your markis,
He turns to me agane and barkis,
As he war wurriand ane hog.
Madame, ye heff a dangerous Dog.

Quhen that I ſchaw to him your wrytin,
He girnis that I am 'red for bytin:
I wuld he had ane havy clog!
Madame, ye heff a dangerous Dog.

Quhen that I ſpeik to him friendlyk,
He barkis lyke ane midding tyke
War chaſand catel thro a bog.
Madame, ye heff a dangerous Dog.

He is ane maſtyf, mekle of mycht,
To keip your wardrip ovir nicht
Fra the grit ſowdan Gogmagog.
Madame, ye heff a dangerous Dog.

He is our mekil to be your meſſoun,
Madame I red you get a les on;
His gangarris all your chalmers ſchog.
Madame, ye heff a dangerous Dog.

Quod Dunbar of James Doig, kepar of the Quein's wardrep.

UPON

UPON THE SAME.

TO THE SAME.

O Gracious princes guid and fair!
Do weill to James your wardraipair;
Quhais faythful brudermaiſt freind I am.
He is no Dog; he is a lam.

Thoch I in ballat did with him bourde,
In malice ſpak I never a word:
Bot all, Madame, to do you game.
He is no Dog; he is a lam.

Your hienes cannot get ane meter
To keip your wardreip; nor diſcreter
To rewle your robbis, and dres the ſame.
He is no Dog; he is a lam.

The wyff, that he had in his innys,
That with the tangs wald birs his ſchynnis,
I wald ſcho drount war in a dam.
He is no Dog; he is a lam.

The wyf, that wald him kuckald mak,
I wald ſcho war, bayth ſyde and bak,
Weill batterit with ane barrow tram.
He is no Dog; he is a lam.

He hes ſo weill done me obey,
Ourtill all thing thairfoir I pray
That nevir dolour mak him dram.
He is no Dog; he is a lam.

Quod Dunbar of the ſaid James, quhen he had pleiſit him.

ON

ON A DANCE IN THE QUENE'S CHALMER.

SCHIR John Sinclair begowthe to dance,
For he wes new cum out of France.
For ony thing that he do micht,
His ay futt yeid ay ourycht,
And to the tother would not gree.
Quoth ane, 'Tak up the Quenis knycht.'
A mirrear dance micht na man ſee.

Than cam in Maiſtir Robert Schaw:
He lukit as he culd lern tham a.
Bot ay his an futt did waver;
He ſtockerit lyke ane ſtrummal aver,
That hop, ſchackelt abone the knee.
To ſeik fra Stirling to Stranaver
A mirrear dance micht na man ſee.

Than cam in the maiſter Almaſer,
Ane homelty-jomelty juffler,
Lyke a ſtirk ſtackarand in the ry:
His hippis gaff mony heddous cry.
John Bute the fule ſaid 'Wowes me!
'He is bedirtin. Fy! O fy!'
A mirrear dance micht na man ſee.

Than

Than cam in Dunbar the mackar;
On all the flure thair was nane frackar,
And thair he dauncet the Dirry-duntoun:
He hoped, lyk a pillèr wantoun;
For luff of Muſgraeffe men fulis me.
He trippet quhill he tuir his pantoun.
A mirrear dance micht na man ſee.

Than cam in Maeſtris Muſgraeffe:
Scho mycht haff lernit all the laeffe.
Quhen I ſaw hir ſa trimlye dance;
Hir gud conwoy and contenance:
Than for hir ſaek I wiſſit to be
The grytaſt erle, or duke, in France.
A mirrear dance micht na man ſee.

Than cam in dame Doutébour:
God waitt giff that ſcho lukit four!
Scho maid ſic morgeounis with hir hippis,
For lauter nane mycht hald thair lippis.
Quhen ſcho was danceand biſſilye,
Ane blaſt of wind ſoun fra hir ſlappis.
A mirrear dance micht na man ſee.

Quhen thair wes cum in fyve or ſax,
The Quenis Dog begouth to rax.
And of his band he maid a bred;
And to the dancing ſoun he him med.

How maſterlyk about yeid he!
He ſtimiket lyk a tyk, ſum ſaed.
A mirrear dance micht na man ſee.

Quod Dunbar of a dance in the Quenis chalmer.

ON ANE BLAK-MOIR LADYE.

LANG heff I maed of ladyis quhytt;
Now of ane black I will indytt,
That landet furth of the laſt ſchippis.
How fain wald I diſcryve perfytt
My ladye with the mekle lippis!

How ſcho is tute-mowitt lyk ane aep;
And lyk a gangarel onto graep.
And how hir ſchort catt-nois up ſkippis.
And how ſcho ſchynes lyk ony ſaep.
My ladye with the mekle lippis.

Quhen ſcho is claid in reche apparall,
Scho blinkis as brycht as ane tar-barrell.
Quhen ſcho was borne the ſone tholit clippis;
The nycht be fain faucht in hir quarrell.
My lady with the mekle lippis.

Quha for hir ſaek, with ſpeir and ſcheld,
Preſſis maiſt mychtely in the feld,
Sall kiſs, and with hir go in grippis;
And fra thynefurth hir luf ſall weld
My lady with the meikle lippis.

And quha in felde receavis ſchaem,
And tynis thair his knychtlé naem,
Sall cum behind and kiſs hir hippis;
And nevir other comfort claem.
My ladý with the mekle lippis.

Quod Dunbar of ane blak-moir.

TO

TO THE QUENE.

MADAME, your men ſaid they wald ryd,
And lat this faſtrenis ewin ower flyd.
Lat than thair wyffs cum furth in flockis,
And baid tham betteis ſoun abyd
Att hame, and lib tham of thair pockis.

Nou propois thai, ſen ye dwell ſtill,
Of Venus' feiſt to fang ane fill.
Bot in the felde preiff thai na cockis;
For till heff riddin had bein les ill
Nor let thair wyffis breid the pokkis.

Sum of your men ſic curage hed,
Dame Venus' fyte ſa harde thame ſted,
Thai brak up durris, and raeff up lokkis,
To gett ane pamphelet on ane pled,
That thai mycht lib thame of the pockis.

Sum, that war ryatus as rammis,
Ar now maid tame lyk ony lammis,
And ſettin doun lyk farye crokkis;
And hes forſackin all ſic gamis
That men calls libbing of the pockis.

Sum, thocht thamſelffis ſtark lyk gyands,
Ar now maid waek lyk willing wands;
With ſchinnis ſharp and ſmall lyk rockis;
And gottin thair bak in bayth thair hands,
For ower oft libbing of the pockis.

I ſaw wotlinkis me beſyd
The yong men to thair howſes gyde,
Had better lagget in the ſtockis.
Sum fra the bordel wald nocht byd,
Quhill that thai gat the Spanie pockis.

Thairfoir all yong men, I yow pray,
Keip yow fra harlotis nycht and day:
Thai ſall repent quha with thame yokis.
And bewar with that perrellous play
That man cawis libbing of the pockis.

Quod Dunbar.

TO

TO THE KING.

QUHANE MONY BENEFICES VAKIT.

SCHIR, at this feſt of benefyce,
Think that ſmall parts make gryt ſervyce.
And equal dyſtrebutioun
Maks thame content that has reſſoun:
And quha hes nane ar pleſet na vyſs.

Schir, quhidder is it merit mair
To gif him drink that thriſtis ſair;
Or fyll ane full man quhyl he briſt;
And lat his fellowe dye for thriſt,
Quhylk wyne to drink als worthy wer?

It is no glaid collatioun
Quhyle ane maks mirrie, ane uthair luiks downe.
Ane thriſts, ane uthair playis cope out.
Lat anes the cop go round about,
And wyn the covanis benyſoun.

Quod Dunbar, quhane mony benefices vakit.

AGANIS THE SOLISTARIS IN COURT.

BE divers wayis and operatiouns
Men maks in court thair ſoliſtatiouns.
Sum be ſervice, and diligence:
Sum be continual reſidence:
On ſubſtance ſum men dois abyde,
Quhill fortoun do for thame provyde.
Sum ſings. Sum dances. Sum tell ſtoryis.
Sum lait at ewin brings in the moryis.
Sum flyrds. Sum ſenyeis: and ſum flatters.
Sum playis the fuil, and all owt clatters.
Sum man, muſand be the waw,
Luiks as he mycht nocht do at aw.
Sum ſtandis in a nuik, and rownes:
For covatyce ane uthair neir ſwownes.
Sum beris as he wald ga wud
For heit deſyr of warlds gud.
Sum at the meſs levis all devotioun.
And beſy labours for promotioun.
Sum hes thair advocatts in chaumir,
And taks thameſelf thairoff no glawmir.
My ſempilnes, amang the laiff,
Wait of na way, ſa God me ſaif,
Bot, with ane humble cheir and face,
Referrs me to the kyngis grace.

Methink his gracious contenance
In ryches my ſufficiance.

Quod Dunbar aganis the ſoliſtaris in court.

QUHA NATHING HES CAN GET NATHING.

TO THE KING.

OF benefyce, Schir, at everie feiſt,
Quha monyaſt hes maks maiſt requeiſt:
Get thai not all thai think ye wrang thame.
Ay is the owr-word of the geſt,
'Giff thame the pelf to part amang thame.'

Sum ſwallis ſuan, ſum ſwallis duik;
And I ſtand faſtand in a nuik,
Quhil the effec of all thay fang thame.
Bot, lord, how pitowethlie I luik,
Quhen all the pelf thay part amang thame!

Of ſic hie feiſts of ſanctis in glory,
Baith of comoun and proper ſtory,
Quhar lords was patrones oft I ſang thame,
Caritas pro Dei amore.
And yet I gatt nathing amang thame.

This blind warld ever ſo payis his det,
Ryche befoir puir ſpraids ay thair net,
To fiſche all waters dois belang thame.
Quha nothing hes can nothing get;
Bot ay is ſypher ſett amang thame.

Sa thay the kirk had in thair cuir,
Thay fors bot lytil how it fuir,
Nor of the buiks nor bells quha rang thame.
Thay pens not of the prochene puir,
Had thay the pelf to part amang thame.

So variant is this warldis rent,
That men of it ar neir content;
Of dethe quhyl that the dragoun ſtang thame.
Quha maiſt hes thane ſall maiſt repent;
And hes maiſt compt to part amang thame.

Quod Dunbar.

LAIR IS VANE WITHOUT GOVERNANCE.

TO ſpeik of ſcience, craft, or ſapience;
Of vertew, moral cunning, or doctryne;
Of treuth, of wiſdome, or intelligence;
Of everie ſtudie, lair, or diſcyplyne;
All is bot tynt, or reddy for to tyne,
Not uſing it as it ſuld uſit be.
The craift exercing, eſchewing not the fyne;
A peralous ſeiknes is vaine proſperité.

The curious probation logical;
The eloquence of ornat rethorie;
The natural ſcience filoſophical;
The dirk aperance of aſtronomie;
The theolog's ſermon; the fable of poetry;
Without guid lyf all in the ſalf dois dé,
As Mayis flours dois in September drye.
A peralous lyf is vaine proſperité.

Quharfoir, ye clerkis, gryteſt of conſtance,
Fulleſt of ſcience, and of knawleging,
To us be mirrors in your governance;
And in our dirkneſs be lamps of ſeying:
Or thane in vaine is all your lang lering.
Gyf to your ſawis your deidis contrair be,
Your maiſt accuſar is your awin cuning.
A peralous ſeiknes is vaine proſperité.

Quod Dunbar at Oxinfurde.

AGANIS

AGANIS MURE.

TO THE KING.

SCHIR, I complaine of injure;
A reſing ſtorie of rakyng Mure
Hes mangillit my making, throw his maliſe,
And preſent it into your paliſe.
Bot, ſen he pleis with me to pleid,
I ſall him knawin mak hyne to Caliſe,
Bot gif your Henes it remeid.

That fule diſmemberit hes my meter,
And poyſon'd it with ſtrange ſalpeter;
With rycht defamus ſpeiche of lords,
Quhilk with my colours all diſcords.
Quhois crewal ſclanders ſervite ded:
And in my name all lies records.
Your Grace beſech I of remeid.

He has indorſit myn indyting
With verſis of his hand-wryting;
Quhairin baith ſclander is and treſoun
Of ane wod fuil far out of ſeaſoun.
He wants nocht bot a roundir heid,
For he hes tynt baith wit and reaſoun.
Your Grace beſech I of remeid.

Puniſs than for his deid culpabil;
Or gar deliver him to babil.
That cuddy rung the drumfrés fuil
May him reſtrane againe this yuil;
All loundit into yallow and reid:
That lads may bait him lyk a buil.
For that to me war ſum remeid.

Quod Dunbar.

DUNBAR's COMPLAINT.

COMPLANE I wald wiſt I, quhome till,
Or unto quhome darect my bill;
Quhidder to God, that all thing ſteirs,
All thing ſeis, and all thing heirs,
And all thing vrocht in dayis ſeveyne;
Or till his modar, Quein of Heveyne;
Or unto warldlie prince heir downe,
That dois for juſtice weir a crowne;
Of wrangs, and of gryt injures,
That nobills in thar dayis indurs,
And men of vertew, and cunning,
Of wit, and wyſdome in gyding,
That nocht can in this court conquyſs
For lawté, luif, nor lang ſervyſs.
Bot fowl, jow-jourdane-heded, jevels,
Cowkins, henſeis, and culroun kevels,
Stuffets, ſtrokours, and ſtafiſche ſtrummels,
Vyld haſchbalds, haggarbalds, and hummels,
Druncarts, dyſours, dyours, drevels,
Miſgydit members of the devels,
Miſmaid mandrags of maſtiſs kynd,
Crawdones, couhirts, and theifs of kynd;
Blait-mowit bludyeanes, with bledder-cheeks,
Club-facet chicanes, with clutit breeks,
Chaff-midding churls, cuming of cart-fillars,
Gryt graſchowe-heidet gorge millars,

Ewill

Ewill horrible monſteris, fals and fowl.
Sum cauſes clek till him ane cowl,
Ane gryt convent fra ſyn to tyce;
And he himſelf exampil of vyce.
Enterand for deir, and no devotioun,
The devil is glad of his promotioun.
And him, that gaits ane perſonage,
Thinks it a preſent for a page;
And on no wayis content is he,
My Lord quhil that he callet be.
Bot how is he content, or nocht,
Deme ye about into your thocht,
The lerit ſone of Erle, or Lord,
Upon this ruffie to remord,
That with all caſtings hes him bred,
His erands for to ryn and red.
And he his maiſter native borne,
And all his eldars him beforne.
And metelie mair cuning befit thé
Has to poſſeid ane dignitie,
Saying his odius ignorance,
Putting ane prelotts contenance,
So far above him ſet at tabel,
That wont was for to muk the ſtabel.
Ane pyk-thank in a prelots chayſe,
With his wawil feit, and virrok tais,
With hoppir hippis, and henches narrow,
And bauſy hands to ber a barrow;

With

With lut ſhoulders, and luttaird bak,
Quhilk nature maid to beir a pak.
With gredy mynd, and glaſchave gane;
Mell hedit lyk ane mortar-ſtane.
Foryeing the feris of ane lord
And he ane ſtrumbell, and ſtandford;
And er mair is he dois rys,
And nobles of bluid he dois diſprys,
And helpis for to hald thame downe,
That thai rys neir to his renoune.
Thairfoir, O Prince maiſt hy and abil!
Be in this mater merciabil.

* * * * *

[*Two lines quite worne out off the MS.*]

* * * * * *
* * * * mynſtrel,
* * regiouns hes bein hard tell.
The quhilk my wryting witnes beris;
And yet thy danger ay me deris.
Bot efter danger cumis grace,
As hes bein hard in mony place.

Quod Dunbar.

LAMENT

LAMENT TO THE KING.

SCHIR, lat it neir in towne be tald
That I ſould be ane howllis hald.

Suppois I war ane ald yaid aver,
Schott furth our cleuchs to ſquiſhe the clevis,
And hed the ſtrenthis of all ſtrene bevis,
I wald at Youl be houſit and ſtald.
Schir lat it neir in towne be tald.

I am ane auld hors, as ye knaw,
That er in duil dois drup and draw.
Gryt court hors puts me fra the ſtaw,
To fang the fog be firthe and fald.
Schir lat it neir in toune be tald.

I hef run lang, furth in the feild,
On paſtours that ar plaine and peld;
I mycht be now tane in for eild;
My boks are ſpruning hé and bauld.
Schir lat it neir in towne be tald.

My maine is turnit into quhyt,
And thairof ye hef all the wyt.
When uthir hors hed brane to byk,
I gat bot greſs, grype gif I wald.
Schir lat it neir in towne be tald.

THE TWA CUMMERS.

AIRLY on ane wedneſday,
At the wyne ſat cumeris tway:
The tane to the tother cold complaine;
Sichand, and ſoupand, can ſcho ſay,
'This lang Lentrune hes maid me lene.'

Beſyd the fyr, quhairthat ſcho ſat,
God wait gif ſcho wes grit and fat;
Yet to be febil ſcho did hir fene.
Sayand ay, 'Cummer lats preif of that,
'That Lentrune ſall nocht mak us lene.

"Fair gentil cummer," ſaid the tother,
"Ye tak that migarnes of your mother;
"Ill wyne to teſt ſcho did diſdene;
"Bot maweſſie ſcho bad nane uther,
"That Lentrune ſuld nocht mak her lene.

"Kummer be blythe bayth evin and morrow;
"And lat your huſband dre the ſorrow.
"Fra our lang faſting you refrene,
"And I ſall find yow gud to borrow,
"That Lentrune ſall nocht mak yow lene.

'Fair gentil cummer,' than ſaid ſcho,
'All is to tene him that I do.
'In bed he is nocht worthe ane bene.
'Fill the cop. cummer, and drink me to,
'That Lentrune ſall nocht mak us lene.'

Thai twa, out of ane ſcopin ſtowp,
Thai drank thre quartis ſoup and ſoup;
Sic dreuthe and thriſt was thame betwene.
Bot thane to mend thai had gud hop
That Lentrune ſuld nocht mak thame lene.

Quod Dunbar.

ON THE WARLDS INSTABILITIE.

TO THE KING.

THIS waverand warldis wretchidnes,
The failyand and fruitles biſſines,
The miſpent tyme, the ſervice vaine,
For to conſidder is ane pane.

The ſlydant joy, the glaidnes ſchort,
The feinyeid luif, the fals confort,
The ſueit abayd, the ſlichtful trane,
For to conſidder is ane pane.

The ſugurit mouthis, with myndis thairfra;
The figurit ſpeiche, with faceis tua;
The pleſand toungis, with harts unplane,
For to conſidder is ane pane.

The labour loſt, and leil ſervice;
The lang availl on humil wyſe,
And the lytill rewarde agane,
For to conſidder is ane pane.

Nocht I ſay all be this cuntré,
France, Ingland, Ireland, Almané,
Bot all be Italie, and Spane,
Quhilk to conſidder is ane pane.

The change of warld fra weill to wo;
The honourable uſe is all ago
In hall and bour, in burgh and plane;
Quhilk to conſidder is ane pane.

Beleif dois leip, traiſt dois nocht tarie;
Office dois flit, and courtis dois varie;
Purpois dois change, as wynd or rane;
Quhilk to conſidder is ane pane.

Gud rewl is baniſt our the bordour,
And rangat rings, bot ony ordour,
With reird of rebalds, and of ſwane;
Quhilk to conſider is ane pane.

The pepil ſo wickit ar of feiris,
The frutles erde all witnes beiris,
The ayr infectit and prophane;
Quhilk to conſidder is ane pane.

The temporale ſtait to gryp and gather
The ſone diſheris wald the father,
And as ane dyvour wald him demane;
Quhilk to conſidder is ane pane.

Kirkmen ſo halie ar and gude,
That on their conſcience rowne and rude,
May turn aucht opin and ane wane;
Quhilk to conſidder is ane pane.

I knaw nocht how the kirk is gydit,
Bot beneficis ar nocht leil devydit;
Sum men hes ſevin, and I nocht ane.
Quhilk to conſidder is ane pane.

And ſum, unworthy to brouk ane ſtall,
Wald clym to be ane cardinall:
Ane biſchopric may nocht him gane.
Quhilk to conſider is ane pane.

Unwourthy I, amang the laif,
Ane kirk dois craif, and nane can have;
Sum with ane thraif playis paſſage plane.
Quhilk to conſidder is ane pane.

It cumis be king, it cumis be quene;
Bot ay ſic ſpace is us betwene,
That nane can ſhut it with ane ſlane.
Quhilk to conſidder is ane pane.

It micht have cummin in ſchortar quhyl
Fra Calyecot, and the new fund Yle,
The partis of tranſmeridiane.
Quhilk to conſidder is an pane.

It micht be this, had it bein kynd,
Cummin out of the deſerts of Ynde,
Our all the grit ſe occeane.
Quhilk to conſidder is ane pane.

It micht have cummin out of all ayrtis;
Fra Paris, and the orient partis;
And fra the Ylis of Aphrycane.
Quhilk to conſider is ane pane.

It is ſo lang in cuming me till,
I dreid that it be quhyt gane will;
Or bakwart it is turnit agane.
Quhilk to conſidder is ane pane.

Upon the heid of it is hecht
Bayth unicornis, and crowns of wecht:
Quhen it dois cum all men dois frane.
Quhilk to conſidder is ane pane.

I wait [it] is for me provydit;
Bot ſa done tyrſum it is to byd it.
It breiks my hairt, and burſts my brane.
Quhilk to conſidder is ane pane.

Greit abbais grayth I nill to gather,
Bot ane kirk ſcant coverit with hadder;
For I of lytil wald be fane.
Quhilk to conſidder is ane pane.

And for my curis in ſindrie place,
With help, Schir, of your nobil grace,
My ſillie ſaule ſall never be ſlane;
Na for ſic ſyn to ſuffer pane.

Experience dois me ſo inſpyr
Of this fals failyeand warld I tyre,
That evermore flittis lyk ane phane.
Quhilk to conſidder is ane pane.

The formeſt hoip yit that I have
In all this warld, ſa God me ſave,
Is in Your Grace, bayth crop and grayne.
Quhilk is ane leeſing of my pane.

Quod Dunbar.

PRAYER THAT THE KING WAR JOHNE THOMSOUN's MAN.

SCHIR, for Your Grace, bayth nicht and day,
Richt hartlie on my kneis I pray,
With all devotioun that I can,
'God gif ye war Johne Thomſounis man!'

For war it ſo, than weill war me;
But benefice I wald nocht be.
My hard fortoun wer endit than.
God gif ye war Johne Thomſounis man!

Than wald ſum reuth within yow reſt
For ſaik of hir, faireſt and beſt.
In bartane ſyn hir tyme began,
God gif ye war Johne Thomſounis man!

For it micht hurt in no degré
That on, ſo fair and gude as ſche,
Throw hir vertew ſic worſchip wan,
As yow to mak Johne Thomſounis man.

I wald gif all that ever I have
To that conditioun, ſa God me ſaif,
That ye had vowit to the ſwan,
Ane yeir to be Johne Thomſounis man.

The

The merſy of that ſweit meik ros
Suld ſaft yow thairtill I ſuppois;
Quhois pykes throw me ſo reuthles ran.
God gif ye war Johne Thomſounis man!

My advocat, bayth fair and ſueit,
The hale rowſing of my ſpreit,
Wald ſpeid into my erands than;
And ye war anis Johne Thomſounis man.

Ever quhen I think yow hard or dour,
Or merciles in my ſuccour,
Than pray I God, and ſweit Sanct An,
'Gif that ye war Johne Thomſounis man!

Quod Dunbar.

ON CONTENT.

QUHO thinks he hes ſufficience,
Of gudis hes na indigence.
Thoch he have nowdir land nor rent,
Grit mycht, nor hie magnificence,
He hes aneuch that is content.

Quho had riches unto Ynde,
And wer not ſatesfeit in mynd,
With povertie I hald him ſchent:
Of covatyce ſic is the kynd.
He hes aneuch that is content.

Thairfoir I pray yow, bredir deir,
Not to delyt in daynteis ſeir.
Thank God of it is to yow ſent;
And of it glaidlie mak gud cheir.
He hes aneuch that is content.

Defy the warld, feynyeit and fals,
With gall in hart, and hunyt hals.
Quha maiſt it ſervis ſall ſonaſt repent:
Of quhais ſubchetts four is the ſals.
He hes aneuch that is content.

Gif thow hes mycht, be gentil and fre;
And gif thow ſtands in povertie,
Of thine awin will to it conſent.
And riches ſall return to thé.
He hes aneuch that is content.

And ye and I, my bredir all,
That in this lyfe hes lordſchip ſmall,
Lat langour not in us imprent.
Gif we not clym we tak no fall.
He hes aneuch that is content.

For quho in warld moſt covatus is,
In warld is puraſt man I wys;
And moiſt nedy of his intent.
For of all gudis nothing he hes,
That of nothing can be content.

Quod Dunbar.

ON

ON THE CHANGES OF LYFE.

I SEIK aboute this warld unſtable,
To find a ſentence convenable;
Bot I can not, in all my witt,
Sa trew a ſentence find of it,
As to ſay it is diſſavable.

For, yiſtirday, I did declair
How that the ſaſoun ſaft and fair
Come in als freſche as pacok feddir:
This day it ſtangis lyk ane eddir;
Concluding all in my contrair.

Yiſtirday fair ſprang the flouris;
This day thai ar all ſlane with ſhouris:
And fouls, in foreſt that ſang cleir,
Now walkis with ane drerie cheir;
Full cauld ar bayth their beds and bouris.

So next to ſymmer wynter bein:
Next eftir confort cairis kein.
Nixt eftir midnycht the mirthful morow:
Nixt joy ay cummis eftir ſorow.
So is this warld, and ay hes bein.

Quod Dunbar.

MEDI-

MEDITATIOUN, WRITTIN IN WYNTIR.

INTO thir dirk and drublie dayis,
Quhan ſabill all the hevin arrayis,
Quhan myſtie vapours cludds the ſkyis,
Nature all curage me denyis
Of ſangs, ballatis, and of playis.

Quhan that the nycht dois lenthin houris;
With wind, with haill, and havy ſchouris,
My dulé ſpreit dois lurk for ſchoir.
My hairt for langour dois forloir,
For laik of Symmer with his flouris.

I wak; I turne; ſleip may I nocht:
I vexit am with havie thocht.
This warld all ouir I caſt about;
And ay the mair I am in dout,
The mair that I remeid have ſocht.

I am aſſayit on everie ſyde.
Diſpair ſayis ay, 'In tyme provyde;
'And get ſum thing quhairon to leif.
'Or with grit trouble and miſcheif
'Thow ſall into this court abyde.

Than

Than Patience ſayis, 'Be na agaſt:
'Hald hoip and treuthe within thé faſt;
'And lat Fortoun wirk furthe hir rage,
'Quhan that no raſoun may aſſuage,
'Quhill that hir glas be run and paſt.

And Prudence in my eir ſays ay,
'Quhy wald you hald what will away?
'Or craif what yow may have no ſpace
'[To bruik, as] to an uther place
'A journay going every day?'

And than ſayis Age, 'My friend cum neir;
'And be not ſtrange, I thé requeir.
'Cum, brudir, by the hand me tak;
'Remember thow hes compt to mak
'Of all the tyme thow ſpendit heir.'

Syne Deid caſts up his yettis wyd;
Saying, 'Thir oppin ſall ye byd;
'Albeid that yow wer never ſo ſtout,
'Undir this lyntall ſall thow lout:
'Thair is nane uther way beſyd.'

For feir of this all day I drowp.
No gold in kiſt, nor wyne in cowp,
No ladeis bewtie, nor luifis blis,
May lat me to remember this:
How glaid that ever I dyne or ſowp.

Yit quhan the nicht begynnis to ſchort;
It dois my ſpreit ſum pairt confort,
Of thocht oppreſſit with the ſchouris.
Cum, luſtie Symmer! with thi flouris,
That I may leif in ſum diſport.

Quod Dunbar.

QUHEN

QUHEN THE GOVERNOUR PAST INTO FRANCE.

THOW that in hevin, for our ſalvatioun,
Maid juſtice, mercie, and pitie, to aggré;
And Gabriell ſent with the ſalutatioun
Onto the maid of maiſt humilité:
And maid thy ſone to tak humanité,
For our demerits to be of Marie borne;
Have of us pitie, and our protectour be.
For, but thy help, this kynrik is forlorne.

O hie ſupernale father of ſapience,
Quhilk of thy vertew dois every folie chais;
Ane ſpark of thy hie excellent prudence
Giff us, that nowther wit nor reſſoun hes.
In quhais harts no prudence can tak place,
Exemple nor experience of beforne:
To us ſynnaris ane drop ſend of thy grace.
For, but thy help, this kynrik is forlorne.

We ar ſo beſtlie, dull, and ignorant,
Our rudenes may nocht lichtlie be correctit.
Bot thow, that art of mercy militant,
Thy vengeance ſteie on us to ſyn ſubjectit,
And gar thy juſtice be with rewth correctit,
For quyt away [wyſdom] fra us is worne;
And in folie we ar ſo far infectit—
For, but thy help, this kynrik is forlorne.

Thow, that on rude us ranſomt and redemit,
Rew on our ſyn, befoir your ficht decyd it.
Spair our treſpas, quhilk may nocht be eſtemit,
For breif of juſtice, for we may nocht abyd it.
Help this puir realme, in parties all devydit:
Us ſuccour ſend, That war the croun of thorne,
That with the gyft of grace it may be gydit.
For but thy help this kynrik is forlorne.

Lord hald thy hand that ſtrickin hes ſo ſoir:
Have of us pitie, aftir our punytioun.
And us the grace gif thé to gref no more;
And gar us mend with penance and contritioun.
And to thy vengeance mak non additioun,
As thow that may of [mercie mak no ſcorne.]
Fra cair to comfort thow mak reſtitution.
For but thy help this kynrik is forlorne.

Quod Dunbar quhen the Governour paſt in France.

POEMES

BE

VARIOUS AUTHOURS.

POEMES BE VARIOUS AUTHOURS.

ADVYCE TO A COURTIER.

BE QUYNTENE SCHAW.

SUPPOIS the courte yow cheir and tretis,
And Fortoun on you ſchynis and betis,
I rid yow than war lufe! war le!
Suppois ye ſole betwix twa ſcheittis;
Utheris has falit als weil as ye.

Gif changes the wynd, on force ye mon
Bolyn, huke, haik, and ſcheld hald on.
Thairfoir bewar with ane ſcharpe blawar:
Gif ye be wys avyſe heiron;
And ſet your ſale a litle lawar.

For gif ye hauld your ſale ouir ſtrek,
Thair may cum bubbis ye not ſuſpek;
Thair may cum contrair ye not knaw;
Thair may cum ſtormes and caus a lek,
That ye man cap by wynd and waw.

And tho the air be fair, and ſtormlés,
Yit thair hauld not your ſale ouir pres;
For of hie landis thair may cum ſloggis,
At Saint Tabbis Heid, and Buchan Nes,
And ryve your foir-ſaill all in raggis,

Be thou vexit, and at undir,
Your freinds will fre and on yow wondir.
Thairfoir bewar with our hie lands,
Sic ſlags may fall, ſuppois a hundir,
War yow to help thai have no hands.

Dreid this danger, gud freind and brudir,
And tak example befoir of uther.
Knaw courtis, and wynd, has oftſys vareit.
Keip weill your cours, and rewle your rudir;
And think with kingis ye ar not mareit.

Quod Quyntene Schaw.

WA WORTH MARYAGE!

A SANG BE CLAPPERTOUN.

IN BOWDOUN, on blak monunday,
Quhen all was gadderit to the Play,
Bayth men and wemen ſemblit thair,
I hard ane ſweit ane ſich, and ſay
Wa worth maryage for evermair!

Madinis, ye may have grit pleſance
For to do Venus obſervance,
Thoch I incluſit be with cair,
That I dar nother ſing nor dance.
Wa worth maryage for evermair!

Quhen that I was ane madein ying,
Lichtlie wald I dance and ſing,
And ſport and play, bayth lait and air.
Now dar I nocht luik to ſic thing.
Wa worth maryage for evermair!

Thus am I bunden out of blis,
Onto ane churle ſays I am his,
That I dar nocht luik our the ſtair,
Scantlie to gif Schir Johne ane kiſs.
Wa worth maryage for evirmair!

Now war I ane madin, as I was,——
To mak me lady of the Bas,——
And thoch that I wer never ſo fayr,
To weddin ſuld I never pas.
Wa worth maryage for evirmair!

Thus am I thirlit onto ane ſchrew,
Quhilk dow nothing of chalmer glew;
Of boure-bourding bayth baſk and bair.
God wayt gif I have caus to rew!
Wa worth maryage for evirmair!

All nicht I clatter upon my creid,
Prayand to God gif I wer deid:
Or ellis out of this world he wair;
Then ſuld I ſe for ſum remeid.
Wa worth maryage for evirmair!

Ye ſuld heir tell, and he war gane,
That I ſuld be ane wantoun ane.
To leir the law of Luffis layr
In our toun lyk me ſuld be nane.
Wa worth maryage for evirmair!

I ſuld put on my ruſſet gowne,
My reid kirtill, my hois of brown;
And lat thame ſe my yallow hair,
[illegible] hingand down.
[illegible] evirmair!

Luffaris

Luffaris bayth ſuld heir and ſe
I ſuld luif thame that wald luif me.
Thair harts for me ſuld never be ſair.—
Bot ay unweddit ſuld I be.
Wa worth maryage for evirmair!

Quod Clappertoun.

THE

THE PRAISES OF WEMEN.

BE MAISTER ALEXANDER ARBUTHNOT.

QUHA dewlie wald decerne.
The nature of gud wemén;
Or quha wald wis or yairne
That cumlie clan to ken;
He hes grit neid, I ſay indeid,
Of toungis ma then ten:
That pleſand ſort ar all confort,
And mirrines to men.

The wyſeſt thing of wit
That ever Nature wrocht:
Quha can fra purpoſe flit,
Bot fickilnes of thocht.
Wald ye now wis ane erthlie blis,
Solace gif ye have ſocht;—
Ane marchandyce of griteſt pryce
That ever ony bocht.

The brichteſt thing, bot baill,
That ever creat bein.
The luſtieſt, and [maiſt] leil;
The gayeſt, and beſt gain.
The thing fairéſt, and langeſt leſt;
From all canker maiſt clein.
The trimmeſt face, with gudlie grace,
That lichtlie may be ſein.

The blytheſt thing in bour;
The bonyeſt in bed,
Pleſant at everie hour;
And eithe for to be ſted.
An innocent, plaine and patent;
With craftines oncled.
Ane ſimple thing, ſueit and bening,
For deir nocht to be dred.

To man obedient,
Evin lyk ane willie wand;
Bayth faythfull, and fervent,
Ay reddie at command.
Thay luif maiſt leill, thoch men do feill,
And ſchaikis oft of hand.
Quhair anes thay love thay not remove;
Bot ſteidfaſtlie thay ſtand.

And,

And, rychtlie to compair,
Scho is ane turtill trew;
Hir fedderis ar rycht fair,
And of an hevinlie hew.
Ane luifing wicht, bayth fair and bricht,
Gud properteis anew.
Freind with delyte: fo but diſpyte.
Quho luves hir ſall not rew.

Suppoſe ſcho ſeim offendit,
Quhen men dois hir conſtraine;
That falt is ſone amendit,
Hir mynde is ſo humaine.
Scho is content, gif men repent
Thair falt; and turne agane.
Sho has no gyle, nor ſubtil wyil;
Hir pathis ar ay plane.

Ane lyife full of delyite
Gif ye your dayis wald drie;
In paſtyme maiſt perfyite
Gif that ye liſt to be;
In gud eſtait, bayth air and lait,
Gif ye wald leif or die;
With wemen deill. Its trew I tell;
Yeis luik I ſall not lie.

Gif ony fault thair be,
Alace, men hes the wyit!
That geves ſa gouketlie
Sic rewleris onperfyte;
Suld have the blame, and beir lyk ſchame,
Thoch thay wemen bakbyit,
Wer thai wittie, wemen wald be
Ane happie hairte's delyit.

The properteis perpend
Of everie warldlie wicht;
Sa comlie nane ar kend,
As is a ladye brycht.
Pleſand in bed, bowſum and red;
Ane daintie day and nycht.
Ane haleſum thing, ane hairtes lyking,
Gif men wald rewl thame richt.

Quhen God maid all of nocht,
He did this weill declare,
The laſt thing that he wrocht
It was ane woman fair.
In workes we ſee the laſt to be
Maiſt pleſand and preclair,
Ane help to man God maid hir than:
Quhat will ye I ſay mair?

The

The papingo in hew
Excedis birdis all;
The turtill is maiſt trew;
The pawne but peregal.
Yit nevir the les, ye may confes,
Woman is worth thame all.
Fair, ſueit, pleſant; trew, meik, conſtant;
Without all bitter gall.

Conſidder and behauld,
Ingrat unthankful man!
Repeit the poetes auld,
And reid thame, gif thow can.
Thair thow ſall find, 'les thow be blind,
The vertewes of wemén.
With heich ingyne, how Muſes nyne,
All ſcience firſt began.

Minerve ane woman was,
Quha wiſdome did invent;
Of Greikes namit Pallás,
And from the hevin was ſent,
To leir men wit, that wantit it;
And in thair hairtes it prent:
To wemen than, ſay what ye can,
Sic giftis firſt wes lent.

The wyiſe Ceres alſo
Did firſt invent the corne.
And mony thouſand mo
Wer mortell wemen borne.
Yit for thair meid, and thair gud deid,
The poetes all hes ſworne
To thame to pray, as Goddis ay;
And worſchip thame but ſcorne.

Ieſabel wicked was;
Sa was Achab hir king.
Curſt wes Herodias;
Dalila did maling.
Will ye thairfoir, withouttin moir,
All wemenes gloir down thring?
Be that ſame way, wemen may ſay,
That men ar worth nathing

For ſuithelie of mankynd
Ma wicked may be call'd,
Than of the wemen ſtryinde:
And wors ane hundreth fald.
Quha will tak heid, and dewlie reid,
The wryte and ſtoreis auld.—
Thoch ſum do faill, to wyit thame all,
I think ye be to bauld.

Quhar

Quhar ye can ane me ſchaw
Of wemen wicked bein;
I anſweir I do knaw
Of gud wemén fiftein.
Go ſerche thame out, withouttin dout
Ye ſall thame find bedein.
Gif I wald lie, yourſelfes may ſie;
The ſampilles may be ſein.

Did not the Virgine mylde,
That bliſſed bird Marie,
Bring furth to us ane chylde,
Quha did us ſanctifie?
And Deborá rulit Iuda
With ſpreit of prophecie,
Quhen men wes ſueir, and duſt not ſteir;
Bot lurkit lidderlie.

The bliſſed Suſanna
Wes flour of womanheid.
The prophiteſs Anna
Knew Chriſt firſt, as we reid.
That bouſteous bairne proud Oliphern
Gud Judith gart him bleid;
Ane woman than, but force of man,
Saifit the toun at neid.

Heſter

Heſter, that luſtie quene,
Säifit the peöpill all:
Abigaal the ſchene
Saifit hir man Naball.
Mical, his wyife, kept David's lyife,
Quhen Saul did for him käll:
And mönye may, as I heir ſay,
Hes ſäifit men fra thrall.

Quhen the Canariänis
In ſtrang preſoun wes ſet;
Inclofit be Spartänis,
And could na ſuccour get;
Then thair ſueit wyfis haſärt thäir lyfis,
And fred thame fra that net:
Chaingit thair weid; baid in thair ſteid,
For trew Juif hes no let.

Honeſt Lucretia
Wes flour of cheſtitie.
And prudent Porcia
Lamp of fidelitie:
Of trew conſtance, but variance,
Perle wes Penelope:
Of love maiſt leill, that never did faill,
Exempill wes Thiſbe.

The fair Cornelia
Was jeme of eloquence.
Prudent Aſpaſia
Excellit in ſapience:
Socrates wyis thocht na diſpryis
To leirn at hir prudence.
Quha liſt to reid micht leir indeid
At Griſſel pacience.

And thoch for wemennis ſaik
Greit trouble hes bein ſein,
Yit that dois naways maik
That wemen wicked bein.
We ſie that kingis, for pretious thingis,
Dois greteſt weir ſuſtein.
And yit the geir, for quhilk thay weir,
Is not the worſe a prein.

Realmes and grit impyris
Than ſould be worthe na thing;
For cruell bluid, and fyris,
Ar ſein in conqueſing.
All precious geir we ſould forbeir;
Refuis to be ane king.
Ya Chriſtis worde ſould be abhor'd,
For all dois troubills bring.

Confes

Confes thairfoir for ſchame,
For ſo ye muſt indeid,
That it is na defame
To prys of womanheid.
Suppoſe that men, for love of thame,
In battels oft did bleid:
That ſetts thame furthe to the maiſt worthe;
And ſo thay ar indeid.

Ye wemen vicious,
Gif ony ſic be now,
Grow not owr glorious;
I ſpak no thing of yow:
Thair is anew, bayth traiſt and trew,
Quhom onlie I allowe.
Thoch ſum be ruid, monye ar gud.
Ilk man cheis him ane dow.

Quod Mr. A. Arbuthnat.

ON LUVE.

BE THE SAME.

HE that luifis lichtlieſt,
Sall not happin on the beſt.
He that luifis langeſt,
Sall have reſt ſureſt.
He that luvis all his beſt,
Sall chance upon the gudlieſt.
Quha ſa in luif is trew and plaine,
He ſall be lufit weill agane.
Men may ſay quhatever thay pleis,
In mutual luve is mekil eis.

Arbuthnat.

THE MISERIES OF A PURE SCOLAR.

BE THE SAME.

O WRATCHIT warld! O fals fenyeat Fortoun!
O hecht unhappie! O cruel deſtanie!
O clene miſtemperit conſtellatioun!
O evil aſpect in my nativitie!
O weird ſiſteris, quhat alis yow at me?
That all dois wirk thus contrair my intent.
Quhilk is the cauſe that I mourne and lament.

All thing dois quyt proceid aganes my will;
Bayth hewin and erth ar contrair me conjurit.
I luif the gude, and cummerit am with ill;
With wickit bait I daylie am allurit.
To cheis my lyf I cannot be aſſurit;
Now till ane thing, now till another bent.
Quhat marvel is thoch I murne and lament?

My hairt dois luf the trew religioun,
And the trew God wald trewlie ſerve, bot dout;
Bot atheiſme, and ſuperſtitioun,
Hes ſa me nou environit about,
That ſcantlie can I find quhair to get out,
Betwix thir twa I am ſo daylie rent,
Quhat marvel is thoch I murne and lament?

Under my God, I wald obey my prince;
Bot civile weir dois ſa trouble the cais,
That ſcarcelie wait I quham to reverence;
Quhat till eſchew, or quhat for till embrace.
Our nobils now ſa fickil ar, alace!
This day thai ſay, the morne thai will repent.
Quhat marvel is thoch I murne and lament?

Faine wald I leif in concord, and in peice;
Without diviſioun, rancour, or debait.
Bot now, alace! in every land and place,
The fyr of hatrent kindlit is ſo hait,
That cheretie doth ring in nane eſtait;
Thoch all concur to hurt the innocent.
Quhat marvel is thoch I murne and lament?

I hate thraldome; yet man I buige, and bek,
And jonk, and nod, ſum patroun for to pleys.
I luf fredome; yet man I be ſubject;
I am compellit to flatter with my feys.
I me torment ſum uther for till eis,
Quha of my travale ſcantlie is content.
Quhat marvel is thoch I murne and lament?

I luif na thing bot pure ſimplicitie;
And to diſſemble man my tung aſſyle.
The plane hie pathe is maiſt pleſand to me;
Yit ſumtyme man I arm me with a wyle.
Or, do I not, men ſall me ſoune begyle:
Firſt me diſſave ſyn lauch quhen I am ſchent.
Quhat marvel is thoch I murne and lament?

I luif larges, and liberalitie;
Yet povertie to ſpend dois mak me ſpair.
I hate averice, and prodigalitie;
To get ſum geir yet maun I haif grit eair.
In vanitie ſyn I man it outwair——
Woun be ane wretche, and into waiſtrie ſpent!---
Quhat marvel is thoch I murne and lament?

I luif the vertew honeſt chaiſtitie;
To bawdiſche bourdis yet man I oft gif ear;
To ſatisfie ane fleſchlie cumpanie,
Lyk ruffian I man me ſumtyme beir.
In Venus' ſcule I man ſum leſſoun leir,
Gif I wald comptit be courtés and gent.
Quhat marvel is thoch I murne and lament?

I luif delyt; and wrappit am in wo.
I luif pleſour; and plungit am in pane.
I liſt to reſt; yet man I ryde and go.
And quhen I liſt to flie I maun remain.
With warldlie cair a gentil hart is ſlane!
I feil the ſmart, and dar nocht mak my plent.
Quhat marvel is thoch I murne and lament?

I hait flatterie; and into wourdis plane,
And unaffectit language, I delyte;
Yet man I leir to flatter, gloiſ, and fayne,
Quhidder I liſt to ſpeik, or yit to wryte.
Or els men ſall nocht compt me worth a myte:
I ſall be rakinit rude or negligent.
Quhat marvel is thoch I murne and lament?

Scorning I hait; yet maun I ſmyle, and ſmirk,
Quhen I the mokks of uther men behald.
Yea oft-times man I lauch, ſuppoſe I irk,
Quhen bitterlie thair tauntis thai have tauld,
And ſumtyme als, quhidder I nyl or wald,
Ane ſcorne for ſcorne to gif I man tak tent,
Quhat marvel is thoch I murne and lament?

I luif modeſt ſober civilitie,
Mixit with gentil courtés lawlines;
Bot outher man I uſe ſcurrilitie;
Or els ſic ſtraunge and uncouth fremmitnes;
That I wait nocht quhane to mak merines;
Nor be quhat mene with men me to acquent,
Quhat marvel is thoch I murne and lament?

With temperance I wald uſe meit and drink;
And hes all ſurfat-banket in deſpyt;
And yit at feiſt and banket maun I wink;
And at thame hant quhair I have no delyte.
I uſe the ewil, and hes withall the wyte;
Thoch body bow yet dois the hairt diſſent.
Quhat marvel is thoch I murne and lament?

All coſtlie clayths I compt nocht worthe ane preine,
Quhilk dois bot foſter pryde and vanitie;
Yit dar I nocht in commoun place be ſene,
Les I be clothit ſumquhat gorgeouſlie.
And be I nocht, thane men ſall talk of me;
And call me owther Wretche or Indigent.
Quhat marvel is thoch I murne and lament?

With

With hairt and mynd I luif humilitie;
And pauchtie pryd richt fair do I deteſt;
But with the heich yet man I heichlie be;
Or with that ſort I ſall na ſit in reſt
This warld hes maid the proverb manifeſt.
Quha is ane ſcheip the woulf will ſune him rent.
Quhat marvel is thoch I murne and lament?

With pacience richt ferme I wald overcum,
And uther mens infermities endure;
Bot thane am I comptit ane batie-bum;
And all men thinks a play me till injure.
No ſufferance, but vice, dois thame allure;
The mair I thole the mair thai me torment.
Quhat marvel is thoch I murne and lament?

I luif ſilence and taciturnitie;
And in few wordis wald my purpois tell;
Yet ſumtyme man I wourdis multiplie,
And mak my toung to ring as dois ane bell:
With wylfull folk I man bayth cry and yell,
Or yeld to thame and quyt the argument.
Quhat marvel is thoch I murne and lament?

I hait all ſchameles glorifitie;
And me delyte in modeſt ſchamefaſtnes;
Yet ſall I nocht be comptit worth ane flie,
Without I ſpeik of all mater be ges;
Gloir, and brag out, and tak a face of bres;
Nathing miſknaw under the firmament.
Quhat marvel is thoch I murne and lament?

To charge, to aſk, to put ane man to pane!——
I wald be courtés, gentil, and diſcreit;
Bot quhyle I am, an ganand tyme remane,
I am ay ſervit at the later meit;
And ſum uthar is placit in my ſeit,
That thocht no ſhame for to be impudent.
Quhat marvel is thoch I murne and lament?

I luif the vertew callit gratitude,
And lyk for lyk I yarne to yeild agane;
Yet can I nocht reſave bot ill for gude.
And thai, in quhais danger I remane,
I cannot quyt, albeit I wald richt fane.
I want all micht; na powar is me lent.
Quhat marvel is thoch I murne and lament?

I luif juſtice; and wald that everie man
Had that quhilk richtlie dois to him perteine;
Yet all my kyn, allya, or my clan,
In richt or wrang I man alwayis mantene.
I maun applaud, quhen thai thair matters mene,
Thoch conſcience thairto do not conſent.
Quhat marvel is thoch I murne and lament?

Sua thoch I luif the richt, and nocht the wrang,
Yet, gif ane freyndis caſe ſall cum in hand,
It to aſſiſt I maun bayth ryde and gang:
And, as ane ſcolar, leir to underſtand,
That it is not repute vyce in this land,
For wrang to rander wrang equivalent.
Quhat marvel is thoch I murne and lament?

Of

Of trew freyndis faine wald I have gud ſtoir,
With thame the leig of amitie to bind:
Bot thoch I ſeik amang ane hundreth ſcore,
Ane faythful frende now ſcantlie can I find,
That is nocht lycht, lyk weddercok in wynd.
It is thocht vyce now to be permanent.
Quhat marvel is thoch I murne and lament?

In poetrie I preis to pas the tyme,
When cairfull thochts with ſorow ſailyes me;
Bot gif I mell with meter, or with ryme,
With raſcal rymours I ſall rakint be.
Thay ſal me bourdin als with mony lie,
In charging me with that quhilk never I ment.
Quhat marvel is thoch I murne and lament?

I wald travel; and ydlenes I hait;
Gif I culd find ſum gude vocatioun.
Bot all for nocht: in vain lang may I wait,
Or I get honeſt occupatioun.
Letters ar lichtliet in our natioun.
For lernyng now is nother lyf nor rent.
Quhat marvel is thoch I murne and lament?

And ſchortlie now, at ane wourde to conclude,
I thinke this warld ſa wrappit in miſcheif,
That gude is yll; and yll is callit gude.
All thing I ſee dois bot augment my greif.
I feil the wo, and can nocht ſe releif:
The Lordis plaig throuchout the warld is went.
Quhat marvel is thoch I murne and lament?

Quod Maiſter Alexander Arbothnat, in anno 1572.

AGANIS

AGANIS SKLANDEROUS TOUNGIS.

(*In Anno* 1572.)

BE LORD THIRLSTANE.

GIF biſſie-branit bodeis yow bakbyte;
And of ſum wickit wittis ye ar invyit,
Quha wald deprave your doings for diſpyte;
Diſpyis thair devilliche deming, and defy it.
For fra that tyme and treuthe thair talis have tryit,
The ſuythe ſall ſchew itſelfe out to thair ſchame.
And be thair ſpeche thair ſpyte ſal be eſpyit,
And have na fayth, nor foute aganes your fame.

Miſknaw thair craft; and kythe not as ye kend it:
Thair doings will thair deling ſone detect.
For gif ye freit, find falt, or be offendit,
Thair ſawis to be ſuythe ſum will ſuſpect.
Bot gif thair leyis ye lychtlie, and neglect,
And lat thame lie, and tax yow as thai liſt;
Fra tyme thai find thair fabils faill effect,
Thai will deny thair deling and deſiſt.

As furious fluds with gritter force ay flowis,
And ſtarkar ſtevin, quhene ſtoppit ar the ſtremis;
And gorgit waters ever gritter growis;
And forcit fyres with grittter gleids out glemis;
And ay moir bricht and burning is the beymis
Of Phebus' face, that faſtaſt ar reflexit;
So gude renoun, quhilk railars' rage repremis,
Advanſis moir, the moir invyars vex it.

The moir thai ſpeik, the ſonar ar thai ſpyit.
The moir thai lie, your lak will be the les.
The moir thai talk, the treuth is ſonar tryit.
The moir planelie thair poyſone thai expres,
The les thai caus thair credit to incres.
The moir thai wirk, the les thair wark avancis.
The moir thai preis your prayſis to oppres,
The gritter of your gloir is the glancis.

Do quhat ye dow, detrattours ay will deme yow,
Quhais crafte is to calumpniat but caus:
Bakbytars ay be brutis will blaſpheme yow;
Althoch the contrair all the cuntrie knais.
And, walde ye ward yow upe betwene tua wais,
Yit ſo ye ſall not frome thair ſayings ſave yow.
Bot, gif thai ſee ye ſuffie of thair ſais,
Blaſone thai will, how ever ye behave yow.

Gif ye be ſecreit, ſad, and ſolitair;
Peirtlie thai ſpeik that privalie ye play:
And gif in publick places ye repair;
Ye ſeke to ſe, and to be ſene, thai ſay.
War ye a ſanct, thai ſuld ſuſpect yow ay.
Be ye humane, our humill thai will hald you.
Gif ye beir ſtrange, thai yow eſteme owr ſtay:
And trows it is ye, or els ſum hes it tald you.

Gif ye be blythe, your lychtnes thai will lak.
Gif ye be grave, your gravité is clekit.
Gif ye lyk maſk, and mirthe; or mirrie mak;
Thai ſweir ye feill ane ſtring; and bowns to brek it.
Gif ye be ſeik, ſum ſlychtis ar ſuſpectit;
And all your fairris callet ſecreit ſunyeis.
Claiths thai diſpyte, and be ye daylie deckit,
'Perſave,' thai ſay, 'the papingo that pruinyeis.'

Gif ye be wyis, and well in vertew verſit;
Cunning, thai call, uncumlie for your kynd.
And ſay it is bot ſlychtis ye have feirſit
To clok the crafte, quhairto ye ar inclynd.
Gif ye be meik, yit thai miſtak your mind;
And ſwer ye ar far ſchrewdar nor ye ſeme.
Sua do your beſt, thus ſall ye be defynd:
And all your deidis ſall detractours deme.

Yit thai will leif thair léing at the laſt,
Fra thay advert invy will not availl.
Bakbytars' brutis bydis bot ane blaſt:
Thai flureis ſone, but forder fructe thai faill.
Rek not thairfoir how raſchlie ravars raill:
For never wes vertew yit without invy.
Sua promptlie fall your patience prevaill,
Quhene thai perhape ſic demyng ſall deir by.

Quod John Maitland Commendator of Coldinghame, and ſone eftir Lord Thirlſtane, and Chancellor of Scotland.

ANE

ANE ADMONITIOUN TO MY LORD OF MAR, REGENT

SUPPOSIT BE THE SAME.

MAIST loyal lord, ay for thy lawtie lovit,
Now be not lakit for deloyaltie!
Thoch to the princis place thow be promovit,
Be not abuſit be authoritie.
Bot ſchaw thi treuth, and thyne integritie.
Sene we ſo far ourſelfis have ſubmittit;
And king, and cuntrie, laws, and libertie,
Unto thy cuir, and credit, haif committit.

Thy hous hes ay bene truſtie, and inteir;
Defamit nocht with fraud, or fickilnes.
Bot ſchaw thyſelf bayth ſage, ſcharp, and ſinceir;
Indewit with vertew, wit, and worthines,
Ingyne, jugement, juſtice, and gentilnes;
Craft, conduct, cair, and knawlege to command;
Heroik hart, honour, and hardines:
Or in this ſtorme thy ſtait will never ſtand.

We

We haif the choſin to the cheifeſt charge,
Our toſſit galay to governe, and to gyde.
Bewar with bobbis! Scho is ane brukill barge,
And may nocht bitter blaſtis weill abyde.
Thow may hir tyne, in turning of ane tyde.
Caſt weill thy cours; thow hes ane kittil cure
Of perals pance; and for ſum port provyde;
And anker ſicker quhar thow may be ſure.

All Boreas' bittir blaſtis ar nocht blawin:
I feir ſum boid, and bobbis be behind.
Be tyde and tempeſt thow may be ourthrauin;
And mony fairlie fortouns thow may find:
As chanels, craggis, bedds, and bankis blind;
Lekkis, and wanluks, quhairby thow may be loſt.
Bewar, thairfoir, with weddir, waw, and wind,
With uncouth courſis, and unknawin coſt.

Thow may put all into appeirand perrell,
Gif Inglis forcis in this realme repair.
Sic ar nocht meit for to decyde our querrell;
Thoch farland fules feime to haif fedders fair.
Cum thai acquaint, thai will creip inner mair;
And will be noyſum nychbours, and enorme:
And ſchortlie will ſit to our ſydes as ſair,
As now thy rebells, quhome thay ſould reforme.

That freindſhip is ay faythfulleſt afar;
And langeſt will indure with lytle daill.
I feir with uſe and tyme it work to war,
Fra thai aganes our partie anes prevail.
Quha wait bot ſyne ourſelfs thai will aſſaill:
Auld fayis ar ſindill faythful freyndis found:
Firſt helpe the halfe, and ſyne ourharl the haill,
Will be ane weful weilfair to our wound.

Be *thair* exempill learne experience,
Ane forane mache, or maiſter, to admitt.
Reid, quhane the Saxons gat preeminence,
How ſone thai ſocht as ſoverans for to ſitt.
Reid howe thay forcit the Briton folks to flitt;
And yit poſſeids that peipils propertie.
Bewar! We may be wolterit or we witt:
And lykways lois our land, and libertie.

Ane thouſand ſic exempils I could ſchaw;
And mony noble natioun I may name,
Quho loſt at lenth thair libertie, and law,
And ſufferit hes bayth ſorow, ſkayth, and ſchame;
That for to helpe thair harmes, and hurt at hame,
Fetcht forane forcis in to thair ſupport,
Quha fulyeit ſyne thair fredome, force, and fame;
And thame ſubduit in the ſamin ſort.

Fleand

Fleand Caribde bewar in Scyll to fall;
And ſa eſchew cruill diſſentioun,
That our eſtate to ſtrangers be not thrall,
The cankers of our auld contentioun
Will keip no conand nor conventioun.
And, gif yow gif thame credeit to correct us,
Be craftie way, will, and inventioun,
And ſubtell flychts, thai will ſeik to ſubject us.

Scotland cum nevir yit in ſervitude,
Sene Fergus firſt; bot evir hes bene frie.
And hes bene always brukit be a blude;
And king of kings deſcendit grie be grie.
Gif that it be in bondage brocht be thé,
Thane wareit war thy weirdis and wanhap!
Thairfoir thir forane feiris ſa foirſee,
That catcht we be nocht with ane eftir-clap.

Markand mynt at the honour, laud, and prais,
The vertew, worſchip, word, and waſſilage,
Of ſic as hes done doichtelie in his dayis
To keipe this realme from thraldome and boundage!
Mark als the vyld vitupour, and the wage
Of untreuth, treſoune, and of tyrannie:
And how ſome honour hes, and heretage,
And lyfis, loſt, for thair diloyaltie.

So for thi facts thow will be ſuir to find
The lyke rewaird of vertew or of vyce.
Be not thairfoir ſyld as ane bellie blind:
Nor lat thyſelf be led upone the yce.
Nor, to content thy marrow's covatyce,
Put not thyſelf in perrell for to pereis.
Nor beir the blame, quhair uthers tak the pryce.
Nor beit the bus, that uthers eat the bereis.

The trone of tryell, and theátre trew,
Is for to regne, and rewle above the reſt.
Who hes the woyne him all the world dois vew;
And magiſtrat the man dois manifeſt.
Sua, ſen thow hes the princis place poſſeſt,
Louk to be praſit as thow plays thi pairt.
And, as thow luifis, ſo luifit be and leſt;
And always delt with eftir thi deſert.

SANG ON THE LADY MARGARET MONTGOMRIE.

BE CAPTAIN ALEXANDER MONTGOMRIE.

LUIFARIS leive of to loif ſo hie
Your ladeis; and thame ſtyel no mair
But peir, the erthlie *A per ſe*,
And *flour of feminine maiſt fair:*
Sen thair is ane without compair,
Sic tytillis in your ſangs deleit;
And prais the peréles preclair,
Montgomrie maikles Margareit.

Quhoſe port, and pereles pulchritud,
Fair forme, and face angelicall,
Sua meik, and full of manſuetud,
With vertew ſupernaturall;
Makdome, and proper members all,
Sa perfyte, and with joy repleit,
Pruifs hir, but peir or peregall,
Of maids the maikles Margareit.

Sa wyſe in youth, and verteous,
Sic reſſoun for to rewl the reſt,
As in greit age wer marvelous.
Sua manerlie, myld, and modeſt;
Sa grave, ſa gracious, and digeſt;
And in all doings ſa diſcreit;
The maiſt bening, and bonieſt,
Mirrour of madins Margareit.

Pigmaleon, that ane portratour,
Be painting-craft, did ſa decoir,
Himſelf thairwith in paramour
Fell ſuddenlie; and ſmert thairfoir.
Wer he alyve, he wald deploir
His folie; and his love forleit,
This fairer patrane to adoir,
Of maids the maikles Margareit.

Or had this nymphe bene in theſe dayis
Quhen Paris judg't in Helicon,
Venus had not obten't ſic prayis.
Scho, and the goddeſſis ilk one,
Wald have prefert this paragon,
As marrowit, but matche, moſt meit
The goldin ball to bruik alone;
Marveling in this Margareit.

Quhoſe

Quhoſe nobill birth, and royal bluid,
Hir better nature dois exceid.
Hir native giftes, and graces gud,
Sua bonteouſlie declair indeid
As waill, and wit of womanheid,
That ſa with vertew dois ourfleit.
Happie is he that ſall poſſeid
In marriage this Margareit!

Helpe, and graunt hap, gud Hemené!
Lat not thy pairt in hir inlaik.
Nor lat not dolful deſtanie,
Miſhap, or fortoun, worke hir wraik.
Grant lyik unto hirſelfe ane maik!
That will hir honour, luif, and treit.
And I ſall ſerve him for hir ſaik.
Fairweill, my Maiſtres Margareit.

A. M.

A POEME ON THE SAME LADY.

BY THE SAME.

YE hevins abone with heavenlie ornaments
Extend your courtins of the criſtall air!
To aſuir colour turne your elements,
And ſoft this ſeaſon, quhilk hes bene ſchairp and ſair,
Command the cluds that they diſſolve na mair;
Nor us moleſt with miſtie vapours weit.
For now ſcho cums, the faireſt of all fair,
The mundane mirrour of maikles Margareit.

The myildeſt may; the mekeſt, and modeſt;
The faireſt flour, the freſcheſt flouriſhing;
The lamp of licht; of youth the luſtieſt;
The blytheſt bird, of bewtie maiſt bening;
Groundit with grace, and godlie governing,
As *A per ſe*, abone all elevat.
To quhame comparit is na erthlie thing;
Nor with the gods ſo heichlie eſtimate.

The goddes Diana, in hir hevinlie throne,
Evin at the full of all hir majeſtie,
Quhen ſhe belev't that danger was thair none,
Bot in hir ſphere aſcending up maiſt hie,
Upon this nymph fra that ſcho caſt hir ei,
Bluſching for ſchame, out of hir ſchyne ſhe ſlippis.
Thinking ſcho had bene Phebus verilie,
At whoſe depairt ſcho fell into th' eclippis.

The afters cleir, and torchis of the nicht,
Quhilk in the ſterrie firmament wer fixit,
Fra thay perſavit Dame Phœbe los hir licht,
Lyk diamonts with criſtall perls mixit,
They did diſcend to ſchyne this nymph annixit;
Upon hir ſchoulders twinkling everie on.
Quhilk to depaint it wald be owr prolixit,
How thay in ordour gliſter on hir gown.

Gif ſhe had bein into the dayis auld,
Quhen Jupiter the ſchape of bull did tak,
Befoir Europe quhen he his feit did fauld,
Quhill ſcho throw courage clam upon his bak.
Sum greater mayck, I wait, he had gart mak,
Hir to have ſtolin be his ſlichtis quent;
For to have paſt abone the zodiak,
As quein, and goddes of the firmament.

With

With golden ſchours, as he did Clemené,
He wald this virgine furteouſly deſave.
Bot I houp in the goddes Hemené,
Quhilk to hir brother ſo happie fortoun gave,
That ſcho ſall be exaltit, by the laiſ,
Baith for hir bewtie, and hir noble bluid.
And of myſelf ane ſervand ſcho ſall haiſ
Unto I die: and ſo I doe conclud.

Quod A. Montgomrie.

ANE ELEGIE TRANSLATIT OUT OF THE FRENCHE,

WRITTEN BY A LADYE UPON HIR HUSBAND'S INFIDELITIE.

BY G. H.

IS thaire in erthe, or hes thair ever bene,
That greater ſorrow, nor I, doe ſuſtene?
Is thair woman ſo full of woe and mone,
As I am now? I trow thair be not one.
Or ſall thair be, in ony tyme or place,
That may ſo richteouſlie lament thair cace?
Under the ſone, quhilk all thing makis cleir,
The phenix bird hes nather maik nor peir;
So lyke to me I trow cannot be found,
Quhame dolent duil with dolour ſo dois wound.
I am phenix of ladyis deſolat;
And, but all caus, the moſt unfortunat,
That is, or was, or yit perchance ſall be.
I am exampil of all miſerie.
And he that to me caus of all this deul is,
Quhat ſall I call bot the phenix of feulis?

Alace!

Alace! I pleinyie not as Dido quein,
Schot in the hairt with Cupid's arrows kein.
Nor ony ſic. Mair painfull is my pairt,
[Than] quhome blind Cupid hes perſit with his dairt,
Ye ſall not heir my lamentatioun
Of my luifar mak narratioun.
Ye ſall not heir me for ane lemmand wo,
As did Sapho, and monye others mo.
Bot for ane huſband, quhilk is greater paine.
For luifars with thair luifis to remaine
Ar not compellit; bot, quhatſoever betyde,
The huſbande to the deathe man ever byde;
Gud, or bad, or quhat ſort ever he be.
This is the caus of my melancolie.

Not that I doe him to the deid deſyre;
Bot rather pray that God wald him inſpyre
Me to intreit, as ſuld ane trew huſband;
And as he aucht, and I ſerve at his hand.
For him to ſerve and honour I am bent,
Becaus I knaw it is convenient;
Becaus I knaw it is ane ſemelie thing;
Thoch he thairof ſchaw himſelf inding,
And unworthie of me, and all that I can.
As I am wyfe, wald God that he war man!

Quhatever bewtie Nature dois to me grant,
I pas it owr, and will not of it vant.

One

One thing I wait may weill be underſtand,
Owr gude it is to be at his command:
To have ſic pleſour he is unworthie.
Or to ly in that bed of chaſtetie
Of hir, to him that ay faythfull hes bene,
Or have the cheirfull blenking of hir ene.
Or that ane mouth ſo modeſt and pleſand,
Sould ſmyl on him, or call on him Huſband.
Bot ſen the Lord, and his eternal law,
Hes chargit me in ſic ane yoike to draw,
I not refuis at bidding for to be,
Sua of frie will he hes all this of me.
Yit notwithſtanding his ingratitude
Randers for pleſour paine, and ill for gude;
He randers caf for my gude ſolid graine;
For ſueit meiknes nothing bot bitter paine.
For faithfull treuth, and for ane honeſt pairt,
I git diſſait and doubilnes of hairt.
For my chaiſt love, and cheirfull countenance,
I get againe bot anger, and greifance.

His ſtanie hairt to fauld cannot be brocht,
Quhome I with all humilitie have ſocht.
The ferce lyoun will not his pat erect
Aganes the beiſt, that will the ſelf ſubject.
Quhen Rome wes vanqueiſt with ane Attyla bauld,
Yieldit the ſelf his cruell hairt did fauld.

The

The blak Pluto, thoch he war never ſo ſchairpe,
Orpheus movit with ſueitnes of his hairpe.
The hardeſt hairt, be it aſſailyit oft,
With ſueit meiknes it may be makin ſoft:
And, namlie, be the dulcour feminine,
Quhilk at all tyme the maiſt motive hes bene
To gentil hairts, of onye thing alyve,
To move thair myndis maiſt inſenſative.
Bot all this in his hairt can tak na place;
Sua he dois ſeme mair cruel in this cace
Then fers lyoun, or tyran barbarous,
Or Pluto prince of the infernal hous.

Quhen I think on with quhat paine I am pyned,
The fouler's malice cums into my mind;
Quha ſueitlie tones his inſtrument and ſang,
[Till the pure foulis in his net he fang.]
Thairefter he begins to chaunge his not
And ather cruellie dois cut thair throt:
Or in ane cadge inventit be ingyne
The ſillie bird full painfullie dois pyne.
Evin ſo it is becomen now of me,
Taine in the ſnair of fals ſubtilitie.
And thoch the ſillie bird, into hir caidge,
Wareis hir taker in hir awin language;
Yit my nature ſufferis me not to wis
Vengeance to him, that is the caus of this.

Quhat

Quhat ſall I do? Quhair ſall I me addres?
To quhome ſall I my painefull wo expres?
To him that is the caus of my miſcheif?
That wald him glaid; and wald augment my greif.
Quhat ſall I than? Sall I ane lemmand tak?
Ane ſervitour that will me ſervice mak?
And in all purpois preis me for to pleis,
And be partaker of my woe and eis?

Thoch ſum may think I war not far to blame,
The contrair bid my gud honour and fame.
Rather let th' erthe opin, and ſwallow me,
Than I forget my God, and honeſtie!
Rather lat dolour drive me to the deid,
Or I offend my God, and womanheid!
Thairfoir all ye that into lufe delyte,
Go hence for me! I have yow in diſpyte.
Of love-balladis I bid not for to reid:
Go ſeik others gif that ye think to ſpeid.
I will have nather ſervitour nor luif;
Quhat I have promeſt nathing ſall remuif.
Quhair I have promeſt I ſall faythfull be;
And keip my treuth evin to myne enemie.

Quhair ſall I then pour out my bitter plaint?
Quhom to ſall I my cruell paine lament?
To pleinyie to my parents is bot vaine:—
That quhilk is done cannot be brocht againe.
Quhen that the mater wes not paſt remeid,
O God gif then thay had taine better heid!

Alas! Quhair then wes thair experience?
I prais thair mynd, bot curs thair negligence.
Quhy wald thay not at leiſt ſeik my conſent?
To freynds counſal quhy tuik thay nocht gud tent?

Sua thair remembrance dois augment my woe;
To mak my plaint then quhom to ſould I go?
I knaw not ane, bot the ETERNAL LORD,
Quha of my bitter paine can beir record.
To THE only I do my plaint out-pour;
And THE I thank bayth of the ſueit and ſour.
THOW creat me, and formit hes of nocht;
THOW hes me als to that perfectioun brocht
Quhairin I am. All juſtice is with THE.
Thoch men be blind, yit THOW dois cleirly ſee.
The juſt reſoun is patent in THY ſicht
Quhy THOW me thoilis to be ane woful wicht.
Quhen THOW thinks gud, thow will redres my paine;
And gif THOW will that I thus ſtill remaine
In paine, and woe; arme me with patience!
And gif it pleis THY godlie providence
To ſend remeid, ſend it in ſicker ſort;
That, efter paine, I may reſave confort
With honeſtie; without my ſyn or ſchame.
Grant this, O LORD, in Jeſus Chriſtis name.

SONET

SONET BE KING JAMES VI.

THE SUBJECT.

Sen thocht is frie, think quhat thow lykis, and play thyſelf with thy awin conſait: let abundance brek out, bot yit in temperance: preferring wiſdome to will, mak vertew of neid, ſen neceſſitie has no law: yit not doubting bot patience in end ſall be victorious.

SEN thocht is frie think quhat thow will
O troublit hairt! to eis thy paine,
Thocht unrevelit can do na ill;
Bot words paſt out cummis not againe.
Be cairful ay for to invent
The way to get thy awin intent.

To play thyſelf with thy awin conſait;
And lat none knaw quhat thow dois mene—
Houp ay at laſt, thoch it be lait,
To thyne intent for to attene.
Lat quhyllis it brek furth in effect,
Bot ay let wit thy will correct.

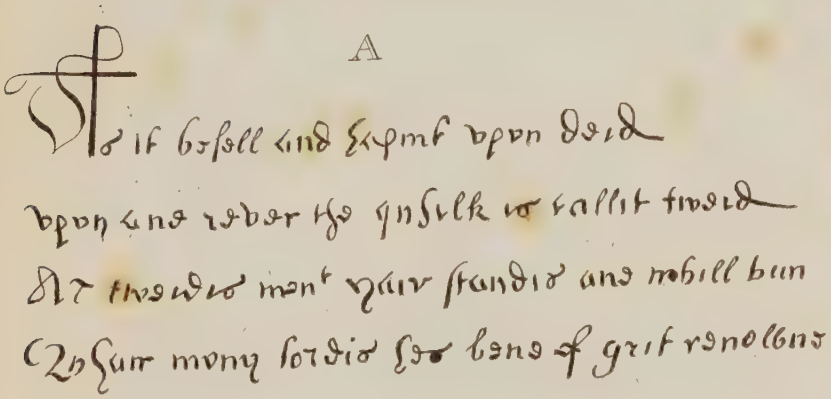
Sen fuil haiſt cummis not greateſt ſpeid,
I wald thow ſouldeſt learne to knaw
How to mak vertew of thy neid,
Sen that neceſſitie hes no law.
With patience then thow attend;
And houp to vanqueis in the end.

Jacobus Rex.

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.

Fac-similes *of the Folio MS.*

A



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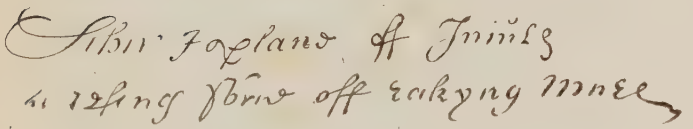

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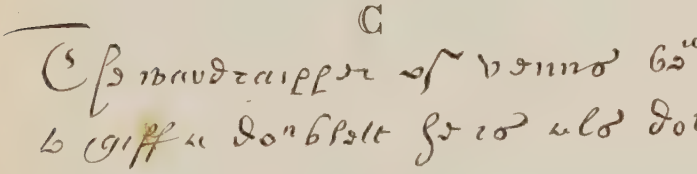

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